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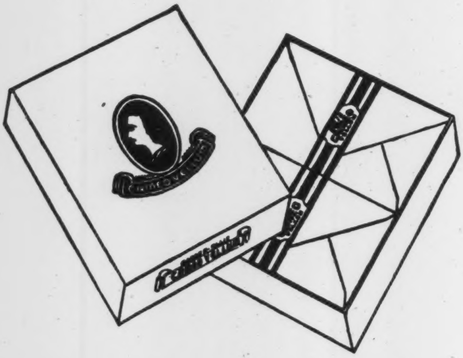

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NEWTON AND THE ROMANTIC CONCEPT OF NATURE

F. E. L. Priestley

IN general, the typical neo-classical attitude to the cosmos may be said to consist of an intellectual and aesthetic appreciation of its order; the Romantic rather of an emotional and religious or quasi-religious response to its harmony. The order is thought of as imposed from without, the harmony as the working of immanent and immaterial principles. The neo-classical is inclined to dwell upon the divine intelligence which framed the eternal order; the Romantic rather upon the power and beneficence constantly at work and manifested in the life and movement of that order. The neo-classical admires the permanent pattern; the romantic the persistent flow of harmonized energy.

In so far as these generalizations are correct (and I recognize that they are correct only as broad generalizations), it is clear that certain theories of the physical universe are more compatible with the neo-classical attitude, others with the Romantic. Mechanism, for example, ought to be more acceptable to the neo-classical; pantheism to the Romantic. This would be true if there were only one kind of neo-classical and one kind of Romantic attitude, or if attitudes were not determined by any other than cosmological considerations. The urge of the neo-classical mind towards a rational monism is often at work, leading to a rejection of mechanism and an adoption of pantheism, or of a deism closely resembling pantheism. The urge of one type of Romantic mind towards irrational pluralism, with its emphasis upon powerful emotion and individual autonomy, can lead to the acceptance of a blind, mechanist cosmos, or of a cosmos impelled by evil.

However, if we confine our attentions for the present to the earlier Romantics and pre-Romantics, the usual attitude we shall find will be the Shaftesburian or the Wordsworthian. (Cowper and Blake, obvious exceptions, have motivations of a special kind; Cowper's view of nature, for example, is basically theological, and far removed from usual patterns of Romanticism.) The Romantic attitude which I thus select as typical, then, is that of Shaftesbury's apostrophe and of Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey" and "Influence of Natural Objects":

> O mighty Nature! wise substitute of Providence! impowered Creatress! Or Thou impowering Deity, supreme Creator! Thee I invoke and thee alone adore. . . .[1]

> And I have felt
> A presence that disturbs me with the joy
> Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
> Of something far more deeply interfused. . . .
>
> Wisdom and Spirit of the universe!
> Thou Soul, that art the Eternity of thought!
> And giv'st to forms and images a breath
> And everlasting motion!

---

[1] *The Moralists*, III, i.

All these passages reveal elements of the English Platonic doctrine, with its *Anima Mundi*, Plastic Nature, Hylarchic Principle, or informing soul. All are far removed from the view of the universe which is usually considered consequent upon Newton's discoveries, and which has been described most eloquently by Professor E. A. Burtt:

> Newton's authority was squarely behind that view of the cosmos which saw in man a puny irrelevant spectator (so far as a being wholly imprisoned in a dark room can be called such) of the vast mathematical system whose regular motions according to mechanical principles constituted the world of nature. . . . The world that people had thought themselves living in—a world rich with colour and sound, redolent with fragrance, filled with gladness, love and beauty, speaking everywhere of purposive harmony and creative ideals—was crowded now into minute corners in the brains of scattered organic beings. The really important world outside was a world hard, cold, colourless, silent and dead; a world of mathematically computable motions in mechanical regularity. . . .[2]

It is clear that Professor Burtt's view of the significance of Newton's work is essentially that of the nineteenth-century Romantics, reflecting the desire to drink confusion and damnation to Newton for destroying the beauty of the universe. There is a natural temptation to read back this nineteenth-century attitude into the eighteenth century; or, again, to draw what seem to be the logical implications of Newton's doctrines and assume that these implications were drawn by eighteenth-century readers.

What I propose to do is, first, to consider the *various* interpretations and implications which can be drawn from the *Principia*, and secondly, to examine some evidence as to which implications and interpretations the eighteenth-century writers chose.

II

I confine my attention to the *Principia* for several reasons. The most obvious one is that it has not been dealt with as extensively as the *Optics*. A more important one is that it carries rather different implications from the *Optics*, and yet is certainly of as much influence. It has not been perhaps sufficiently noted that the *Principia* differs fundamentally in method from the *Optics*. In his research on light, Newton was genuinely empirical: that is, he was proceeding from devised experiment and repeated measurement to the framing of hypothesis. In the *Principia*, as he explained to his nephew, Conduitt, he "first proved his inventions by geometry and only made use of experiments to make them intelligible, and to convince the vulgar."[3] As Cotes puts it in his preface to the second edition of the *Principia*, the method was to "deduce by analysis" "from some select phenomena" "the forces of Nature and the more simple laws of forces; and from thence by synthesis show the constitution of the rest."[4] Newton's account of his discovery in 1665 and 1666 of the laws of gravitation is that "from Kepler's Rule of the periodic times of the Planets being in a sesquialterate proportion of their distances from the centres of their Orbs" he "deduced that the forces wch keep the Planets in their Orbs must be reciprocally as the squares of their distances from the centres about wch they revolve: and thereby compared the force requisite to keep the Moon in her Orb with the force of gravity at the surface of the Earth, and found them answer pretty nearly."[5] It is significant that "Laplace, one of the most ardent admirers of Newton's great achievements, declared that they would banish all empiricism from astronomy, transforming it into a mathematical science."[6]

---

[2] E. A. Burtt, *The Metaphysical Foundations of Modern Science* (New York, 1925), 236.

[3] Quoted by L. T. More, *Isaac Newton* (New York, 1934), 610.

[4] I. Newton, *Philosophiae Naturalis Principia Mathematica*, ed. F. Cajori (Berkeley, Calif., 1946), xxi. All following references to the *Principia* are to this edition.

The rational, mathematical method, enhanced by its magnificent success, lent prestige to the rational, rather than to the empirical, philosophy, at least at first. The mathematically ordered universe, whose laws are deducible from self-evident axioms, is essentially that of the Pythagorean-Platonic philosophy, not of the Democritean. It has affinities, obviously, with rational, rather than with empirical, thought in other branches of philosophy; it belongs with Spinoza's geometrically framed *Ethics*, with Locke's belief that "from self-evident propositions, by necessary consequences, as incontestable as those in mathematics, the measures of right and wrong might be made out,"[7] and with Clarke's *Unchangeable Obligations of Natural Religion* (1705).[8] The contrast between Clarke's mode of constructing an ethical system, and the later modes of D'Holbach and Helvétius, is instructive, since all three moralists aspire to be (in Tsanoff's phrase) "Newtons of the mind."[9] Quite clearly, two completely different conceptions of Newton's work and method are here represented.

Newton's own allegiance is very easily settled, by establishing his relationship to the three current theories of the universe. The Epicurean cosmos, produced by the chance motion of atoms in a void, had been given new vigour by Gassendi and by Hobbes. The Cartesian system of vortices was extremely popular, and as expounded by Rohault, was studied at Cambridge.[10] The Platonic cosmologies of the Cambridge philosophers attempted to retain the significance of the spiritual in the universe, and to combat the materialism and atheism of the Epicurean system. Newton, it should be remembered, was at Cambridge, and was a friend of Henry More; it should not surprise us to find him aligned with the third group, the Platonists, against Hobbists and Cartesians. Newton's motivation was as much religious as scientific. "Science was for Newton the part of theology which could be reduced to demonstrative form."[11] "As he grew older, Newton grew fonder of drawing up concise epitomes of religion, as though he hoped to state the axiomatic principles from which all future religion could be deduced."[12] The "General Scholium" is by no means a sop thrown by Newton to religious authority. Newton remarked of the *Principia* to Bentley in 1692: "When I wrote my treatise about our system, I had an eye on such principles as might work with considering men for the belief of a Deity; and nothing can rejoice me more than to find it useful for that purpose."[13] Nor is it an idle assertion of Cotes' in the Preface that the *Principia* "will be the safest protection against the attacks of atheists." When Shelley observed in the notes to *Queen Mab* that "the consistent Newtonian is necessarily an atheist," he was clearly giving an interpretation of Newton which would have astounded Newton himself. To discover how the change in view came about calls for a consideration of certain elements in the doctrines of the *Principia*.

---

[5] Quoted by Sir William Dampier, *A History of Science* (Cambridge, 1944), 165.

[6] M. I. Pupin, "Newton's Dynamics," in *Sir Isaac Newton* (History of Science Society, Baltimore, 1927), 95.

[7] *An Essay concerning Human Understanding*, ed. A. S. Pringle-Pattison (Oxford, 1924), IV, 3, 18.

[8] See A. Tsanoff, *The Moral Ideals of Our Civilization* (New York, 1942), 232 ff.

[9] *Ibid.*, 274.

[10] *Principia*, 629 (note by Cajori).

The whole mathematical argument of the *Principia* depends upon the axiom laid down as the first law of motion: "Every body continues in its state of rest, or of uniform motion in a right line, unless it is compelled to change that state by forces impressed upon it." This hypothetical persistence of velocity and direction, never observed in nature, but thought of as a sort of "natural" motion of an unimpeded body, makes necessary the inventing of a force to account for observed elliptical and parabolic motion. The force is measurable by the construction of a parallelogram of forces. The one directly observed quantity is acceleration, or change of directed velocity. Now the implications of the first law are important. In the first place, it means that the paths followed by the heavenly bodies are "unnatural"; that they are preserved only by the constant exertion of force. But the second implication is that matter is inert; left to itself it is incapable of gaining or losing velocity, or of changing direction of motion. Newton's matter is in a sense more passive and inert than the matter of older conceptions (from Aristotle to Kepler) which kept trying to return to a state of rest and needed constantly applied force to keep it in motion.

What is the nature of the impressed force which constantly changes a fixed direct velocity into the observed angular velocity? What is this mysterious "gravity" which appears to operate at a distance? The answer to this question is very important in its implications. There were perhaps three possible answers: that the force did *not* act at a distance, but was a mechanical force operating through a mechanical medium enveloping all the bodies in motion; that it did operate at a distance, and was wholly immechanical and immaterial; or that it did operate at a distance through powers which are attributes of matter. The last of these answers would involve by implication the rejection of the inertness of matter, and would still leave the mode of operation of the force as much of a puzzle as ever.

---

[11] G. S. Brett, "Newton's Place in the History of Religious Thought," in *Sir Isaac Newton*, 271-2.

[12] *Ibid.*, 263-4.

[13] *Principia*, 669.

Newton himself strongly rejected the third answer. In a letter to Bentley he wrote: "You some times speak of gravity as essential and inherent to matter. Pray, do not ascribe that notion to me; for the cause of gravity is what I do not pretend to know, and therefore would take more time to consider of it." And in another letter:

> It is inconceivable, that inanimate brute matter, should, without the mediation of something else, which is not material, operate upon and affect other matter without mutual contact, as it must be, if gravitation, in the sense of Epicurus, be essential and inherent in it. And this is one reason why I desired you would not ascribe innate gravity to me. That gravity should be innate, inherent, and essential to matter, so that one body may act upon another at a distance through a vacuum, without the mediation of any thing else, by and through which their action and force may be conveyed from one to another, is to me so great an absurdity, that I believe no man, who has in philosophical matters a competent faculty of thinking, can ever fall into it. Gravity must be caused by an agent acting constantly according to certain laws; but whether this agent be material or immaterial I have left to the consideration of my readers.[14]

The choice he actually leaves the readers is between a theory of an immaterial force operating in a void, or of a material force operating in a *plenum*. Newton very early tried to work out an explanation of gravity in terms of pressure of a fluid medium, the ether, but could not get beyond a general hypothesis.[15] Cotes, in arguing against the Cartesian vortices, puts forward objections which apply equally to Newton's ether: "Those who would have the heavens filled with a fluid matter, but suppose it void of any inertia, do indeed in words deny a vacuum, but allow it in fact."[16] And, indeed, Newton's own treatment of comets led him rather in the direction of a vacuum: "From this we have another argument proving the celestial spaces to be free, and without resistance, since in them not only the solid bodies of the planets and comets, but also the extremely rare vapors of comets' tails, maintain their rapid motions with great freedom, and for an exceeding long time."[17] Samuel Clarke, who, as Newton's follower, presented the doctrines of the *Principia* to the students of Cambridge through foot-notes to Rohault's edition of Descartes, refers definitely to "that immense Space which is void of all matter."[18] And void infinite space came to be accepted as Newtonian doctrine. The most reasonable explanation of a force, not attributable to matter, and yet operating with mathematical regularity upon matter through the intervening void, was that the force is spiritual—either *anima mundi* or the divine force itself. Newton's insistence upon an absolute and infinite space is also significant. It is true that it seems to him a necessary part of his system, and that he believes that he has proved it experimentally;[19] but it also serves the purpose of attacking pantheism, as long as the universe itself is thought of as finite.

---

[14] *Ibid.*, 633-4.

[15] *Ibid.*, 675, 636.

[16] *Ibid.*, xxxi.

[17] *Ibid.*, 527-8 (Bk. III, Prop. xli); cf. "General Scholium," 543.

[18] *Ibid.*, 636.

[19] *Ibid.*, 10-11 ("Scholium to Definitions").

One further element of the system needs notice. The universe is not for Newton a self-sufficient mechanical scheme. Apart from the constant exertion of the mysterious force of gravity, there are special exertions which become necessary. The motion of the moon, for example, was not (and still is not) wholly explicable by the theory of gravitation. Its motion contains an element of irregularity and unpredictability. Motions of other bodies show the same tendency to depart from the pattern. The movements of comets, in particular, by injecting at rare intervals an additional gravitational force into what seems normally a smaller closed system, tend to throw out of rhythm the orbital movements within that system. The irregularities of this sort, which, if neglected, would destroy completely the harmony of the system, are according to Newton regulated by God as they occur.[20] It was Laplace, at the end of the eighteenth century, who believed that he had demonstrated the mechanical stability of the solar system. Newton's universe still needed governing, as the "General Scholium" makes clear: "This Being governs all things, not as the soul of the world, but as Lord over all. . . . Deity is the dominion of God not over his own body, as those imagine who fancy God to be the soul of the world, but over servants. . . . It is the dominion of a spiritual being which constitutes a God. . . . And from his true dominion it follows that the true God is a living, intelligent, and powerful Being. . . ."[21] The emphasis upon dominion in these sentences is deliberate; so is the rejection of the pantheist doctrine of the material universe as the divine body, Pope's "Whose body Nature is and God the soul." A more explicit statement is given in the *Optics* (1704): God "governs all things and knows all things that are or can be done. . . . Who being in all Places, is more able by his Will to move the Bodies within his boundless uniform Sensorium, and thereby to form and reform the Parts of the Universe, than we are by our Will to move the Parts of our own Bodies."[22] "Sensorium" is a term taken over from the Cambridge Platonists: the human sensorium is the seat of the self-conscious soul, which interprets the flux of events received by the sense-organs. The divine sensorium, equated by Newton with infinite space (*Optics*, 370), perceives the universal flux immediately. Quite clearly Newton sees the sensorium not primarily as the seat of consciousness, however, but of will. The "General Scholium" was added in the second edition of 1713 to make clear Newton's position, particularly in respect to certain implications of his system pointed out by the philosophers.

III

Soon after the publication of the first edition of the *Principia* (1687), Locke had commented in his *Essay concerning Human Understanding* upon certain of Newton's ideas. In discussing how bodies produce ideas in us, he wrote: ". . . manifestly by impulse and nothing else. It being impossible to conceive that body should operate on what it does not touch (which is all one as to imagine it can operate where it is not), or, when it does touch, operate any other way than by motion."[23] "It is worth our consideration, whether active power be not the proper attribute of spirits, and passive power of matter. . . . Pure spirit, viz., God, is only active; pure matter is only passive; those beings that are both active and passive, we may judge to partake of both."[24] "Let us suppose any parcel of matter eternal, great or small, we shall find it in itself able to produce nothing. . . . Is it possible to conceive it can add motion to itself, being purely matter, or produce anything? Matter, then, by its own strength, cannot produce in itself so much as motion; the motion it has must also be from eternity, or else be produced and added to matter by some other being more powerful than matter."[25] The eternal thinking Being is not material, or every particle of matter would think, and each would be an eternal thinking being, or God. Nor can a *system* of incogitative matter be cogitative. Nor is matter co-eternal with an eternal Mind; "possibly, if we would emancipate ourselves from vulgar notions, . . . we might be able to aim at some dim and seeming conception how matter might at first be made, and begin to exist, by the power of that eternal first Being. . . ."[26] Locke's own "dim and seeming conception" was, as a matter of fact, suggested to him in conversation by Newton: "We may have some rude idea," Newton said, "that God, by his *power*, had (at a certain time) *prevented the entrance of anything into a certain portion of space*—space being in its own nature penetrable. Henceforward *this portion of space* would be endowed with *impenetrability*, one of the essential qualities of matter; and we have only again to suppose that God communicated the same impenetrability to *another portion of space*, and we should then obtain an idea of the *mobility* of matter, another of its essential qualities."[27] But the extension of this Newtonian hypothesis of the mode of creation can lead at once, and in Locke tends to lead, to the establishing of gravitation as an attribute of matter, that is as an innate quality. Locke thus tends by 1700 to arrive at, or at least strongly suggest, a non-Newtonian view. "The gravitation of matter towards matter, by ways inconceivable to me, is not only a demonstration that God can, if he pleases, put into bodies powers and ways of operation above what can be derived from our own idea of body, or can be explained by what we know of matter, but is also an unquestionable and everywhere visible instance that he has done so."[28] "We have the ideas of matter and thinking, but possibly shall never be able to know whether any mere material being thinks or no; . . . it being, in respect of our notions, not much more remote from our comprehension to conceive that God can, if he pleases, superadd to matter a faculty of thinking, than that he should superadd to it another substance with a faculty of thinking. . . ."[29] Once gravitation and even thought are made properties of matter, the implications of the Newtonian system are completely changed. It was upon these tentative passages of Locke's that the French materialists seized, and the mechanistic materialism of La Mettrie, D'Holbach and Helvétius, although presented as Newtonian, is an interpretation of Newton based upon a thoroughly non-Newtonian conception of matter, and strongly indebted, as Wickwar has shown, to Hobbes.[30]

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[20] *Optics* (3rd ed., 1721), 378.
[21] *Principia*, 544. The "General Scholium" was added in the second edition, 1713.
[22] *Optics*, 379.

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[23] *Essay concerning Human Understanding*, II, 8, 11.

[24] *Ibid.*, II, 23, 23.

[25] *Ibid.*, IV, 10, 10.

[26] *Ibid.*, IV, 10, 14-18.

[27] Noted in the second edition of Coste's French translation of the *Essay* (quoted by Pringle-Pattison, 319 n.). See note by Fraser in Clarendon Press edition, II, 321.

[28] *Reply to Second Letter* (1699), 468.

Berkeley, whose *Principles of Human Knowledge* appeared in 1710, is (as might be expected) very alert to the implications of the *Principia*. He pays proper tribute to Newton: "The steady, consistent methods of nature may not unfitly be styled the language of its Author, by which he discovers his attributes to our view. . . ." Of this language the scientists are the grammarians; and the best grammar is the *Principia*.[31] But he is shrewd enough to recognize, nearly two centuries before Ernst Mach (*Die Mechanik in ihrer Entwickelung historischkritisch dargestellt*, 1883), the essential circularity of Newton's definitions of mass and force: "It will not follow that gravity is proportional to matter . . . except you take it for granted, that unknown *substratum* . . . is proportional to those sensible qualities [extension and solidity]."[32] He also pointed out the abstract and arbitrary nature of Newton's assumption of universality for gravitation:[33] "We are apt to lay too great stress on analogies, and . . . humour that eagerness of the mind, whereby it is carried to extend its knowledge into general theorems. For example, gravitation, or mutual attraction, because it appears in many instances, some are straightway for pronouncing *universal;* and that to *attract, and be attracted by every other body, is an essential quality inherent in all bodies whatsoever.* [He then cites fixed stars and growth of plants as apparent exceptions.] There is nothing *necessary* or *essential in the case,* but it depends entirely on the will of the *governing spirit.* . . ."[34]

What Berkeley is chiefly concerned with is attacking materialism, with depriving "atheists and fatalists," "Epicureans, Hobbists, and the like," "of their grand support."[35] He is consequently very firm in attacking "the current opinion that every thing includes within itself the cause of its properties: or that there is in each object an inward essence, which is the source whence its discernible qualities flow, and whereon they depend. . . . In truth, there is no other agent or efficient cause than spirit. . . ."[36] "The great mechanical principle now in vogue is *attraction*. That a stone falls to the earth, or the sea swells towards the moon, may to some appear sufficiently explained thereby. But how are we enlightened by being told this is done by attraction? Is it that that word signifies the manner of the tendency, and that it is by the mutual drawing of bodies, instead of their being impelled or protruded towards each other? but nothing is determined of the manner or action, and it may as truly (for aught we know) be termed *impulse*, or *protrusion*, as *attraction*. . . . As to the *manner* of the action whereby it is produced, or the *cause* which produces it, these are not so much as aimed at."[37] In thus recognizing the value of gravitational theory as *description*, not *explanation*, Berkeley is essentially at one with Newton, or at least with Newton's attitude in the *Principia*. The passages in his work serve to point out the two directions which Newtonians could take, towards animism or mechanism.

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[29] *Essay*, IV, 3, 6.

[30] W. H. Wickwar, *Baron D'Holbach* (London, 1935), 101. See D'Holbach, *Systême de la nature* (Londres, 1780), especially 48 ff. D'Holbach's geometer, who could demonstrate the necessary movement of every molecule (51), anticipates Laplace's.

[31] George Berkeley, *Principles of Human Knowledge*, CVIII. I have used the text in Everyman's Library for both the *Principles* and the *Three Dialogues*.

[32] Berkeley, *Third Dialogue*, 279. In Newton's formula, $f = ma$, a is the only observable. "Mach pointed out that Newton's definitions of mass and force leave us in a logical circle, for we only know matter through its effects on our senses, and we can only define density as mass per unit volume." (Dampier, *History of Science*, 170.)

[33] See *Principia*, 399 (Bk. III, "Rules for Reasoning," Rule III).

[34] Berkeley, *Principles*, CVI.

[35] *Ibid.*, XCIII.

[36] *Ibid.*, CII.

Berkeley saw particular danger in Newton's doctrine of absolute space, a danger "of thinking either that real space is God, or else that there is something beside God which is eternal, uncreated, infinite, indivisible, immutable. . . . It is certain that not a few divines, as well as philosophers of great note, have, from the difficulty they found in conceiving either limits or annihilation of space, concluded it must be *divine*."[38] (Newton's experiment with the bucket of water as described in the "Scholium to Definitions," on pages 10-11 of the *Principia*, Berkeley found thoroughly unconvincing as proof of absolute motion.) Berkeley is eager to avoid both a universe from which God is absent, and the opposite extreme of pantheism. His own doctrine of an immanent and also transcendent God is actually the same as Newton's; but he shows an awareness of threats to that doctrine offered by certain implications of the doctrines of the *Principia*. These are not implications which Newton would wish to be drawn; his own statement in the "General Scholium" shows no conflict with the following sentences from Berkeley: "Fain would we suppose [God] at a great distance off, and substitute some blind unthinking deputy in his stead, though (if we may believe St. Paul) he be 'not far from every one of us. . . .' Such is the artificial contrivance of this mighty machine of nature, that whilst its motions and various phenomena strike on our senses, the hand which actuates the whole is itself unperceivable to men of flesh and blood. . . . Yet to an unbiased and attentive mind, nothing can be more plainly legible, than the intimate presence of an all-wise Spirit, who fashions, regulates, and sustains the whole system of being."[39]

Virtually the same kind of objection to the notion of absolute space is put forward by Leibniz: "If space is an absolute reality, far from being a property or accident opposed to substance, it will have more subsistance than substances; God will be unable to destroy it. . . . There will be an infinity of eternal things besides God."[40] Space cannot be a property of God, for space has parts.[41] "This *God with parts* will be very like the Stoic God, who was the whole universe, considered as a divine animal."[42] "The immensity of God is independent of space, as the eternity of God is independent of time."[43] But these objections are not highly significant, since absolute space is not an essential element in Newton's system, and, indeed, receives very little mention. They serve, however, to indicate the direction that interpretation (or distortion) of Newton's system could take to produce pantheism or materialism.

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[37] *Ibid.*, CIII.
[38] *Ibid.*, CXVII.
[39] *Ibid.*, CL, CLI.

But on the subject of gravitation, Leibniz opposes Locke's suggestion that the attraction may have been made natural to matter. In a letter of 1687 discussing with Boyle the Cartesian theory of motion, he had put forward a mechanical explanation of the gravity of falling bodies through a fluid ether. In 1715 he writes: "If God wished to cause a free body to circle in the ether round about a given fixed centre, without any other created thing acting on it, this . . . could only occur by miracle, not being explicable by the nature of bodies. For a free body naturally departs from a curve along the tangent. It is in this sense that I maintain that the attraction of bodies, properly so called, is a miraculous thing, since it cannot be explained by their nature."[44] And since he wishes neither to have recourse to daily miracles (like the Occasionalists), nor to endow matter with "faculties" of attraction, he chooses a mechanical theory, which is also in consonance with his insistence on a *plenum*. The motions of the matter in the *plenum* are to be explained by his doctrine of pre-established harmony.

Leibniz's views bring out very clearly the implications of the three possible views: action at a distance with matter inert; action at a distance through natural "innate" attraction; no action at a distance. Given the first law of motion, empty space, and the impossibility of action at a distance, and you must have (as an eighteenth-century reader) either miracles, or, since Leibniz exaggerates a little, the constant exertion of an immanent immaterial power. If, like Newton, you also believe that constant adjustment and even renewal of motion are necessary, then the very existence of the present order is a proof of that power.

And this, indeed, is what the followers of Newton believed. His successor at Cambridge, William Whiston, puts it emphatically: "That there is a God, i.e. an Immaterial or Spiritual, Almighty, Omnipresent and Omniscient Being; who, as at first he made the World, so does now continually govern and act in it, is so certain and so next to Mathematick Demonstration, from the Wonderful Discoveries made in Sir Isaac Newton's Works, that he must be a strange Person indeed who is sufficiently acquainted with those Discoveries and is yet unsatisfied in this matter. . . .

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[40] *Correspondence with Clarke* (1715), Fourth paper, # 10; Mary Morris translation (Everyman's Library, 1934), 205. References below to this work give the page numbers in the Everyman text in brackets.

[41] *Ibid.*, Fifth paper, # 42 (219).

[42] *Ibid.*, # 43 (220).

[43] *Ibid.*, # 106 (228).

[44] *Ibid.*, Third paper, # 17 (203).

The Universe . . . is continually supported by nothing else than one Uniform Law of Gravity; or one continued Exercise of a Divine and Immaterial Power, acting by first and constant Rules. . . . If the Almighty should supersede or suspend this his constant Providential Power for one single Hour, all the World would be dissolved and dissipated. . . ."[45]

In his *Astronomical Principles of Religion, Natural and Revealed* (1717), dedicated to Newton, Whiston elaborates; starting from Newton's laws of motion, he draws the conclusions that matter is entirely passive, that the curved paths of the heavenly bodies indicate a perpetual exercise of power, that the speed of comets proves that there is no *plenum*, and hence no mechanical cause of gravity. "Since Power can be exerted no where but where the Being which exerts that Power is actually present, . . . 'tis certain that the Author of the Power of Gravity is present at all Times in all Places of the Universe. . . ."[46] It is demonstrated that the power is immechanical and beyond the ability of material agents. Moreover, the loss of energy by emission of light from the sun proves that the material universe is not eternal. All powers of attraction, repulsion, and refraction are "real Effects of the continual Power and Providence of God himself," who extends beyond the universe into the "unfathomable Abys of Infinite Extramundane Space."[47] It is significant that Whiston is attacking Hobbes and Spinoza, and that he pays compliments to that eminent Newtonian and Cambridge Platonist, Samuel Clarke.

Precisely the same arguments, again directed against the "Epicurean and Mechanical Hypothesis," are put forward by Dr. George Cheyne, in his *Philosophical Principles of Religion, Natural and Revealed* (1715-16), with the same attack on Hobbes and Spinoza, the same insistence that gravitation is not essential to matter, nor to be explained mechanically, the same proof that the world is not eternal from the loss of motion and of light energy (theory of a contracting universe), the same rejection of a "created soul of the universe." Cheyne finds an analogy between the principle of gravitation and the moral principle by which souls are attracted to God.[48] Most of the same arguments also appear in William Derham's *Physico-Theology* (1711-12) and *Astro-Theology* (1715).

A generation later, Dr. Thomas Morgan's *Physico-Theology* (1741) is still using the evidence of Newton to attack the mechanists. Bodies are purely passive, "incessantly acted upon by some universal, intelligent, designing Cause."[49] Gravity is not essential to, or inherent in matter; it is extrinsically caused, and the cause can be no other than "the supreme, universal Agent, Author, Governor and Director of all Nature, or God himself."[50] Motion and all forces are the "continued regular Will, Choice, and free Agency of the Deity, or first universal Cause and incessant Mover and Preserver of Nature" whose continued presence, power, and agency are necessary.[51] Morgan has abandoned, however, two of the earlier safeguards against mechanism; the original plan of the universe was perfect, and needs no particular amendments, and there is a "material immechanical" ether, which like all matter is purely passive. Needless to say, Morgan does not make much of his material immechanical ether, since it has no property but extension. It is brought in chiefly as a "visive element," the luminiferous medium.[52]

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[45] *Sermons and Essays upon Several Subjects* (1709), 208-9.

[46] *Astronomical Principles*, 89.

[47] *Ibid.*, 89, 110-13, 120-3.

[48] See pp. 3, 6, 25 ff., 38 ff., 47, 88, 186 ff., 193.

[49] Preface, v.

[50] *Ibid.*, 5-7.

James Foster, in his *Discourses on All the Principal Branches of Natural Religion and Social Virtue* (1749-52) follows more strictly the Newtonian doctrine. He doubts whether there could be a complete set of originally fixed laws. Like his predecessors, he is convinced that "the principle of gravitation . . . affords clearest evidence of the omnipresence of God, and a strong presumption of his immediate interposition, and influence, in supporting the frame and order of the material world, in every part, and instant, of its duration. . . ." But God is not limited to this world. "His eternal omnipresent spirit pervades both mind and matter everywhere—the operations of the human mind as well as the motions and operations of matter."[53]

Here, in Foster, we have come, by arguments from Newton's *Principia*, to the eternal spirit

> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
> A motion and a spirit, that impels
> All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
> And rolls through all things.

It was not only the scientists who drew animistic and anti-mechanistic conclusions from the *Principia*. The scientists were widely popular. Men like Whiston and Derham were the Eddingtons and Jeanses of their time, and they disseminated not only the scientific theories but their philosophical and theological implications. It is no surprise to find the Seatonian prize poems at Cambridge versifying Newton. George Bally, for example, in his prize poem of 1756, *The Wisdom of the Supreme Being*, attacks Epicurean mechanism from the Newtonian premises:

> Where could the Platform of this complex Frame
> But in th'Eternal Mind's abys, exist? . . .
> He the projected Motion gave: His Arm,
> Unshorten'd still, restricts the rapid whirl
> Of Planets to their Centre, and with Chains
> Of Gravity and firm Cohesion binds
> Each struggling atom, which would else unhing'd
> Fly off, and Ruin scatter thro' the *Void*.

In his next prize poem, two years later, on *The Providence of the Supreme Being*, Bally again insists that if God withdrew his hand, the whole system would relapse into nothing. God is omnipresent, and "all surveys In space, his boundless sensory." "One pure diffusive Energy at ease By sole volition acts his purposes." This is pure Newton.

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[51] *Ibid.*, 59; cf. 16-17, 28, 56.

[52] *Ibid.*, chap. II.

[53] Pp. 183, 56-7, 58, 68.

Precisely the same themes are to be found in Bishop Ken's (*obit* 1711) *Hymns on the Attributes*,[54] in John Hughes' *Ode to the Creator* (1713), and in several pieces of Henry Needler (*obit* 1718), whose "Vernal Hymn in Praise of the Creator"[55] is of particular significance. Needler misunderstands some of the fundamentals of Newton's physics, but draws his view of the universe and his enthusiastic response to it in about equal measure from Newton and Shaftesbury, that is, from the friend of Henry More and from the editor of Whichcote. The closing lines of Somerville's *The Chace* (1725) refer to Newton and the Newtonian universe,

> the grand machine,
> Worlds above worlds; subservient to his voice,
> Who veil'd in clouded majesty alone
> Gives light to all; bids the great systems move,
> And changeful seasons in their turns advance,
> Unmov'd, unchang'd, himself.

The author of *Poetic Essays* (1750) shows the same recognition of the essential identity of Shaftesburian and Newtonian cosmology. John Duncan, in his *Essay on Happiness* (1762), uses the insistence on the all-pervading mind of God as an anti-Hobbist argument. William Stevenson in his *Poems* (1765) appeals to Newton again as witness to the existence of an immanent and transcendent Deity. The Newtonian passages in Thomson's *Seasons* are well known; a passage in *The Castle of Indolence* is also significant with its reference to "eternal never-resting soul, Almighty power, and all-directing day; By whom each atom stirs, the planets roll; Who fills, surrounds, informs, and agitates the whole."[56]

IV

I must not draw this paper to inordinate length; I hope that these examples will serve my purpose, which is to suggest that we need not believe that (as Professor Marjorie Nicolson has recently put it) "the shades of Plato with his disciples, Plotinus, Ficino, Pico, the Cambridge Platonists, and Shaftesbury, seemed to 'strive here for mastery' over men's souls with the ghosts of Bacon, Descartes, Locke, Newton," and that Thomson seems "temporarily to reconcile the irreconcilables."[57] The argument over whether Thomson was a Shaftesburian or a Newtonian is in large measure a sham battle. The linking of Locke and Newton is an anachronism, particularly when it makes Locke a strictly empirical philosopher. Professor Nicolson is quite right to point out that although Thomson was a Newtonian, "he could not feel that 'nature is a dull affair, soundless, scentless, colourless,' and that 'the really important world outside was a world hard, cold, colourless, silent, and dead.' "[58] Before he could feel that he would have had to believe three things which as a Newtonian he knew to be false: that matter is active, not passive, and has innate powers; that the universe of matter is self-regulating; and that the world of matter is more "real" and more "important" than the world of ideas and sensation. To believe these things he would have had to be not only not a Newtonian, and not even a Lockean, but an "Epicurean, or Hobbist, or the like"—an anti-Newtonian.

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[54] In vol. II of the posthumously collected *Works* (1721). See particularly the introductory hymn, ll. 1-4, the hymns on "Immensity," especially 21, 24; on "Immutability," especially 33; on "Spirituality," especially 40; on "Independence," especially 48; on "God's Will," especially 73; on "Providence," especially 122, 145.

[55] *The Works of Mr. Henry Needler* (2nd ed., 1728), 43-6. See also the essay "On the Beauty of the Universe," 63-76, with its references to Shaftesbury and Newton. Needler's misunderstanding of Newton's theory appears in the eleventh of his letters, 121 ff., where he speaks of *inertia* in Aristotelian, not Newtonian, terms.

[56] *The Castle of Indolence*, canto II, stanza xlvii; cf. *The Seasons*, "Spring," ll. 853 ff.: "Inspiring God! who, boundless Spirit all, And unremitting energy, pervades, Adjusts, sustains, and agitates the whole."

[57] *Newton Demands the Muse* (Princeton, 1946), 157.

The universe of the Newtonian was a splendid and exciting thing. Through the vastness of space rushed the immense globes, poised with hairbreadth accuracy in their whirling paths; from the most remote regions of the abyss hurled awful comets, pursuing their solitary but ordered course; and every revolution, every curve of the sublimely fantastic pattern was a visible and perpetual reminder of the omnipresent eternal spirit, whose power alone prevented every orb from taking its tangential road to destruction. Well might the Newtonian like Shaftesbury quote Plato: "For Divinity itself is surely beauteous, and of all beauties the brightest. . . . The river's beauty, the sea's, the heaven's, and heavenly constellations all flow from hence as from a source eternal and incorruptible,"[59] or cry out like Wordsworth:

Wisdom and Spirit of the universe!
Thou Soul, that art the Eternity of thought!
And giv'st to forms and images a breath
And everlasting motion!

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[58] *Ibid.*, 162.

[59] *The Moralists*, II, iv.

THE STRUCTURE OF *THE MERCHANT'S TALE*

G. G. SEDGEWICK

THERE is nothing new in this paper except, perhaps, in the way of assemblage and emphasis.[1] Nevertheless, this sort of thing, if done better than it will now be done, might properly be excused. The Merchant and his performance figure largely in discussions of chronology, order, sources, and analogues of *The Canterbury Tales;* and all this, of course, is basic and invaluable. But, apart from a remarkable essay by Professor Tatlock,[2] there has been no really substantial examination of the poem's art, no full study of the object as in itself it really is—and that still remains, surely, a function of criticism. Besides, as one would expect, critics are still apt to fight shy of Chaucer's fabliaux or else to handle them in a discursive and gingerly way, although a good deal of the poet's maturest workmanship is to be found in that Latin Quarter of the arts. No doubt *The Merchant's Tale* makes strenuous demands on the maturity of its readers; but, equally without question, it ranks, both in substance and in form, among the very best and most original of Chaucer's works. One sign of rank is the fact that it is out of category. It uses a fabliau as part of its structure, but as a whole it isn't a fabliau at all; or if it is one, it is unique in its kind. In it are found, I believe, most known devices of satire; but in its total effect, it is unlike any other satire known to me. If, in the terribly hackneyed phrase, *Troilus and Criseyde* is the first "psychological novel," *The Merchant's Tale* may quite as justly be called the first psychological short story. In complexity of texture, like the Wife of Bath in person, it passes "hem of Ypres and of Gaunt." All these apparently facile generalizations, I am very sure, can be supported by plenty of specific evidence; but the full demonstration must await other hands. This paper merely attempts to underline certain phases of Chaucer's workmanship as he handles what is often considered to be a "plot suited to the Hottentot," as an outraged scholar has called it.

A fabliau yet not one — a satire yet not one —

Such an attempt is all the more desirable, I think, now that certain important and well-known seams of Chaucerian scholarship are pretty nearly worked out. It is very improbable indeed that we shall learn any more about the internal chronology of *The Canterbury Tales* or about the order of the fragments that remain. Whether we wish to or not, we *must* accept the text of the tales—at least the text of Groups D, E, and F—as it is now arranged, willingly or unwillingly, by all editors of the cycle. And there is no choice left but to accept the present order of the tales as Chaucer's final intention, and to leave aside, as irrelevant to literary criticism, the problem of how the order was finally arrived at. Tatlock's essay, to which I have referred, does that, resting, as it naturally would do, on the argument which he himself did so much to develop. No doubt all students of Chaucer should know of his previous vicissitudes of purpose; but they are finally brought back to the whole affair of the Merchant—in the general *Prologue*, the link with *The Clerk's Tale*, and his own deliverance—just as they first read it before their faith was shaken, as it may have been, by the higher criticism. If there were only one manuscript instead of many, faith would never have been shaken at all, since all parts of the whole production, *as it now stands*, hang together perfectly well.

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[1] This paper was read at the Quebec meeting of the Royal Society of Canada (Section II) in May, 1947.

[2] "Chaucer's *Merchant's Tale*" (*Modern Philology*, XXXIII, 367-81).

As corollary to all this, Kittredge's famous essay on "the Marriage Group" of tales must be accepted as generally authoritative, whatever minor modifications have to be made in his statement.[3] It is undeniably based on the facts of the text as it now stands, and must continue to stand, in all editions of Chaucer. Consequently we need not now consider the Merchant in his larger dramatic relations with the Wife of Bath and the Clerk who precede him and the Franklin who follows.

Unhappily, older scholarship has left behind some petrified survivals—to borrow a term from Chaucer grammar—which must be got out of the way, since they suggest doubt of the structural integrity of Chaucer's scheme. It has been said, for instance, that the tale is not consistent with the Merchant's portrait in the general *Prologue*. For this opinion there is no solid foundation.

The Merchant's portrait is one of the shortest of the series: it is not drawn in such minute detail as are many of the others, and the story he has to tell is not so definitely foreshadowed, so to speak, as in the case of the Knight, the Wife of Bath, the Pardoner, and the Clerk. It *could* be that the Merchant's portrait was written late; or it may (or may not) be that Chaucer was already planning, when he wrote it, to keep in reserve another dark horse, like the Canon's Yeoman and the Nun's Priest, for those surprise entries which he delighted in. It doesn't really matter much. But it is certainly clear that Chaucer didn't think highly of his Merchant from the very beginning. The fellow has the proper front of beard, hat, boots, and manner. But it is only a front. He is something of a pompous bore, forever talking about his "percentages": anyone who has lived through a Western real-estate boom recognizes the kind. Besides, it seems he is not above shady dealings "in exchange"; and he cloaks insolvency with a "stately" manner in the best tradition of trade. His name?—Chaucer hints that he did not bother to find out or remember; and (in no contradiction of Professor Manly's explanation of this fact[4]) it seems odd that the Merchant is the only character to be singled out for such a curt dismissal. In short, whether or not it was Chaucer's intention from the beginning, the Merchant of the general *Prologue* is presented as a person ripely ready for the *exposé* which does occur and which explodes, when the time comes, with startling suddenness. That too is not unfitting: in fact it is quite in accord with the doctrine of dramatic probability. You may make whatever guess you like about Chaucer's previous or undeveloped intentions. But if it be argued that harmony between portrait and tale is a matter of pure luck, I can only reply, in the old wisecrack, that for people who like that sort of thing, it is the sort of thing they like.

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[3] "Chaucer's Discussion of Marriage" (*Modern Philology*, IX, 435-67).

[4] J. M. Manly, *Some New Light on Chaucer* (New York, 1926), 200; *Chaucer's Canterbury Tales* (New York, 1928), 515. See also Robinson, *Chaucer's Complete Works* (Boston, 1933), 759.

Two rather more obvious survivals of error are still extant in the notes of Skeat, Manly, and Robinson—one error in all three editions, the other in one. No names can carry greater authority; and the two errors are therefore the more disturbing. Both of them, I am certain, are due to a fixed determination to find in *The Merchant's Tale*, as it stands, evidence of an earlier stage of the cycle's development, and to assign the tale to another teller. The first of them revolves around the single word "seculeer" in line 1251:

> [he] folwed ay his bodily delyt
> On wommen, ther as was his appetyt,
> As doon thise fooles that been seculeer.

Apparently, Skeat set the heresy going. In his notes in the great edition of 1895, he seems to explain that word as referring to the "secular clergy" (parish priests), for he says "as distinguished from the monks and friars." He does not explain why he makes the distinction here, and consequently his interpretation of the passage is left rather obscure. Whatever Skeat meant, Manly and Robinson definitely agree that "seculeer," in this passage, refers to clerics who are not monks and friars; and, so their inference runs, the tale must have been meant originally for a member of the regular orders.

This gloss appears to me extraordinary. If, as we have supposed before, there were only one manuscript of the tales extant and if that manuscript ordered the text as we now must order it, whether we like to do so or not, how would an unspoiled reader interpret "seculeer"? To him it could refer to nothing else than to "laymen," as it usually does, and as it does in the other three cases listed in the concordance as certainly Chaucerian.[5] And the Merchant would be saying in effect: "the worthy knight behaved as do all these bachelor fools who are laymen—that is, who are not protected from sin by holy orders." It would never occur to that reader to conjure up some unknown cleric, whether secular or regular, as the Merchant's substitute. Nor is there any need to do so now. No matter when the tale was written or where it was once placed, there is no valid reason for supposing that it was ever intended for anybody but the Merchant. All this has been pointed out before by Dr. Germaine Dempster, but I think she is the only scholar who has done so.[6] I will not labour the argument further, except to say that the Merchant's reference to laymen as frailer than the clergy is in key with his ironic deference to religion throughout the tale. He may even be taking sarcastic flings both at the Clerk's chastity and at his own habitual licence.

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[5] One of these cases occurs seventy-one lines further on in *The Merchant's Tale*, at line 1322, where there can be no possible doubt of the meaning. In Robinson's text, the other two occur at VII, 3450 and X, 960. Four closely assembled instances of the word are to be found in *The Romaunt of the Rose* (6150, 6232, 6244, 6250): all mean "lay." In a dubious passage of *The Romaunt of the Rose* (7173), the plural noun "seculers" apparently means "parish priests."

In line with his gloss of "secular," Professor Manly believed that the tale was out of the Merchant's character. "The Tale itself," he said, "can hardly have been originally composed with the Merchant in mind as narrator—the detached tone of quiet irony is entirely unsuited to the Merchant and contrary to the tone of his Prologue; cf. especially ll. 1267-1390."[7] Anyone who knew Professor Manly hesitates to contradict him—quite apart from the respect due to his vast learning. But if this passage he refers to *is* read in the light of that prologue, it is hard to think of words more inappropriate than "detached" and "quiet": one would rather say "savagely self-involved" and "violent." Of course there can be no argument about matters of taste. But it is something of a relief to find that passage elsewhere described as "bitterly ironical," which it is, or even as "blasphemous," which, as far as Chaucer is concerned, it certainly isn't. Not that Manly's strangely dubious terms cannot be accounted for. If the tale is ever read out of context, under the conviction that the Merchant was never meant to tell it, then it may sound far milder than a tale told by an angry and disillusioned man who is deeply involved in a situation similar to that he is describing. Such a difference constantly occurs in dramatic contexts. The Three Robbers story, for example, is one thing when it is excerpted in a short story anthology, and quite another as the Pardoner tells it. In the Merchant's place in the text, *which we must now accept*, we must always remember that he is uncontrolledly angry, and therefore that the tale must always be read as sharpened into his own mood.

In the Friar's word, this has been a long "preambulacioun." But in my opinion it has been necessary to clear the ground. We can now turn without distraction to the main structure.

Again and again one must insist that *The Merchant's Tale* cannot be properly read apart from his own prologue. First, he has been angered by the blatancy of the archiwyf of Bath, and next he has found the patience of the Clerk's Griselda quite "inportable." Griselda is a very far cry from that devil of a woman, the "shrewe at al," whom he lately married; he was a fool to get married in the first place; if he could be "unbounden," so help him heaven he would never again be caught in that trap. So runs his prologue. And anyone who reads it now may feel like adapting to his case a ribaldry of George Bernard Shaw:

After two months of wedded bliss with her,
He now could say, O death where is thy sting?

At such an outburst of agreeable sentiment, Harry Bailly is so surprised and delighted that he limits himself, most unusually, to only three lines of comment, as if in fear he would halt the Merchant's lava-flow: "let us learn about women from you," he says, in effect, to the volcano.

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[6] "The Original Teller of the *Merchant's Tale*" (*Modern Philology*, XXXVI, 1-8).
[7] *Chaucer's Canterbury Tales* (New York, 1928), 596.

The tale proper begins with one of those swift outlines of situation which Chaucer manages so often with such unfailing skill: place, level of society, old fellow with a past who is now determined on marriage—

> Were it for hoolynesse or for dotage
> I kan nat seye.

And in that line the dominant note of irony is sounded at once. (It is well to remind ourselves in passing that January's "sixty yeer of age" might be a good decade more if Chaucer were writing now: the Middle Ages deflated the purchasing power of advancing years.) Then old January is allowed a few lines in which to speak for himself:

> "Noon oother lyf," seyde he, "is worth a bene;
> For wedlock is so esy and so clene,
> That in this world it is a paradys."

To which the Merchant adds a dryly bitter comment:

> Thus seyde this olde knyght that was so wys.

The next 130 lines—those that Manly mentions—are presented as musings of the Merchant, and develop the theme with extraordinary complexity; for it is possible to read the whole passage in four different voices, so to speak, which fuse into a voice that is both multiple and one. On the surface—barring the first six verses and a sour note here and there—these lines sound like a prothalamium as indeed they are: only one withdraws the term when one realizes the nature of the song. Naïve innocents have actually been known, I am told, to read the passage as a glorification of marriage. And if the imagined cleric of the editors were really uttering it, he *should*, as a cleric, intend it in that way. But after the whole introduction, and especially the six verses I have just spoken of, intelligence must listen otherwise. A generation ago, people of our own time were rejoicing in a discovery which they called "the stream of consciousness" method in fiction. Well, here it is, under date of the thirteen-nineties. That glory song is really the stream which has been passing through the mind of January, the old fool who was so wise: he has been indulging in the ancient human habit of rationalizing himself into doing what he was going to do anyway. Five of those six verses of warning run as follows:

> And certeinly, as sooth as God is kyng,
> To take a wyf it is a glorious thyng,
> And namely whan a man is oold and hoor;
> Thanne is a wyf the fruit of his tresor.
> Thanne sholde he tak a yong wyf and a feir. . . .

This doctrine is *not* "so esy and so clene": in fact, it has the taint of January's malodorous mind. And once or twice, to keep you alerted to the situation, a sour note is sounded not too obtrusively: "your wife," the singer slyly hints, "is the most enduring of your possessions—she will last longer than you want her to, perhaps."

But the actual speaker, the Merchant, must be heard also, in his own right; and he speaks in a sort of double-talk. From the mouth of a man to whom marriage has been a literal hell, you cannot expect either innocent praise or the sentimentality of an old dotard. His voice, in Robinson's word, is "bitterly ironic"; there is a savage sneer in the "heigh stil" of his eloquence; his fine words about marriage are really ironic curses extorted by the spectacle of an amorous fool whom he is about to expose. But beneath the obvious savagery runs an undercurrent of which he seems at best half-conscious: for the curses fall on himself as well as on January. The stream of consciousness we see flow by was the Merchant's own, two months ago. That is how he knows what is going on in old January's mind. Chaucer is making him speak as if in a mood of ugly reminiscence and self-loathing.

The great length of this four-toned passage is structurally justified, quite apart from the absorbing interest which the feminist controversy had for people of Chaucer's time. Those 130 lines firmly establish the twofold centre of the ensuing story. They furnish the intended double-single view of the dotage of January and the ugly temper of the Merchant who reveals it. The passage fairly compels the main narrative itself to come into its sordid being; and when the compulsion has been exerted, that narrative begins at once and goes on unchecked.

I have analysed these 130 lines at such length for a reason which should now be clear: they furnish the most elaborate sample of the complexity of texture which is a chief characteristic of *The Merchant's Tale*. Many elements in the piece, if not intricately fourfold as here, seem to have in them at least an ironic duplicity. It is astonishing to note how many of his favourite subjects and narrative tricks Chaucer throws to the Merchant as food for irony. For instance, as a good many commentators have noted, the process turns courtly love all "up-so-doun." Late in the tale, May insists she is "a gentil womman and no wenche"; but after one sight of Damian she had put all "daunger" aside shamelessly and announced that she loved him "best of any creature, Though he namoore hadde than his sherte." Against that the Merchant, and Chaucer, calmly juxtapose an elegant theme-song of the courtly tradition:

> Lo, pitee renneth soone in gentil herte.

And at once the coarseness of this love-affair and the one that happened two months ago is starkly underlined. Likewise, Chaucer likes to blow an elaborate astrological bubble in order, as often, to prick it with comic effect. The Merchant too blows his bubble; and it bursts with an effect which Rabelais would have admired: Phoebus and the Gemini are called together to witness nothing more noble than a cuckoldry. Or, for one more example, we recall that the fate of Palamon and Arcite was transferred to high Olympus for settlement. But the Merchant, as Tatlock observes, chooses his gods from the underworld; and, what is more, they are transformed into the little mean dark people of folk-lore, sitting about on a bench of turf. Pluto and Proserpina become deities fit to witness and direct another case of the erotic blindness of men and the "passyng crueltee" of women: women are the same everywhere, the Merchant implies, whether in this world or the other. These three and other artistic playthings of his, Chaucer hands over to the Merchant, to be instruments of an irony directed first at January and then, unconsciously or half-consciously, at the Merchant himself.

In the midst of all this complexity you never lose sight of the centre of the story: everything converges on it. It is an unusual centre. You look at it as through bifocal glasses, seeing first, January, and secondly, the Merchant; and somehow, the two finally blend into one. Or, to put it another way, it is a case of seeing a blinded sensualist through the eyes of a sensualist who is awakened and embittered. The spectacle, it must be said, is not pretty, nor was it meant to be. The more clearly you see the one kind of amorist, the more you can guess, at least, about the other. And no character in fiction is more cruelly visible than January.

> . . . upright in his bed than sitteth he;
> And after that he sang ful loude and cleere,
> And kiste his wyf, and made wantown cheere.
> He was al coltish, ful of ragerye,
> And ful of jargon as a flekked pye.
> The slakke skin aboute his nekke shaketh
> While that he sang, so chaunteth he and craketh;
> But God woot what that May thoughte in hire herte
> When she hym saugh up-sittynge in his sherte,
> In his nyght-cappe, and with his nekke lene.

There was to be no match for that visibility until Hogarth learned to draw. January singing! And the Merchant sang two months ago.

The spectacle suggests one of the books which Chaucer professes to have read. Into the Merchant's mouth, he puts quotations from *The Wisdom of the Son of Sirach* (he makes little dark Pluto quote him too), who said "Out of garments a moth, out of women wickedness." That is a passage the Merchant should have spotted, if he knew the *Wisdom* at first hand. And certainly, to his own instruction, he should not have missed one of that book's characteristic triple balances: "Three men my soul abhorreth, and I am greatly offended in their life: a poor man that is proud, a rich man that is a liar, and an old man that is a lecher." This might be a text for a moral discourse on January and the Merchant's quite proper attitude to him. But the Merchant himself, more audible than visible, doesn't come off so very much better in the end; for he bears a family resemblance to his victim. No doubt their stories are not parallel at many points. Probably the Merchant is not so old; certainly he has this solace of superiority over January that his eyes were opened and remained open. But there is a fundamental likeness in situation: both men, well on in years, have married wives who played them false. And to put it baldly, the choice is between grossly revolting sentimentality on one hand and, on the other, bitterness that has passed into loathing and even blasphemy. Those two choices, as Shakespeare likes to show, are closely akin. And Chaucer makes them into the two faces of the unity of a tale. True, the Merchant refused to dictate an autobiography like the Wife of Bath's. But, in his mood at the moment, what other story had he to tell?

One notable thing he has to his credit, in the frequently observed fact that no one has ever told a more original tale. Oddly enough it is likewise a dense mosaic of references, allusions, quotations; but the total effect is as richly new as the garments new-washed in *The Tempest*—though how dreadfully different the wash! Whatever sources Chaucer uses—his own *Tale of Melibee*, the *Mirror of Marriage*, the Song of Solomon, even the marriage ritual, or whatever else—all these take on a new colour. One aspect, however, of this originality has not been noted as often as others: that is, Chaucer's use of the fabliau. For *The Merchant's Tale* is not a fabliau, though it incorporates one into its structure. It is like no other of *The Canterbury Tales*—not even those which it might be expected to resemble: it is called a fabliau because there is no other convenient name. No source has ever been suggested, so I am told, in which the notorious Pear Tree story is given a local habitation in the feminist dispute; and in some details, that story itself underwent significant changes under Chaucer's hand. Heaven defend me from reading all its versions. But apparently the Pluto-Proserpina episode is Chaucer's addition; and Tatlock says that the ignoble hero of the story is pictured as an old man only in the *Decameron* version, which, in the opinion of most scholars, Chaucer had not read. Where he got the structural hint for mating two very different strains, no one knows. Surely he was quite capable of getting it all by himself: it is one of those associations that look easy once a genius has made it. The main point is that, in *The Merchant's Tale*, the well-worn fabliau provides an issue, both natural and logical, for a character and a situation which have already been devised. It therefore *looks* as if it had been specially minted for this occasion, taking on a new and "modern" colour. Just as, to repeat the parallel, the Three Robbers story is one thing within its context and another out of it. No other fabliau in Chaucer or elsewhere, as far as I know, is handled in such a way. Literary firms like Miller, Reeve and Company are quite satisfied with rough stories in and for themselves, and so are all customers (including Chaucer and many other respectable people) who sometimes care to deal in that sort of thing. In contrast, *The Merchant's Tale* is a sort of drama in which the Pear Tree story constitutes the last act.

Perhaps the best way to realize the structural use of this old fabliau is to compare the Merchant's whole performance with those of the Wife of Bath and the Pardoner—self-confessors, all three. I say "performance" advisedly, since the narrative which each tells is only one element in a larger plan. The Wife's long prologue is boldly autobiographical, and her story of the Loathly Lady is merely an exemplum, by way of coda, which emphasizes the substance of her argument. The Pardoner too is shamelessly revealing himself, and he embeds a grim exemplum in the exhibition of his tricks. But *The Merchant's Tale* is autobiographic only by implication; it professes to analyse an old fool's mind on the eve of an action which is concluded under the Pear Tree. Let me repeat: the fabliau provides the inevitable issue of everything that went before, and it is therefore more "dramatic" in its effect than anything in the other famous tales.

One other suggestion I should have liked to develop more fully since it belongs to an area in which my own special interest lies. It is this: the Merchant's performance, in minute detail and in general structure, is soaked in irony—irony in nearly every one of its known forms. Dr. Dempster's essay on this subject[8] is full of sensitive perceptions, but I believe that she might have made a bolder use of her own principles in their structural application. All who have ever listened to the Merchant sense his almost too insistently ironic tone, whether they find it detached and quiet or bitter and savage: irony is now the ingrained colour of his mind. Even more important, however, than the constant pressure of details, is the building of the performance as a whole. One body of ironic material in that structure Chaucer of course inherited from the fabliau itself, for a January-May story is primitively ironic in its own substance. On the central character of that story, the Merchant turns a hostile eye and hand: it isn't so much that we see January responsible for his own befuddlement as that we see the Merchant manipulating him to that end. In like manner we watch the magician Prospero moving the characters of *The Tempest* about like pieces on a chess-board—though, unlike the Merchant, Prospero is benevolent in purpose. A spectacle like that stirs in a spectator the profoundly moving sense known as dramatic irony. There is also a third aspect to the scene. For the master of the whole show stands behind the Merchant manipulating *him*—so that the puppet enlarges, clarifies, and completes his own destructive self-revelation. In sum, *The Merchant's Tale* has three ironic dimensions, as if it were a figure of circles, the first enclosed by the second and the second by the third. It would be hard to think of a structure in literature more original, elaborate, tightly composed.

[8] *Dramatic Irony in Chaucer* (Stanford University Press, 1932), 46-58.

MILTON AND THE PROTESTANT AESTHETIC: THE EARLY POEMS[1]

MALCOLM MACKENZIE ROSS

MILTON is the last great Christian poet until Gerard Manley Hopkins. Between these two there are poets of stature who are Christian, but there are no Christian poets of stature. It would seem that Milton failed to transmit his most deeply felt values. This has been generally assumed. Such a view, however, is only superficially true. It fails to take proper account of the untraditional nature of Milton's theology and of the aesthetic consequences of his highly individual religiosity. For while Milton comes at the end of the universal Christian culture and preserves much from the medieval heritage (as from the more recent orthodoxy of the Reformation) it is also true that Milton projects into the secular culture which succeeds him, values and techniques which already in his most characteristic work contradict and repudiate significant aspects of the traditional Christian aesthetic.

Milton comes not merely at the end of the great Christian tradition. In a real sense he ends that tradition. His role in the process of cultural change must be recognized as *active*. He carries Christian poetry, and in particular the poetic use of the Christian symbol, to a limit beyond which it cannot go and remain Christian. In its ultimate reaches, Milton's art is distinctively Protestant, but Protestant edging on the purely secular. For this reason the abandonment by the poets of the next century of Milton's awesome theological framework was by no means an abandonment of the direction Milton had set for English poetry. Indeed, the heterodox nature of Milton's theology is already sign enough of the rapid disintegration of theology. This process of disintegration merely continues after Milton—and it will not stop with mortalism and Arianism.

My aim here is to isolate the specifically Protestant character of Milton's aesthetic in its shift from tradition to innovation. I am aware that it is no easy matter to discuss an aesthetic problem touching on belief without betraying a bias. With Milton the task is doubly difficult. For Milton scholarship is increasingly thin-skinned. The defenders of Milton have lately been very much on the defensive. Those who are not entirely with them must be entirely against them—and no quarter is given. The revival of Christian humanism in contemporary critical thought seems to have coincided with the scholarly defence of Milton against his detractors. There has been, consequently, a tendency to refuse any distinction between faith in Milton and faith in Christ. The heretical ideas of *Paradise Lost* are minimized until, in the view of Mr. C. S. Lewis, Milton emerges as more traditional and orthodox than Archbishop Laud.

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[1] This article will form part of a chapter of a book now in preparation on Christian symbolism in English poetry of the earlier seventeenth century. Another section of the book "George Herbert and the Humanist Tradition" appeared in the *University of Toronto Quarterly*, January, 1947.

Formerly, the detractors could be scattered by a parade of learning. Milton's thought was disinterred and laid in line like the splendid bones of the dinosaur. But it was, perhaps, not altogether economic to save the man's skin by producing his skeleton. Certainly, there is a great gain in the fact that it now seems possible to locate in the consciousness of our time a core of sensibility hospitable to the assumptions of a Christian aesthetic. The Christian scholar is encouraged to abandon the antiseptic illusion of "disinterested objectivity" and to say out loud that the doctrine of original sin is much more than a rationalization of "class guilt," and that the Christian notion of the free will is not just a display of aristocratic impudence. The Christian scholar may even admit agreement with Milton on a point of faith without dread of having committed an intellectual indecency.

One would hope that as a result of this particular liberation from the respectable academic conscience, the dichotomy in our criticism between a "sound," if abstract, knowledge of Milton's ideas on the one hand and an impressionistic "appreciation" of his poetry on the other might be succeeded at last by a fused response and judgment, by a criticism which can assess Milton because it can first possess him.

But the gain, great as it is, may bring, one suspects, not peace but the sword. To restore Milton now to a critical Christian awareness is to revive and sharpen the Christian memory. As Christianity becomes conscious of itself again it must become conscious of its ancient quarrels and ruptures. Anglo-Catholic, Methodist, and Quaker may not be able to inhabit forever the common shelter of Milton's Christian humanism without inspecting the roof—and the exit.

It is my own conviction that the recent tendency to regard Milton as a latter-day St. Augustine, equally agreeable to Catholic and Protestant habits of thought and feeling, has done much to obscure the unique quality of Milton's art and has led to blurred aesthetic appraisals. A fascinating example of this "blurring" comes out in the argument advanced by Wylie Sypher to the effect that Milton "represents an Anglican art of the Counter-Reformation."[2] Milton with his vast, external poetic "ritual" is the type of Catholic artist, and T. S. Eliot who disapproves of Milton's rhetoric, is the naked Protestant purist. Milton's style properly parallels the Catholic tradition of worship. Eliot's poetic style and critical method alike are inconsistent with his professed Anglo-Catholicism. Mr. Sypher's conclusion is that "a more sympathetic evaluation of Milton may be the first token of a reaction in poetry that has already occurred on one level in Anglo-Catholicism and on another level in Mr. Eliot's royalism."

Briefly, then, Milton the poet is a Catholic, and Milton the Protestant theologian is quite irrelevant to the poetry. The obvious danger of such an approach is, of course, that it takes us back in a new way to the besetting sin of the impressionist critics. Style and thought are put out of proper relation, unless Mr. Sypher is willing to contend (as I am sure he would not be) that Milton's "ritualist" manner encases a Roman matter.

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[2] "The Metaphysicals and the Baroque," *Partisan Reader* (New York, 1946).

Mr. Sypher's error lies in his easy identification of the baroque with the Counter-Reformation. No one will now dispute the relative usefulness of the term "baroque" as applied to Milton, nor need one dispute that in the obvious external sense Milton's art has therefore certain formal similarities with the art of the Counter-Reformation. But (paradoxical as it may seem) Milton is most baroque when he is most Protestant, and it is doubtful indeed if his aesthetic "whatness" should be sought beneath the shadow of a Jesuit cathedral. For poetry is not architecture, or sculpture, or painting. It deals in words which one may rightfully expect to have meaning of some precision. The typical Miltonic symbol, the typical Miltonic rhetoric, are not Catholic unless one is willing to exclude from his symbol and rhetoric all ideational reference.

Part of Mr. Sypher's difficulty is in his attempt to make the term "ritual" synonymous with "rhetoric" or "embellishment." There is, of course, a Buddhist ritual, a court ritual, a Masonic ritual, and a ritual of the Stock Exchange. But if we fix our use of the term in the context of the Counter-Reformation (as we must) "ritual" can only be understood to mean a code of symbolic practices and values with fully established Christian associations and therefore having definitely calculable powers of evocation. A simple comparison of the ritualistic rhetoric of George Herbert with the highly selective and arbitrary rhetoric of Milton will reveal profound differences between the Anglo-Catholic and Protestant habits of mind and consequently between Anglo-Catholic and Protestant poetry. Nor can we assume, as Mr. Sypher seems to, that the ritualistic symbolism characteristic of Catholic poetry is external or artificial because it supplies a spinal column of value to an entire tradition of art and not merely to a single work of art. It is the loss of this "spinal" symbolism which one observes in Milton's work, and it is precisely this loss which characterizes the Protestant aesthetic of the period of the Counter-Reformation.

It will become clear, I think, that the rhetoric which Milton invents, by the very process and kind of his invention, destroys ritual. The Christian symbols in Milton's poetry are indeed externalized, but in the Protestant context of Milton's thought and by an intriguing kind of dialectic, they cease to be ritualistic at the point of externalization.

It is not within the scope of this essay to define Milton's theological position. But we know his Puritanism to have been impure. Always Protestant, he is sometimes Catholic in his differences with Calvin and Luther. Characteristically humanist, he is sometimes Manichean in abrupt fits of reversion to a pre-Augustinian sensibility. It is this eclectic quality in Milton's thought, this will to the uniquely personal synthesis through a radical process of rejecting wholes for parts, this habit of picking and choosing to a shifting pattern of values, which marks the specifically Protestant temper, a temper which holds steadfast no matter what quirk of Protestant doctrine may be summoned or dismissed. Milton is more and not less Protestant when his ideas on creation, the death of the body, and the Person of Christ seem as heretical to the Calvinist as they do to the Catholic. In fairness to the Reformation orthodoxy with which Milton's thought is often so unfairly lumped, it must be remembered that just beyond the strained boundaries which are finally put to Milton's Protestantism, there looms the empirical rationalism of Locke and its opposite, the "imaginative" Christianity of William Blake—that spider's theology spun from the gut of the wish. But it must be remembered, too, that this was the way which the Protestant aesthetic by its very nature must take.

The direction in which Milton is carrying Christian symbolism is already evident in the early poetry, before the heterodox quality of Milton's thought was clearly shaped and while Milton's ecclesiastical allegiance was still outwardly Anglican. In these early poems one notes in the treatment of Christian themes and values a consistent trend which amounts to a definable aesthetic.

The symbolization of Christ is, as one would expect, the test. Critics like Tillyard and Hanford have remarked on the abstract effect of Milton's Christ. In the *Nativity Ode*, says Hanford, Christ is not a Person but "a symbol of purity and truth." And Hanford sees no little significance in the fact that Milton soon abandoned his scheme for "a series of lofty religious poems celebrating the successive events in the life of Christ and the festivals of the Christian year."

It seems beyond doubt that Milton was unable to imagine poetically the humanity of God. His symbolization of Christ is never incarnational. This is not to say that Milton denied the doctrine of the Incarnation. Professor Maurice Kelly has no difficulty in finding quite orthodox professions in the *De Doctrina* which would seem to refute the Tillyard contention that Milton gives only "cold, intellectual adherence" to the dogma of the God-man. One might argue that the Arian heresy seriously qualifies the meaning of the dogma in Milton, as indeed it does. What is more important is that a point of dogma however so orthodox is not yet a poem. To take on flesh, to incarnate itself, the article of belief must invade the will; it must be perfected by love. For a Jeremy Taylor, the office of faith is not finally to believe but to effect union with Christ so that the believer is "by charity and obedience incorporated into Christ's mystical body, in the communion of saints."

In the Catholic and Anglican tradition (from which Milton departs with such profound consequences for poetry) this incorporation is effected by the sensible and visible sacrament. In the Eucharistic sacrifice "the material universe also, to which man's body unites him, is taken up into Christ; the consecrated bread and wine are the pledge of the first fruits of the new heaven and the new earth. Thus the Eucharist is literally a foretaste of the

Kingdom. In it the whole creation is joined to Christ, supernaturally perfected, and brought into its proper relation with the Father."[3]

Despite the verbal acceptance of the doctrine of the Incarnation (modified and seriously so, by Arian heterodoxy) Milton's poetry nowhere expresses the incarnational and operative sense of Christ which had infused Christian theology from St. Paul to St. Thomas Aquinas and, by way of Hooker, the Anglo-Catholic thought of Taylor, Laud, Andrewes, and Herbert. The outright condemnation of the sacramental system in the *De Doctrina*, and in *Paradise Lost*, Book XII, the bitter repudiation of the whole visible Church from the Apostolic Age to the Second Coming of Christ, demonstrate how completely Milton finally detached his Christ-symbol from traditional associations and from understood techniques of communion and participation.

In the *De Doctrina* he gives an orthodox enough statement of the doctrine of the "Communion of Saints" and the "Mystical Body."[4] He acknowledges "the mutual fellowship of the members of Christ's body among themselves" in the Invisible Church. But the Church is utterly Invisible, as is the fellowship it is said to contain. And one attains to the invisible fellowship, if at all, by equally invisible means. The old lines of communication between the visible and the invisible are discarded. The Mystical Body is retained as a thoroughly bodiless concept. Indeed, Milton's assertive individualism threatens the concept itself: "But since it is only to the individual faith of each that the Deity has opened the way of eternal salvation, and as He requires that he who would be saved should have a personal belief of his own, I resolved not to repose on the faith or judgment of others in matters relating to God."

This is scarcely compatible with any view of the Church visible or invisible as the Mystical Body of Christ, of the Church which, in Karl Adam's words, "possesses the Spirit of Christ not as a many of single individuals, nor as a sum of spiritual personalities, but as the compact ordered unity of the faithful that transcends the individual personalities." In Milton, the living sense of the Christian person growing through actual, sacramentally realizable fellowship with the whole community of a Church stretching beyond time, is put aside for ingenious and original biblical exegesis.

By denying the sacramental union of Christ and the Church, by isolating Christ from the sensible and fleshly communion of the Eucharist, Milton's Protestantism makes an abstraction of the Incarnation. Flesh can no longer greet Flesh. Instead of a controlling religious experience which had enlarged the wells of Christian thought and overflowed into a redemption of nature and a sanctification of society one encounters no more than precise definition.

Ultimately, it is the loss of the corporate Christ in whom "the whole creation is joined," the loss of an imaginative and imaginable vision of "The Mystical Body," which determines the nature of Milton's religious symbol. Instead of St. Augustine's simple but bottomless confession that "all mankind is in Christ one man" one meets in Milton either the Perfect Idea, or the Perfect Hero who marches ahead and apart to lead His redeemed into Heaven. And the army of saved saints dwindles to a platoon as deserters break line and vanish into Satan's "perverted world." Christ, in *Paradise Lost*, is the warrior-victor whose prize is in the end much less than had been anticipated. The Pauline-Augustinian image of Head and Body, developed by the Christian tradition into a mystical symbol of union and communion, is transformed gradually in *Paradise Lost* into the exterior and quite unmystical image of the leader and the led, the captain and the broken ranks.

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[3] G. R. Bentley, *Catholic Design for Living* (London, 1940), 75.
[4] Chapter xxiv.

New and impressive symbolic content is created by Milton. His power and originality as an artist must be understood in terms of his genius for innovation and measured by the extent of his departure from the traditional symbol and its characteristic kind of evocation. A full exposition of this inventive and positive aspect of the symbolism must await a treatment of the major poems. In the early work the process of detachment from conventional symbolic value seems uppermost, but even here the new (and Protestant) direction is evident.

The Christ of the *Nativity Ode* is already a novel poetic conception. Not only must one observe with Hanford that Christ becomes a symbol of abstract values rather than a Person. One must also remember that a Christ-symbol not also a Person is an innovation.

The poem proclaims but never realizes the Incarnation. The "light unsufferable" enters "a darksome house of mortal clay" without illuminating it, certainly without transforming it. While the heavenly Christ of the prelude is the consubstantial Trinitarian Son, He becomes in the Hymn, Son of God but never Son of Man, wearing Divine Nature but never sharing human nature. The redemption of nature ("pollute with sinful blame") and of man (who is either blood-stained king or unthinking peasant) is effected entirely from outside nature and man through those distant and divine principles of order and light which Christ is intended to actualize. Atonement is vicarious indeed. Man is the passive spectator (and astonished beneficiary) of an abstract and remote performance. Mankind is not "One Man in Christ" but a less than innocent bystander. There is, therefore, no poetic continuity—no "character"—in the representation of Christ, but rather a series of separate symbolizations of the might and goodness of God. The muscular Babe who can rise in His crib to "control the damned crew" of pagan gods symbolizes the power of God exerted, just as the Prince of Light in the opening stanzas of the Hymn symbolizes that power in benign but pregnant repose. The Babe who finally sleeps in the stage-prop arms of the Virgin, sleeps only that the poem may end, sleeps like a picture on a falling theatre curtain. Nothing in the poem has proceeded from a union of the Child with the children of earth. The form and the strength of the poem, as Professor Barker has shown, derive from the active images of harmony and light.[5] To these the Person of Christ is subordinated and from these man is excluded.

One must be conscious here of a significant reversal of value. Christ is no longer, as in typical Catholic art, the all-inclusive and constant symbol towards which the fractional and derivative symbols of Truth, Justice, Order are directed as to a source. Christ, rather, has become a variable symbol dependent for meaning upon superior and controlling ideas. The later poem on *The Passion* fails, obviously, because Milton has not, as in the *Nativity Ode*, hit upon a controlling idea which Christ can be made to serve. The "perfect Hero" of *The Passion* becomes static and nominal because Milton has not found for Him a fitting task to perform.

The Christ-symbol will be imaginatively idle until called upon to run a sufficiently urgent allegorical errand. The important point here is that already in Milton's first deliberately Christian poem, the Christ-symbol has been externalized and can be manipulated on the periphery of a central concept. Such an externalization constitutes in the Christian tradition a change of place between means and end.

Powerful new impulses are soon to enter Milton's creative thought. An ethical principle of dedication takes hold of the artist's craft, shaping and pointing the poetry to deliberate moral and social ends. As Professor Woodhouse has rightly noted, there is no turning back from the sonnet "How soon hath Time" in which Milton submits his powers to the great task-master.[6] The reality of Milton's "conversion" one cannot question. Its fruits are seen in the giant resolve which proceeds from it. But the conversion is essentially ethical in character. It is in no sense mystical. The isolation of the Christ-symbol from traditional associations is therefore not overcome. Nor is there need to overcome it. The peripheral use of the symbol, freed finally from clustered Catholic suggestion, is to be a positive gain as far as Milton's artistic freedom of movement is concerned. An ethical Christianity, increasingly individualist, attaching itself to successive partisan causes, could only be hampered by a strained compromise of Catholic and Protestant values.

English poetry before Milton had felt no pressure of this kind. The mingling in Spenser, for instance, of universal-Catholic with national-Protestant images is never fatal or forced, although the transition from the sly beads of Archimago to the blameless rosary of the House of Holiness is at least troublesome. But the sacramental principle is still at the core of Spenser's work, and the old ritual holds its place despite the jurisdictional breach (with its political corollaries) between Rome and Canterbury. Nationalism may endanger universalism, but in Spenser the dominant Christian symbol stands intact above the ambiguity of single images.

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[5] "The Pattern of Milton's *Nativity Ode*" (*University of Toronto Quarterly*, January, 1941).

[6] "Notes on Milton's Early Development" (*University of Toronto Quarterly*, October, 1943).

However, with the Second Reformation the sacramental principle is abandoned by the Puritan side; nationalism is turned inside out; individualism finally displaces the lingering corporate sense even on the secular level; and Puritan art is forced to absorb and to rationalize these new and disparate realities. The ethical mind must seek ethical sanction for the side it chooses, must find in conflict the opportunity for a higher unity, must somehow seek in the triumph of its side the triumph of the whole over the part. The theology which accompanies such a miraculous process cultivates strenuously the sense of difference, while pretending to a more catholic synthesis. For a poetry which would be at once ethical, political, and theological in such a situation, the difficulties of symbolization are consequently enormous. As the old ritual is abandoned (as it must be, because it goes with the other side although it cannot take sides) a sharpened Puritan ethic is let loose on the whole body of culture. When the Christ-symbol is no longer central and all-inclusive it can no longer spread its benediction, tolerant and unafraid, over the lovely profane. Pagan beauty will be suspect. A self-conscious ethical selectiveness will prevail, sterile to art if no positive impulse appears powerful enough to absorb restrictive moral energies into activity on a different level.

There is the difficulty, too, of consistency. The artist must avoid that infection which is carried by the old flying fragments of broken images. And it is no easy task to create a new and distinct framework of poetic allusion, Christian but clearly Protestant, out of the scattered bits and pieces of a Catholic culture. A cross may suddenly suggest an altar; a Presbyterian saint may look suspiciously like a monk. Yet, on the other hand, a "purification" of imagery, if rigorously attempted, can easily lead to bleak negation.

Such were the difficulties in the way of an imaginative Protestant aesthetic in Milton's period. They were real difficulties for Milton. The measure of his success can be taken in the distance of *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* from *Lycidas*. For it must be recognized that Milton did share for awhile in the old tradition.

Professor Bush points out that in the companion pieces Milton for the last time "celebrates the Anglican ritual." The full implications of this comment need to be explored. In the companion poems we not only have the sensuous beauty of the cathedral with its "storied windows" and "antick pillars," and its soaring liturgical song; we not only have the prophetic hermit, the nun rapt in adoration, together with the rich pageantry and rustic jollity of a most un-Puritan England; we have as well a conspicuous lack of strain, an absence of pressure. Conflict relaxes into contrast. The nymph and the nun need not each avoid the other. The ploughman and the knight blend into a congenial feudal landscape. Courtly love and religious ecstasy dwell not far apart. The British goblin and the Grecian sprite consort with Chaucerian compatibility.

How different this is from the skilful, yet forced, effort needed to control the pagan allusions of the *Nativity Ode*. There, by an ingenious process of reversal, the sensuous value of heathen legend is brought in through the back door to add poetic body to the positive but chaste images of light and order—but never to merge with them. The lovely nymphs are there only to flee. Yet they are none the less lovely. And the poet must not seem to invite us quite to follow. The skill with which the right effect is achieved is a self-conscious skill. The same self-consciousness is to reappear in *Comus* where the Cavalier lustre of pagan beauty is not altogether controlled by the dark rites of Cotytto, the cool logic of the Lady, and "the sage and serious doctrine of virginity." Yet one is always aware that the appropriate moral effort is being exerted. In both the *Nativity Ode* and *Comus* there is a strenuous ethical core and the evidences of a busy Puritan conscience that has turned the artist into his own censor.

But *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* record a brief excursion into the freer realms of Chaucer and Spenser. Milton's characteristic ethical note is not absent, but neither is it central. For once the self on holiday from stern and mighty labours is lost in what it enjoys. For once even an ethical dogma can be fondled rather than brandished. It has been claimed that in these poems the traditional Christian imagery is used ornamentally rather than piously, and that the inspiration is always more literary than personal. Yet one cannot mistake here the relish of the poet for images he must presently destroy. Because of this relish it will be no easy task for Milton to make "the beauty of inner Sanctity" outgleam the "dim religious light" of the Anglican cathedral.

It is the fully Protestant Milton who will soon give us the Lady of *Comus* in place of the Nun of *Il Penseroso*. The difference between the two is highly significant. The Nun makes Contemplation visible. Nor is there any danger that her virginity will appear as a supreme value in itself. In her, purity is for the sake of devotion and achieves the rapt soul sitting in the eyes, the ecstatic veneration which forgets the self to marble.

It is this loss of the self through communion which characterizes the Christian temper of the poem as a whole and lifts it above antiquarian ornamentalism. For once in Milton, a dominant Christian symbol fully within the context of the old tradition, and drawing its energies from that context, spreads through the whole poetic conception, absorbing alike into the centre, by a kind of contemplative love and self-forgetfulness, the high things of the mind and the kindly things of the senses. The ecstasy of the Nun is never isolated. It overflows permissively into the "Platonic" speculation, the gorgeous tragedy, the sage and solemn tunes, sanctifying sylvan loves, dissolving drear enchantments. Never again, one feels, will Milton be less alone than he is in the rare charity of that "high lonely tower" of *Il Penseroso*.

The Lady is the ethical symbol of *Comus*. She does not forget herself to marble. She has no capacity for ecstasy, except in the contemplation of her own virtue and the means for its defence. The creed she speaks in a forest echoing with "the sound of riot and ill-managed merriment," is of the greatest value not only for what it tells us of the Lady, but also of the nature of Milton's Christian symbolism at this stage of his development:

> O welcome pure-eyed Faith, white-handed Hope,
> Thou hovering angel girt with golden wings
> And thou unblemished form of Chastity,
> I see thee visibly, and now believe
> That He, the Supreme Good, to whom all things ill
> Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
> Would send a glistering guardian if need were
> To keep my life and honor unassailed.

Faith, Hope, and *Chastity*. And the greatest of these is chastity! The substitution of chastity for charity is the reduction of the highest supernatural grace to a secondary practical virtue. And the substitution is too startling, too exposed, to have been accidental. The fact is that the poem is entirely lacking in the Christian sense of charity, in that love of God which contains the love of one's neighbour. The Lady is wholly self-regarding. Faith and Hope minister solely to her chastity. Chastity rises to the "sage and serious doctrine of virginity" which is meant to convey the absolute quality of the supreme good. One should not be surprised, however, if it fails to do so without the sound of brass and the tinkle of cymbal.

The grace of charity is the life-blood of the "Mystical Body," the living energy of the Christ-symbol. It is Love who bids the tortured George Herbert to sit and state His meat. It is this same Christian charity that in Chaucer's *Franklyn's Tale* transcends the logic of courtly love, dissolving in a single mercy the plight of the wife and the sensuality of the lover. It is this same Love which fills the rapt eyes of the Nun in *Il Penseroso* and radiates from the central symbol to the outer circumference of the poem.

The Lady of *Comus* does not love. Her life is, as far as one can judge, a rear-guard action. Yet Milton's effect is not intentionally negative. The full scheme of *Comus* properly understood in its "intellectual frame of reference" has been convincingly presented by Professor Woodhouse.[7] After showing that the ethical movement of the poem begins on the natural level of temperance and continence, advances to the level of chastity which is common to both nature and grace, and reaches finally through the doctrine of virginity the exclusive level of grace, he concludes: "In *Comus* Milton does not repudiate the order of nature; he does not deny an area common to nature and grace, or the ascent through it from natural wisdom to divine; he does not seek to divorce the two orders. But he believes that experience on the level of grace will cast a light back upon nature and enable one to realize its true significance."

Certainly Milton has overcome for the time any Manichean tendency to disparage "most innocent nature," and has clearly striven for the paradoxical humanist conception of grace in which man acts freely yet through the divine condescension. But it is not so certain that Milton realizes his intention *poetically*.

[7] "The Argument of Milton's *Comus*" (*University of Toronto Quarterly*, October, 1941).

The trouble is not, I think, that Milton by his striking substitution of "chastity" for "charity" signals a departure from traditional values and thereby creates new expectations. This in itself is legitimate in the light of the ethical Protestant direction which Milton is now taking. The trouble, rather, is that the new expectations are not fulfilled within the main framework of action and symbolization. The epilogue is added to rescue the main symbolic pattern from negation.

The Sabrina episode is the climax of the masque. Until the invocation of Sabrina, the Lady for all her chastity is held "in stony fetters fixed and motionless." Although Comus seems shaken by her proclamation of "the sage and serious doctrine of virginity," the Lady remains under his spell. The power of chastity has been relative and not decisive. The Elder Brother, like the Lady, had placed an almost smug confidence in it. But the Attendant Spirit had no such confidence and speaks of "the *aidless*, innocent Lady." Evil shall not "back on itself recoil" because of the "complete steel" of chastity with which the Lady believes herself armed. That it is, in fact, much less than complete, the presence and action of the Attendant Spirit—divine aid—amply demonstrates. Nor will heroic force avail against the grip of evil. The rescue of chastity may be effected, it seems, only through the protective virtue of "haemony," with its suggestion of poetry and philosophy working bright miracles with the help of heaven.

Then we have the almost scholastic seduction scene in which the Lady argumentatively pins her faith and her hope on the "sun clad power of chastity," but, as though to a second line of defence, points to the godlike power of virginity, that high and irresistible mystery of heaven and grace.

Characteristically, the Lady seems to over-estimate her own role in the workings of grace. She thinks that if she should but try, "the uncontrolled worth of this pure cause" could be made to shatter the devil and all his works. But when the Brothers rush in to the rescue, the Lady is found senseless (though otherwise intact) under the dread spell of Comus. Self-sufficiency has failed. The saving doctrine of virginity is presumably transcendent beyond the Lady's faithful but egotistical comprehension of it.

And now it is, in the Lady's release from the spell, that Milton attempts to symbolize concretely this high doctrine of virginity. He does so with a kind of bastard ritual which combines pagan and Christian elements. Sabrina, the goddess of the river, can "unlock the clasping charm." She will be "swift to aid a virgin such as was herself."

The Attendant Spirit invokes the virgin Sabrina in a ritual which suggests, however distantly, the invocation of the Virgin Mary. And that the episode is intended to represent the saving operation of grace on the highest level after human heroism, art, and self-reliance have failed, is certain from the order of events and from the participation in the ritual of the messenger from heaven. After an elaborate prayer-song chanted by the Attendant Spirit, Sabrina performs a baptismal rite over the Lady who then rises, cleansed, one supposes, by water and the spirit.

However, the total effect of the scene is not to lift the doctrine of virginity to the shining regions of heavenly grace but to destroy the doctrinal abstraction by actualizing it. The virginity of Sabrina is as specific and unmystical as the virginity of the Lady. The communion of saints, distantly but inevitably suggested by the invocation of the virgin and by the baptismal imagery, becomes nothing more than a special league for the protection of unchaperoned girls. Virginity turns out to be nothing, after all, but virginity—in the utterly physical sense. One's hope for a metaphysical realization of the doctrine is flattened. There is no doctrine.

The Christian and pagan ingredients of the symbolism have cancelled each other out. The Christian images, dissociated from charity, remain static and merely picturesque. They cannot transform the pagan detail into the soaring significance one had been led to expect. And the pagan material reduces the Christian associations to the merest magic. Sabrina is localized to a particular shore with a particular occult office to perform. In the process, evil as well as grace loses universal significance. Comus becomes a merely local devil:

> Come Lady, while heaven lends us grace
> Let us fly this cursed place
> Lest the Sorcerer us entice
> With some other new device.

In short, the transcendent conception of victorious grace towards which the poem has been striving in a series of ethical affirmations is thus spoiled by confused and inadequate symbolization.

Milton's dismissal of traditional expectations by the substitution of chastity for charity, had prepared us for new effects in which the ethical Protestant motif might claim its own proper texture. Despite the negative personality of the Lady herself, one was hopeful for a poetic realization of her doctrine. In the debate with Comus, her social philosophy of natural justice for the just man seemed to point in the direction of a genuine content for the ethical doctrine. Again, through the symbol of "haemony," and later in the Chaucer-Spenser associations of the Sabrina legend, one was made to anticipate the idealization of the poet-priest and the active role of art in the ethical task. Nevertheless, the wider ethical implications which seemed to develop on the way are sloughed off at the climax. The great doctrine towards which time and the will of heaven have been leading us is nothing more than practical sexual prudence.

Christian symbolism to be effective in a poem which clearly disallows any organic conception of the "Mystical Body" alive with the grace of charity, would have to be fully externalized, and to the same degree that the Christian symbolism of the *Nativity Ode* is externalized. Such externalization is possible only if an heterodox idea of sufficient power captures the centre of the poem. In the decisive *Comus* episode, the Christian images cannot give their traditional evocative value because of the ethical context of the poem as a whole, and because of the adroit dismissal of traditional Christian expectations in the Lady's first speech. And yet they seem to have meaning beyond their capacity for meaning because no countermeaning of any positiveness has emerged. There can be no externalization when there is no core. The result is anticlimax and negation.

The epilogue is an attempt to compensate for the central symbolic pattern. Here the Lady-symbolism is wholly reversed. Images of fertility replace the images of sterility hitherto associated with the doctrine of virginity. On the level of grace,

> Two blissful twins are to be born
> Youth and Joy, so Jove hath sworn.

In an entirely humanist ascent of pictures and symbols no Christian virgin without charity appears to interrupt and confuse the sense. Milton is now on surer ground. But he has not unified his poem. The epilogue is spoken by the Attendant Spirit and has no relation symbolically to the character or behaviour of the Lady. It completes the sense of the poem by changing and correcting it. For Youth and Joy are both alien to the spinster-like debater of the main fable, and the fine expansive lift of the epilogue has nothing in common poetically with the fumbling descent of the Sabrina scene.

Consequently the poem lacks focus. The dedicated Milton of the sonnet "How soon hath Time" expresses his individualistic sense of dedication lyrically in the epilogue as he contemplates the elevation of the moral man. But the ethical life still lacks positive content. The ethical sense must attach itself to an intelligible and actual purpose or wither away. In *Comus*, on one level, Milton expresses the exhilaration of the dedicated moral self. On the other level he is entangled in the treatment of a restrictive moral technique. On one level, the riches of classical and natural allusion are employed with unambiguous daring. On the other level, obsolescent Christian images collide with classical allusion. Milton fails to unify the two levels in any comprehensive and comprehensible purpose. Thus the note of exhilaration and the note of restraint remain distinct.

Comus stands half-way between the consistent Anglicanism of *Il Penseroso* and the fully developed Protestant aesthetic of *Lycidas*.

In *Lycidas* the Christian and classical symbols confirm rather than confound one another. The exteriorization of the Christian image is completed with a consequent consistency of style. The difficulty of lingering Catholic associations is cleared with a single sweep and Milton moves now with magnificent ease.

The whole poem is a masterpiece of enlivened conventionalization. One need not stress here the skill with which Milton handles the classical framework which is not only conventional but allegorical. It invites "translation" at every point and its train of pagan gods and nymphs can no more be taken literally than can the shepherds on the hill be taken for real shepherds. In the same way, the sensuous beauty in which the poem abounds is never permitted to propose or even suggest sensual values. Milton is in complete control of his effects.

What has not been so fully appreciated, I think, is the equal clarity with which Milton controls his Christian symbols. St. Peter appears in a procession of mourners which includes a pagan river-god. But the effect is not one of inconsistency. By a technique of exteriorization, which the allegorical pastoral convention makes possible, Milton converts St. Peter from a fixed to a variable symbol. With quite a brilliant Protestant audacity, Milton has St. Peter (keys and all) repudiate his apostolic successors both Anglican and Roman. St. Peter is thereby freed of ecclesiastical associations and becomes the rock of a reformed structure of Christian symbols which henceforth draw their value from a new and wholly untraditional motivation. St. Peter ushers into the poem precisely what was lacking in *Comus*—a specific problem involving actual definable conflict. The poem is unified by division. The personal ethical theme of *Comus* is absorbed into a wider morality of struggle, and the dedicated chastity of the poet is at last directed to an object. As a result, conventional classical and unconventional Christian images cohere, their evocative powers equally exploited for novel and positive ends. River-god and saint are allies in a conflict which over-rides the proprieties of tradition by assaulting tradition itself.

The first movement of the poem recapitulates the problem of *Comus* and concludes with the assurance that a chaste dedication to art and learning will have its fame in heaven. But from this point the poem advances to a fusion of personal and political values. The Protestant St. Peter with his abrupt violence culminating in the image of "the two-handed engine at the door," discharges energies into the nerve fibre of the poem which transform all the succeeding fragments of Christian symbolism into a new, consistent, and meaningful pattern. This energy soon reappears in "the great vision of the guarded Mount" and turns homeward the gaze of the warlike archangel Michael. No longer must the patriot and his guardian angel stare defiance across the waters at Spain. Holy strength is now dedicated to a closer struggle and the reformation of the Reformation itself.

Lycidas is mounted high not to the court-room heaven of "all-judging Jove" but to the swirling active heaven of Revelations. And one knows at once that the saints who move above "in solemn troops and sweet societies" are sturdily Protestant, not only because St. Peter has already, in effect, presented their credentials, but also because the ascent of Lycidas constitutes the final symbolic realization of the whole Protestant-revolutionary theme of the poem.

The joy of the *Lycidas* heaven is very different from the kind of exhilaration achieved solely on the moral-personal level in the epilogue of *Comus*. In *Lycidas*, the personal conclusion—the promised "fame in heaven" of the first movement of the poem—is indeed achieved finally in images of tenderness and love, images of ultimate personal *security*. But this personal fulfilment is not attained in the terms set by the first movement of the poem. The almost perfunctory assurance of Jove that individual dedication will have its reward has now been deepened as a result of the extra-personal problem hurled into the poem by St. Peter. The serenity of the *Lycidas* heaven comes from the fusion of hitherto separate levels of experience, the personal and the political. It comes from the discovery of a cause which can translate dedication into action. The self is secure in a new context of expectant and progressively realizable meaning.

In the rush of active strength-suggestions released by the explosive speech of St. Peter even the specific Christ-symbol has been touched and moved into place:

> So Lycidas, sunk low, but mounted high
> Through the dear *might* of him that walk'd the waves.

The mighty Christ, the warrior angel, and the angry Saint have been pressed into active service which leads on to "fresh woods and pastures new." We look through the open ending of the poem to a horizon of struggle. The peace of the Lycidas heaven is like the stillness at the centre of a moving wheel. The might and the tenderness of Christ hold together in a masterfully baroque tension.

There is left behind a "Genius of the shore" who shall "be good to all that wander in that perilous flood." We are reminded of Sabrina. But Lycidas is not reduced and localized as Sabrina was. Lycidas has become something more than the man Edward King drowned in the Irish Sea. Lycidas has become the cause. His ascent is the ascent of Milton's hope. His guardianship of the shore is a guardianship of the aggressive new faith. He is not put down to succour harassed damsels but to stand as the sign of victory, and to point the way.

Significantly, both the Christian image of heaven and the pagan image of the Genius of the shore move on a single surface. Finally separated from any possibility of traditional Catholic intention, and put to a combative ethical-social purpose, the Christian symbols easily assume new relationships, new dialectical possibilities. Saints and druids, Christ and the river-god can be conscripted into one regiment now that the regiment has been made to march.

The artistic consistency of *Lycidas* is a thoroughly Protestant achievement. New means serve a new end. A shaping idea born of the Protestant temper recasts with daring and originality traditional Christian symbols and prepares a new and different tradition. The gain is apparent. An almost infinite artistic freedom is made possible. But, as far as the Christian tradition itself is concerned, the dangers are correspondingly great. For the movement of the specifically Christian symbol from the centre to the periphery of the work of art implies a decisive shift of value and anticipates the emergence of a dominantly secular culture. The exteriorization of Christian symbolism opens a vacuum at the centre which must be filled. And even the massive theological barricade of *Paradise Lost* will not shut out the invader for long. But *Paradise Lost*, in which an ingeniously heterodox theology bolsters the collapse of the zealous kind of idealism which had animated and unified *Lycidas*, deserves to be treated separately and at length.

J. S. MILL'S *LOGIC:* A POST-CENTENARY APPRAISAL

H. L. STEWART

A VENERABLE professor of philosophy in Ireland, who belonged to a generation long since passed away, used to impress upon me in my undergraduate days that the year 1843 was famous for two events whose relative importance he professed himself unable to distinguish. One of these was the Disruption of the Scottish Church; the other was the publication of J. S. Mill's *System of Logic*. The centenary of each fell in a year of such intense preoccupation with the war that it was little noted in journals. But it was well worth noting, and, respecting the book of 1843 whose issue "marked an epoch," it is not yet too late to repair the omission.

Mill has himself told the story, in one of the most fascinating philosophical autobiographies, of the origin of his book. He had been at work upon it as far back as the middle eighteen-thirties and by 1837 had completed the section on formal logic, but he had been brought to a halt, as he picturesquely puts it, on the threshold of Induction. So he dropped it for five years, and devoted such time as he could spare between 1837 and 1842 to acquiring more knowledge of contemporary investigations in the physical sciences. He aimed thus to keep his theory abreast of actual practice. One always thinks of the logic of Francis Bacon as an anticipation of that of J. S. Mill, and one could wish that Bacon had been similarly deterred by thought of his own scientific inadequacy until he could acquaint himself better with the work of Copernicus and Kepler, or, if such "foreigners" were too remote for his notice, at least with the work of two medical men in the London of his time—William Harvey, his own personal physician, whose discovery of the circulation of the blood never seems to have interested him, and William Gilbert, whose epoch-making discovery of the magnet he dismisses as a sensational humbug. The modesty of Mill made him more cautious than Bacon had been, so that he suspended writing Book III of his treatise while he read again such works as those of Herschel, and plunged with special avidity into a new publication just off the press from the pen of William Whewell, entitled *History of the Inductive Sciences.*

He had, already, served an apprenticeship in philosophic writing. The early eighteen-thirties in England resounded with political argument of the very sort that has deep philosophical implications—argument about reform of the parliamentary franchise and the criminal law, about the obligation and limits of state interference with the individual. These years had been the hey-day of *laissez-faire* in government; and the *Westminster Review*, to which the youthful Mill was introduced as a contributor under auspices of the Philosophic Radicals, had already many a notable article from his pen. But in 1837 he terminated his connection with the *Westminster*, and this act was more significant than a mere liberating of his energies for work more lasting than the occasional article. He contemplated a study of the whole method of inference underlying the controversies in which men of his generation seemed to be unproductively engaged. Again one remembers a historic parallel. Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding* had its origin in the writer's practical experience of heated interchange among his friends on moral problems. They were men, so far as he could judge, of equal honesty and equal talent; yet on these matters they were hopelessly and often angrily at variance. Locke wondered whether the explanation might not lie in this—that they were all alike attempting to pass the boundaries of human intellectual competence. So he decided to retire out of reach of all these controversial voices, that he might think out for himself the principles and limits of human reasoning. J. S. Mill, similarly impatient of the conflict raging among the reviews, resolved to examine on a more profound level the problem of inference whose difficulties were thus exemplified.

The issue was his *System of Logic*. He has given us some interesting details of the way he wrote it. It was his custom, he says, to write all his books at least twice. He would begin with a first draft of the entire work, completing the whole in more or less rough form before he proceeded to a revision. The whole would then be re-written, with diligent purging of what was superfluous or obscure in the first draft. His main care at the beginning was for the arrangement, to make certain of "the whole thread on which the ideas string themselves," lest it should become twisted.[1] By this method he felt he could best combine the freshness of the first conception with the greater accuracy resulting from prolonged thought. It seems exactly what Anatole France meant when he observed: "Writing is like joinery; the best plan is to block out the whole roughly at the first, and then plane it down."[2] By the end of 1841, Mill's manuscript was ready, and he offered it to Murray. The firm kept it until too late for publication that season, and then refused it—as the author caustically observes, "for reasons that could just as well have been given at first." Sometime, no doubt, a humorist will give us a list of publishers' mistakes in refusing manuscripts. Probably they refuse, as a rule, on purely commercial grounds, because they see no likelihood of remunerative sale. Even so, Murray made a mistake, for Mill's *System of Logic* was a notable success in the book market.

It gave the authorities in its field a sharp surprise. Here was a technical treatise, executed in the spare time of a young clerk of the East India Company, who had never been introduced to his subject by an official expounder. It soon imparted to logic an arresting interest for readers whose previous interest had been perfunctory. Not only were old questions so presented as to reveal new and important meanings, but questions never raised at all in the familiar text-books were pressed upon notice and shown to be urgent in contemporary scientific work. The skill of arrangement, the gift of lucid phrase, the fertility of illustration, combined to make this treatise by an amateur the cause of much trouble to professionals. One thinks of logic as in peculiar degree an academic concern, but J. S. Mill could say—with his friend Hazlitt—that his mind had never undergone cleansing by passage through the strainers of university education. His estimate of those strainers, at least while he was writing this book, may be judged from many a casual reference; perhaps best of all from a remark in his *Autobiography* about the revival he could later observe in free speculation "where at one time I should have least expected it—in the Universities"!

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[1] J. S. Mill, *Autobiography* (London, 1873), 222-3.

[2] J.-J. Brousson, *Anatole France en pantoufles* (Paris, 1924), 79.

The daily round of his office work was correspondence for his company with persons and organizations in India, especially in the Indian Native States: he would compose records, issue drafts of instructions adopted by his Board of Control, and answer—with the incisive directness which readers of his *Logic* have so often admired—all sorts of inquiries from orientals with whom the company did business. It had been his father's employment—that of "Examiner of India Correspondence"—and it was his pride to remember that James Mill had often influenced profoundly the policies of a board to which his formal relation was but that of an agent. So much could be done by the draftsman of despatches to show his directors how a new principle of action was implied in what at first sight seemed a mere change of phrase. Their respective literary works suggest very strongly that for such office J. S. Mill himself had an aptitude and a zest far beyond his father's. But of all intellectual interests to be aroused by a daily occupation of this kind, what would seem more unlikely than an interest in logical technique?

Yet, given Mill's constant intercourse with Jeremy Bentham and James Mill, an interest in logical technique was to be expected. It was a master passion of that group to explain whatever was evil in public policy (at a time when they judged such policy very evil indeed) by some break-down in the human reasoning machine. For them, as for Shelley and Godwin, man "the rational animal" must always owe his calamities to some incomplete or incoherent exercise of his rationality. Thus the social reformer, as critic of bad laws or bad institutions, should seek the cause in some neglect of logic; and to perfect the theory of inference was to strike at the root of misgovernment.

This hope of making people more competent reasoners appears by turns pathetic and ludicrous in the Godwin circle: it makes many a passage of *Political Justice* seem like unconscious satire. The circle of James Mill, too, lent itself to easy burlesque in the pages of the *Edinburgh* for over-simplifying the human puzzle everywhere in terms of some miscalculation which a better logic might teach us all to avoid. No doubt it would often be a social help if we were less confused about the meaning of concepts, if we defined and classified more accurately, if we kept clearly in mind how inductive are contrasted with deductive methods and how in certain investigations they must supplement each other. But it is hard to recover the confidence of a Bentham or a Godwin in the prospect of redemption by turning into better reasoners either the British statesmen of the time or the British people whom they led. The "hungry forties," during which J. S. Mill's *System of Logic* provided dialectical excitement, were marked by such problems as those of the Corn Laws, the factory legislation, the dealings of the East India Company with Indian Native States, and the Chartist riots of the unemployed. Much bad reasoning marked the parliamentary debates and the press controversies on each of these topics. But it is hard to suppose that what the disputants chiefly needed was a logical text-book to show them how fallacies arise, how easy it is to forget "the negative instance," how elusive are the tricks of question-begging, and how a precarious analogy often masquerades as a rigorous induction.

There had been much, however, in the public policy of the twenty-five years after the French Revolution that might well rouse any young English mind, at once keen and generous, to challenge the principles of reasoning by which it was supported. This was the time when the name "Radical" first came into use to designate a social reformer who felt that the chance for mere palliative measures was past, and that only measures based upon a fundamentally new conception of government could meet the crisis.[3] It seemed to such men as Bentham and James Mill that the strength of Conservative resistance lay chiefly in the public acknowledgment of certain doctrines as above inquiry or criticism, as rules whose mystical authority was independent of benefit shown by trial to follow from their fulfilment. Notoriously the French Revolution, then just about as recent and as horrible to the English conservative classes as the Russian Revolution was to be a century later, had its speculative origin in the so-called doctrine of "enlightenment." The *philosophes* who prepared the way for it had taught that "authority" was but imposture, that it was superstitious to respect any wisdom higher than one's own, that laws were intelligently enacted only when law-makers kept a single eye on "pursuit of happiness" and relied on experience to show the way. In recoil from the consequences of this, the typical English Conservative would re-establish with tenfold rigour those conceptions concerning which French revolutionary thought had created a doubt even in some English minds. In such an atmosphere of alarm it had become possible to impose the "Gagging Acts" which fettered the press, to secure indefinite postponement of proposals for abolition of slavery in the British dominions, and to divert the public mind from all plans to reform the anomalies of the franchise law. The spirit of reaction was even able to intensify rather than abate the severities of a criminal code under which more than 120 different offences made one liable to sentence of death. While these scandals were being attacked cautiously by the group of thinkers and writers associated with the *Edinburgh Review*, who were always careful to explain that their own proposals meant not a denial but rather a fulfilment of the real spirit of the British constitution, the spectacle of such timid apologetic Whigs stirred a group of root-and-branch men to designs far more thorough. Intellectually, the Philosophic Radicals respected the *Quarterly*, with its defiant scorn for social justice and its shamelessly coherent defence of a privileged caste, much more than they respected the *Edinburgh*, with its effort to carry the new wine of superficial reform in the old bottles of deference to a theory by which reform was forbidden. In this spirit, at once of enthusiasm and of disgust, the *Westminster Review* was established as an organ for thought more logical than that of the *Edinburgh* and more generous than that of the *Quarterly*. J. S. Mill, brought up in the straitest sect of the Philosophic Radicals, thus began to think about the reasoning process of the human mind as exemplified in the argument of such men as Bentham against the prevailing legislation. The need for a more adequate logic was first impressed upon him by the spectacle of what happens in government when logic is ignored or travestied. But what if those who should have been its official custodians, expounders, promoters had been either neglectful or worse than neglectful of their mission? It seemed, at least to this young crusader for logic, that those professionally in charge of teaching it were shockingly out of date in their work.

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[3] Cf. Harold Transome's answer to his mother's anxious question whether he had turned Whig: "God forbid, I am a Radical." (*Felix Holt*, chap. I.)

II

If J. S. Mill shared his father's low opinion of contemporary universities, this should not surprise anyone who can reconstruct British university life as it then was. A century ago Oxford and Cambridge, to which the keenest young minds resorted as a matter of national routine, could indeed boast a succession of highly distinguished alumni; but the debt of these alumni to the institution in which they had spent certain prescribed years was a debt very commonly for stimulus to intellectual revolt. What Gibbon and Bentham had so contemptuously described in the Oxford of their own undergraduate experience does not seem very much improved half a century later, if we can trust such a book as Mark Pattison's *Memoirs*. The Scottish university scene was better, but still bad enough. Nowhere were its faults more conspicuous than in the classes in philosophy. James Mill had listened in Edinburgh to the lectures of Dugald Stewart, by no means an unfavourable representative of the so-called "philosophy of common sense"; in the same audience might have been noted Walter Scott, Francis Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, James Mackintosh, Henry Brougham, and, as the years rolled on, many another whose name would be recalled with pride by the veteran professor approaching his jubilee in office. After a manner, too, Stewart's students admired him. He held the chair of Moral Philosophy, and a pupil so critical as Cockburn said he deserved a place among the most eloquent of the sages. But there is something suggestive about the constant emphasis, by those paying him tribute, upon his eloquence: it makes one wonder about things they do not mention, learning, power of analysis, closeness of reasoning—qualities so liable to be hindered rather than helped by a constant tendency to be eloquent. What, exactly, was meant by Dr. John Thompson, a member of the Edinburgh medical faculty, when he likened the impressiveness of Dugald Stewart in the lecture-room to that of Mrs. Siddons on the stage, we should not perhaps too curiously inquire. He seems to have intended a compliment. But judgments by academic colleagues reach sometimes a subtle elusiveness like that of the epigrams in *Tristram Shandy*. Perhaps this one was meant to convey the touch of satire which it at least suggests. A like description was applicable to Stewart's successor, Thomas Brown, under whom Carlyle used to sit in fretful impatience, an eloquent man indeed, whose resounding prose style may still charm the reader, though one feels that the thesis so ornamentally as well as lengthily supported is often either obvious or irrelevant. And when "Christopher North" succeeded Brown, it seemed as if the Edinburgh Town Council, which then constituted the University electing board, must be altogether regardless of the difference between moral philosophy and elegant literature. Sir William Hamilton became Christopher North's colleague; one wonders whether Sir William had the author of *Noctes Ambrosianae* in mind when he wrote of the Edinburgh Town Council that in regard to professorial appointments the public opinion to which deference was notoriously paid might well be at fault, favouring the popular and superficial, not the learned and profound, and that in candidatures before the Council "the most transcendent claims were of no avail against the merits of a municipal relationship."[4] This he wrote in 1833, but three years afterwards Hamilton was himself elected by that same unreliable body to the chair of Logic and Metaphysics in Edinburgh, and during the next twenty years his influence was by far the greatest in this field of study throughout Britain. Against that dominant voice, when at its maximum range and power, Mill's book was issued as a challenge.

Hamilton was indeed a formidable antagonist. He was learned, probably beyond any other British thinker of his time, in the whole history of logic as a science, and his talent for incisive exposition was unsurpassed. So far from acquiescing in the sluggish traditionalism of the contemporary schools, he was tireless in his demand for a new critical edge. Not long before Mill began work on the volume with which we are here concerned, Hamilton published an article in the *Edinburgh Review* on the deplorable inadequacy of recent English treatises on logic. He was reviewing ten recent publications; of these, four were either expositions or summaries of Aldrich, another was Whately's *Elements*, three were critiques or developments of Whately, and another was R. D. Hampden's article on Aristotle in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. The remaining treatise was entitled simply *Introduction to Logic*, with date 1830. Writing of the British publications

[4] Sir William Hamilton, *Discussions on Philosophy and Literature* (New York, 1853), 370.

in this province of study for the previous six years, the historian of thought had a direful tale to tell. Not one of these authors, Hamilton said, had apparently studied the Aristotelian treatises which he undertook to appraise: not one of them had any knowledge of the Greek or the Scholastic commentators on the *Organon*. "They were rarely, indeed, wise above Aldrich. His partial views of the order and comprehension of the science have determined theirs; his most egregious blunders are repeated; and sometimes when an attempt is made at a correction, either Aldrich is right or a new error is substituted for the old."[5]

Philosophically, indeed, in Britain the period was one of those sterile intervals no less conspicuous in the record of thought than in the record of soil. In the year of Dugald Stewart's death (1829) Carlyle wrote that British philosophy had "finally died out, with its last amiable cultivator."[6] We may discount this verdict as a specimen of the writer's dyspeptic cynicism, but one cannot similarly dismiss the lament of Coleridge that metaphysic had become like the trees in the shadowy world of Vergil bearing a dream upon every leaf, that soon its very technical terms would have become unintelligible, and that a philosopher desirous to republish the truths of ancient wisdom would have to begin by issuing a glossary.[7] Historians of literature, in their enthusiasm for the Romantic movement, have commonly forgotten or ignored the deliberate cult of the irrational which Romantic poets at once stimulated and exploited. It was a revolt, no doubt, from an over-confident eighteenth-century rationalism; but one is entitled to deplore its incidental withering of the intellectual faculties. No wonder that those faculties, thus repressed in their normal exercise, broke out in an abnormal direction: the rise of phrenology was a nemesis of the sort to be expected from the discrediting of philosophy.

A particular example is seen in the position of logic, either as a subject of university teaching or as a field for speculative advance, during the first forty years of the nineteenth century. Hamilton's guess about the source on which its exponents drew was convincing. In Oxford, until Whately published his *Elements* in 1822, the sole manual of instruction for this subject was Aldrich's *Artis Logicae*. That brief Latin summary of what the writer took to be the most important parts of Aristotle's *Organon* was itself still further reduced to a "compendium" of its original content, and no philosophical teacher of our age requires to be told after what manner it would then be absorbed for undergraduate reproduction. As late as 1856 it was so much in use that H. L. Mansel decided to set forth his own characteristic doctrines in logic through a newly annotated edition of it—the work long known as *Mansel's Aldrich*, which a few aged Oxford graduates may even still remember as part of their apparatus of instruction sixty years ago. Aldrich does not indeed deserve that scathing sentence in the

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[5] *Ibid.*, 130.

[6] Thomas Carlyle, "Signs of the Times," *Critical and Miscellaneous Essays* (London, 1894), I, 477.

[7] S. T. Coleridge, *The Statesman's Manual.*

Encyclopaedia Britannica, that his *Artis Logicae*, though almost totally valueless, is of historic interest, because it held exclusive place for more than a hundred years in the teaching of its subject at Oxford. But, like many a venerable thinker, this venerable book outlived its usefulness without ceasing its activity.

What was J. S. Mill's contribution towards reform and progress in the same field?

III

Leibnitz said of Locke that he despised logic without understanding it. Many others have done, and still do, the same. Formal logic in particular is now often unintelligently derided, and one so concerned as Mill for a more adequate logic of induction was not likely to exaggerate its importance. But Mill, in contrast with Bacon, saw the value of a science of the *forms* of thought, and insisted upon it, without overlooking its limits or neglecting to emphasize also its needful supplement. He records his own profound indebtedness to his early training in Aristotle's *Organon:* no element in his education, he considered, had been more beneficial to him, for it had formed mental habits of watchfulness against vague, loose thinking, and had served as a constant reminder to keep his reasoning internally coherent. With peculiar interest we may surely now recall the sections of Mill's book which deal with the relation of thought to language, because there has developed—especially on this continent—a slovenliness of expression which at once reflects and aggravates slovenliness of thought. The father of formal logic was, indeed, not Aristotle but Socrates, in whose campaign against ambiguities the whole principle of the *Organon* is implicit. How strange that in our time, when language—that most delicate of instruments for thought—is being so misused, the universities should show themselves less and less careful of this long-proved corrective! At least, as Hegel urged, to discover the forms of reason might rank in learned research not lower than the zoologist's identification of sixty-odd species of parrot or the botanist's distinction of 137 sorts of veronica.

Professor C. D. Broad has pointed out that logic is the department of philosophy to which English contributions have been most notable. "Inductive Logic," he said, in an enthusiastic outburst at the Bacon Tercentenary in Cambridge, "is almost wholly the work of Englishmen." Subtracting the due subtrahend (as Carlyle would have put it) from that, we have still a very impressive cultural balance to the credit of the nation the speaker extolled. The passage of a century has brought so many and so signally valuable new English treatises in this field that one may very easily forget the outstanding originality of the work of J. S. Mill when it appeared. For at least the next thirty years it superseded all the traditional text-books, except where sheer obstinacy of habit proved stronger than response to clearer thought and incomparably clearer exposition. Throughout the very extensive area of the theory of inference where Mill was introducing no new doctrine, but merely clarifying the old and disentangling it from irrelevant concomitants, anyone who compares even the best of the early nineteenth-century treatises with his will have no difficulty in understanding the dominant influence he rapidly acquired over candid minds. But it is for his highly controversial amendments of previous logical doctrine that Mill is remembered, especially for his Book III with its once famous but now obsolete "canons of induction."

There is a legend at Oxford that the reign of Mill, once begun, met with no serious challenge until the appearance of F. H. Bradley's *Principles of Logic* in 1883. The memorable onslaught, in Book II, chapter III, of that great work did indeed mark an epoch in logical criticism. Later accounts of inductive inference are indebted, directly or indirectly, beyond enumerating, to the Bradleian impulse. But although the most brilliant, Bradley was by no means the first to challenge the "canons," and on the very ground which that incisive chapter adopted. He described Mill's *System of Logic* as "the treatise which, partly from merits of its own and partly from other causes, has threatened to fasten itself on us as a text-book." During the years between 1843 and 1883 this might be thought to have passed beyond the stage of mere threat. But William Stanley Jevons, in his *Principles of Science*, developing an analytic argument as old as that of William Whewell in his *Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences*, had arraigned Mill's canons for the very faults later emphasized by Bradley—not indeed with an electric storm of unforgettable epigrams such as have made the Bradleian satire so famous, but with a convincing sequence of reasons, setting forth in cold prose just the same thought as the later critic was to present in poetic figure.

Essentially, the attack was directed upon the analysis of events into "circumstances of the antecedent" and "circumstances of the consequent," conceived as in close and separate relation, circumstance by circumstance, so that what happens is their algebraic sum. It now seems amazing that the "intermixture of effects," whose significance Mill not only recognized but emphasized in the moral sciences, did not disclose itself to him as operative everywhere. Strange that he should have regarded as just a second-best method for a few sorts of problem—a logical *pis aller* for investigating the behaviour of human agents—what is in truth the method of joint deduction and induction by which all inquiry in the natural sciences must proceed. One notes with amusement how the device of symbolizing "circumstances of the antecedent" by large letters of the alphabet and "circumstances of the consequent" by small letters contributed to the illusion, the separateness of the letters apparently suggesting to the logician's mind a like separateness among the "causes" that co-operate mechanically for the result. Of all this, as Bradley says, the effrontery reached its climax in the "Method of Residues"; but what was there so gross as to be most readily discoverable was present in the other methods too. It was a short and easy step from such an analysis of a phenomenon into "parts," and from such an account of its explanation as a detecting of the way in which each part was separately produced, to the scheme for a reasoning machine which should, with mechanical accuracy, so split the mysterious total that its secret would become obvious. Absurd plans for equipping the human mind with an irresistible instrument, in whose use differences of personal sagacity would cease to count, began to occupy the ingenious. There began to appear also equational theories of the judgment, launched by such contemporary mathematicians as Augustus de Morgan and George Boole, which reduced all reasoning to a sort of verbal algebra.

But there is no reason for surprise at the spectacle of pioneer speculation thus running into extravagances. Mill was attempting an account, such as no one had attempted since Francis Bacon, of the inferential method in natural science—including the sciences of chemistry, botany, and geology, unknown in Bacon's time, for which the Baconian *tabulae* were obviously far from adequate. Like his great predecessor of two hundred years before in relation to the deficiencies of the Schoolmen, he was aiming to supplement the existing nineteenth-century text-books of logic about whose inadequacy it is enough to say that Whately's was the best of them. Much more surprising than the initial failure of a new inductive theory to meet a new scientific situation was the obstinate adherence to it, long after its faults had been exposed, on the part of men whom Mill's originality had fascinated. For example, Lord Morley, who became suspicious that in Oxford, "that grey temple where they are ever polishing new idols," his leader's throne might not be still unshaken, records with disgust what Thomas Fowler told him across a luncheon table at the Athenaeum in 1910: "In Oxford it is now as much as a man's life is worth to mention Experience or Association."[8]

It is by no means on Book III, but rather on Book VI of his treatise that Mill's chief title to a fertile originality in logic must rest. Theories of the inferential method in mathematics and the physical sciences had been propounded by others: therein he was developing the Aristotelian or the Baconian legacy. But when he set forth what he called "the logic of the moral sciences," it was no mere reproduction, with improved statement, of what someone else had done. No doubt Auguste Comte, coiner of that strange word "sociology," had suggested to Mill this third type of reasoning, unnoticed by either Bacon or Aristotle. Study of the laws of social development did not indeed begin with Comte's invention of this ungainly hybrid name to describe it. "Sociology" had been practised by thinkers of many countries and periods—by Montesquieu, by Hobbes, by Machiavelli, by Tacitus, by Thucydides. Like Molière's character, who had talked prose so long without knowing it, these writers had "taken society as the object of a science" without advertising in terms of such cryptic impressiveness that they had done so.

But what they had done it was reserved for Comte to identify as—by implication—the pursuit of a separate department of intellectual effort,

[8] Lord Morley, *Recollections* (London, 1921), II, 262.

with specific purposes and procedures of its own. It was reserved, in turn, for Mill to work out in detail the characteristic method of a social science, as neither purely deductive nor purely inductive but a subtle combination of the two. How significant was this analysis may best be realized when one refers to such samples of a purely deductive social method as Bentham's *Theory of Morals and Legislation* or to such samples of the purely inductive as many a chapter of the *History of Florence* in which Machiavelli elicits from experience some doctrine in utter conflict with common sense.

Perhaps the passage in Plato's *Republic* (VI, 510) about the "Way Up" and the "Way Down," about the preliminary use of hypothesis as if it were an ascertained first principle, and about its subsequent correction when its results are not confirmed by trial, had all the essentials of Mill's Book VI, chapters IX and X. The famous three stages (Direct Induction, Deduction, Verification) are distinguished by Plato no less clearly than by Mill. But it is safe to say that if the *Republic* had suggested to him the very essence of his theory, the English logician would have made acknowledgment of his debt to the Greek. The content of his Book VI was Mill's own, and while numerous successors have shown the range of its method to extend far beyond the limited claim he made for it, he is entitled to the credit of a pioneer.

For a whole generation after 1843, debate on logical theory among British thinkers was mainly on whether Mill's startlingly new account of the inferential process was sound. Like Hobbes with his *Leviathan* two hundred years before, he served a high purpose as much by his excitement of attack as by his enlistment of support. The year of a publication so provocative to thought, at once positively and negatively, was a memorable landmark in the philosophic record.

THE WATER SYMBOL IN *THE PRELUDE* (1805-6)

KENNETH MACLEAN

IN Wordsworth's *The Prelude*[1] we are continually seeing lake, brook, fountain, water-fall or sea—"waters running, falling, or asleep." Water imagery, we come to feel, is clearly dominant in this poem, which tells the story of the growth of the poet's soul. In the first part of this essay I should like, somewhat in the idiom of the poem, to follow through this story with an eye to the persistent water images. The story begins even as the poet deplores his failure to have seized and developed one of the many themes, chiefly political, which he had considered for a major work.

> Was it for this
> That one, the fairest of all Rivers, lov'd
> To blend his murmurs with my Nurse's song,
> And from his alder shades and rocky falls,
> And from his fords and shallows, sent a voice
> That flow'd along my dreams? For this, didst Thou,
> O Derwent! travelling over the green Plains
> Near my 'sweet Birthplace,' didst thou, beauteous Stream,
> Make ceaseless music through the night and day
> Which with its steady cadence, tempering
> Our human waywardness, compos'd my thoughts
> To more than infant softness, giving me,
> Among the fretful dwellings of mankind,
> A foretaste, a dim earnest, of the calm
> That Nature breathes among the hills and groves.
> When, having left his Mountains, to the Towers
> Of Cockermouth that beauteous River came,
> Behind my Father's House he pass'd, close by,
> Along the margin of our Terrace Walk.
> He was a Playmate whom we dearly lov'd.
> Oh! many a time have I, a five years' Child,
> A naked Boy, in one delightful Rill,
> A little Mill-race sever'd from his stream,
> Made one long bathing of a summer's day,
> Bask'd in the sun, and plunged, and bask'd again
> Alternate all a summer's day. . . . (I, 271 ff.)

The story of *The Prelude* thus begins at a river's side, by the Derwent, with memories of swimming in this river, and of running naked in the fields beside this stream,

> as if I had been born
> On Indian Plains, and from my Mother's hut
> Had run abroad in wantonness, to sport,
> A naked Savage, in the thunder shower. (I, 301 ff.)

Early memory takes us somewhat later in the boy's life to a lake, when Wordsworth recalls how one moonlight night he stole a shepherd's boat from a rocky cave on the shores of Patterdale.

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[1] Edited by Ernest de Selincourt (Oxford University Press, London, 1926, reprinted 1928). While my study is limited to the original text of the poem, I have quoted three short passages from the later revisions. See notes 2, 3, and 4.

The moon was up, the Lake was shining clear
Among the hoary mountains; from the Shore
I push'd, and struck the oars and struck again
In cadence, and my little Boat mov'd on
Even like a Man who walks with stately step
Though bent on speed. It was an act of stealth
And troubled pleasure; not without the voice
Of mountain-echoes did my Boat move on,
Leaving behind her still on either side
Small circles glittering idly in the moon,
Until they melted all into one track
Of sparkling light. (I, 383 ff.)

As the boat pulled away from the shore, the inevitable perspective developed: a dark mountain-head, not seen close by shore, began to loom over the boy, in fact seemed to stride after him, frightening him so much that with trembling hands he quickly turned the skiff and stole his way back through the silent water to the rocky cave. Terror was a frequent experience in his childhood. A somewhat less personal recollection from this period of his life is the poet's memory of that boy who at evening, beneath the trees or beside the glimmering lake, stood blowing "mimic hootings to the silent owls" until they shouted back to him across the watery vale.

And when it chanced
That pauses of deep silence mock'd his skill,
Then sometimes, in that silence, while he hung
Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprize
Has carried far into his heart the voice
Of mountain torrents; or the visible scene
Would enter unawares into his mind
With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,
Its woods, and that uncertain Heaven, receiv'd
Into the bosom of the steady Lake. (V, 404 ff.)

Nature, Wordsworth says in *The Prelude*, draws us to her always in the ways of pleasure. First she offers us games and sports, later she offers us the pleasure of her own beauty. Wordsworth was still but a child when he was experiencing this later enjoyment of nature, a pleasure which seems to have been most acute in the proximity of lakes and rivers and seas.

Yes, I remember, when the changeful earth,
And twice five seasons on my mind had stamp'd
The faces of the moving year, even then,
A Child, I held unconscious intercourse
With the eternal Beauty, drinking in
A pure organic pleasure from the lines
Of curling mist, or from the level plain
Of waters colour'd by the steady clouds. (I, 586 ff.)

Memory moves from lake to sea, as he further recalls such enjoyment.

The Sands of Westmoreland, the Creeks and Bays
Of Cumbria's rocky limits, they can tell
How when the Sea threw off his evening shade
And to the Shepherd's huts beneath the crags
Did send sweet notice of the rising moon,

How I have stood, to fancies such as these,
Engrafted in the tenderness of thought,
A stranger, linking with the spectacle
No conscious memory of a kindred sight,
And bringing with me no peculiar sense
Of quietness or peace, yet I have stood,
Even while mine eye has mov'd o'er three long leagues
Of shining water, gathering, as it seem'd,
Through every hair-breadth of that field of light,
New pleasure, like a bee among the flowers. (I, 594 ff.)

Such aesthetic experience was almost continuous in Wordsworth's later boyhood.

In November days,
When vapours, rolling down the valleys, made
A lonely scene more lonesome; among woods
At noon, and 'mid the calm of summer nights,
When, by the margin of the trembling Lake,
Beneath the gloomy hills I homeward went
In solitude, such intercourse was mine;
'Twas mine among the fields both day and night,
And by the waters all the summer long. (I, 443 ff.)

Wordsworth was nine years old when he entered the old Elizabethan school at Hawkshead, a Lake Country village not far from his native Cockermouth. At Hawkshead the little lake of Esthwaite seems to have been the centre of poetic things for him. Like Walden Pond, it was indeed "God's drop." Frequently the schoolboy took morning walks around this lake with a friend.

My morning walks
Were early; oft, before the hours of School
I travell'd round our little Lake, five miles
Of pleasant wandering, happy time! (II, 348 ff.)

Sometimes the good friends were reciting verses as they went along.

Oft in the public roads,
Yet unfrequented, while the morning light
Was yellowing the hill-tops, with that dear Friend
The same whom I have mention'd heretofore,
I went abroad, and for the better part
Of two delightful hours we stroll'd along
By the still borders of the misty Lake,
Repeating favourite verses with one voice,
Or conning more. . . . (V, 581 ff.)

One evening, in the first week of his coming to school at Hawkshead, as he crossed a green, ear-shaped peninsula in Esthwaite Lake, he saw lying on the opposite shore a heap of garments. He watched some time to see if any one would claim them, but no one came:

. . . meanwhile the calm Lake
Grew dark, with all the shadows on its breast,
And, now and then, a fish up-leaping, snapp'd
The breathless stillness. (V, 463 ff.)

The next morning the young Wordsworth was standing with the crowd beside these garments when the drowned man of ghastly face rose bolt upright 'mid that beauteous scene of trees and hills and water. The sight was terrifying, but in no vulgar way,

> for my inner eye had seen
> Such sights before, among the shining streams
> Of Fairy land, the Forests of Romance.

Watery death we meet elsewhere in Wordsworth's poetry. In this instance literary associations modify the horror. One thinks immediately of *The Tempest*, in which Ariel, dressed as a sea-nymph, sings first of fairies dancing at night by the sea, and then of the glorious sea-change which may follow death by water. *The Tempest*, salty as this Elizabethan play is and rich too in the symbols of baptism, could well have supplied the moderating associations Wordsworth has here referred to.

On leaving Hawkshead School, Wordsworth went to Cambridge, where his time, he was to feel, was not too well spent. He notes ruefully that he sailed boisterously on the Cam, seeing the stars come out without one quiet thought. He needed a friend like Coleridge there, but ironically Coleridge was to enter the university the year of Wordsworth's graduation. At Cambridge, Wordsworth learned "the influence of absent objects." In his first long vacation he returned to the Lake Country, thrilling to the sight of Windermere as he came down the road from Kendal. Since his own home had been broken by death, he was to spend the summer at Dame Tyson's house, where he had lived as a schoolboy. Coming now to the house, he greets the garden brook,

> that unruly child of mountain birth,
> The froward Brook, which soon as he was box'd
> Within our Garden, found himself at once,
> As if by trick insidious and unkind,
> Stripp'd of his voice, and left to dimple down
> Without an effort and without a will,
> A channel paved by the hand of man. (IV, 39 ff.)

This voiceless brook he thought a proper emblem of his own smooth and uncreative Cambridge days. Now back at Hawkshead the walks around Esthwaite Lake again begin.

> When first I made
> Once more the circuit of our little Lake
> If ever happiness hath lodg'd with man,
> That day consummate happiness was mine,
> Wide-spreading, steady, calm, contemplative.
> The sun was set, or setting, when I left
> Our cottage door, and evening soon brought on
> A sober hour, not winning or serene,
> For cold and raw the air was, and untun'd:
> But, as a face we love is sweetest then
> When sorrow damps it, or, whatever look
> It chance to wear is sweetest if the heart
> Have fulness in itself, even so with me

It fared that evening. Gently did my soul
Put off her veil, and, self-transmuted, stood
Naked as in the presence of her God. (IV, 127 ff.)

This mystic experience, one feels, could have occurred only beside a lake. The mood of the summer was not always such an exalted one. As in the winter just passed at Cambridge, time was again dissipated. Significantly, it was when returning from an all-night dancing party that the "call" came to the young Wordsworth to be a poet. Water images again strike the eye as we read of this early-morning dedication.

Ere we retired,
The cock had crow'd, the sky was bright with day.
Two miles I had to walk along the fields
Before I reached my home. Magnificent
The morning was, in memorable pomp,
More glorious than I ever had beheld.
The Sea was laughing at a distance; all
The solid Mountains were as bright as clouds,
Grain-tinctured, drench'd in empyrean light;
And, in the meadows and the lower grounds,
Was all the sweetness of a common dawn,
Dews, vapours, and the melody of birds,
And Labourers going forth into the fields. (IV, 327 ff.)

In his last long vacation, instead of studying for final examinations, Wordsworth went travelling on the Continent with his friend Jones, a native of picturesque Wales. Beyond Paris they travelled by river boats, sailing first along the gentle Soane and then down the swift Rhone. Their companions on board were, many of them, gaily dressed, gaily spirited liberals returning from the Bastille celebrations in Paris in this second summer of the Revolution. It was thrilling for the young Englishman to be in such company sailing down the "rapid River" which was "flowing without noise." Leaving these lively fellows, the young men began their walking trip across Switzerland, proceeding rather too quickly, passing beyond enticing lake-filled valleys,

while yet the very flash and gleam
Of salutation were not pass'd away. (VI, 439-40.)

Significantly, the sight of Mont Blanc was disappointing to Wordsworth: it loomed "a soulless image on the eye." But Chamonix more than made up for this:

. . . the wondrous Vale
Of Chamouny did, on the following dawn,
With its dumb cataracts and streams of ice,
A motionless array of mighty waves,
Five rivers broad and vast, make rich amends,
And reconcil'd us to realities. (VI, 456 ff.)

In "crossing the Alps" at the Simplon, the travellers walked for many hours on a road following a brook down this gloomy pass. It was in this pass that Wordsworth seems to have seen the very face of nature, moving, as he says elsewhere in *The Prelude*, like a sea with danger and delight, with pleasure and pain, those two primary stimulants of life. In this most impressive scene, water images are very much in evidence.

> The immeasurable height
> Of woods decaying, never to be decay'd,
> The stationary blasts of water-falls,
> And every where along the hollow rent
> Winds thwarting winds, bewilder'd and forlorn,
> The torrents shooting from the clear blue sky,
> The rocks that mutter'd close upon our ears,
> Black drizzling crags that spake by the way-side
> As if a voice were in them, the sick sight
> And giddy prospect of the raving stream,
> The unfetter'd clouds, and region of the Heavens,
> Tumult and peace, the darkness and the light
> Were all like workings of one mind, the features
> Of the same face, blossoms upon one tree,
> Characters of the great Apocalypse,
> The types and symbols of Eternity,
> Of first and last, and midst, and without end. (VI, 556 ff.)

Wordsworth's final poetic experience in the journey through Switzerland was a gentle one, a sojourn beside a lake, "delicious" Lake Como, for which he felt a lover's feelings.

> Ye have left
> Your beauty with me, an impassion'd sight
> Of colours and of forms, whose power is sweet
> And gracious, almost might I dare to say,
> As virtue is, or goodness, sweet as love
> Or the remembrance of a noble deed,
> Or gentlest visitations of pure thought. . . . (VI, 607 ff.)

The story of *The Prelude* now ceases for a time to be the account principally of the formation of the poet's soul by nature, to become the record of Wordsworth's relation to the human scene as the poet proceeds to tell of his residence in London and later in revolutionary France. Before turning directly to this material he speaks of the way nature had prepared him to love human life. This preparation was made in childhood in Lake Country scenes where nature associated the ideas of beauty and freedom with humanity he saw around him. One time of such association he best remembers was a "day of exhalations," a day of watery beauty, of mists and steam-like fogs and clouds.

> I remember, far from home
> Once having stray'd, while yet a very Child,
> I saw a sight, and with what joy and love!
> It was a day of exhalations, spread
> Upon the mountains, mists and steam-like fogs
> Redounding everywhere, not vehement,
> But calm and mild, gentle and beautiful,
> With gleams of sunshine on the eyelet spots
> And loop-holes of the hills, wherever seen,
> Hidden by quiet process, and as soon
> Unfolded, to be huddled up again:

Along a narrow Valley and profound
I journey'd, when, aloft above my head,
Emerging from the silvery vapours, lo!
A Shepherd and his Dog! in open day:
Girt round with mists they stood and look'd about
From that enclosure small, inhabitants
Of an aerial Island floating on,
As seem'd, with that Abode in which they were,
A little pendant area of grey rocks,
By the soft wind breath'd forward. (VIII, 81 ff.)

Here was "man beautiful," surrounded in the processes of mists and clouds. "Man free" the poet also saw as a child in the Lake District, and under similar circumstances, the fog this time serving to magnify the form of the shepherd.

Seeking the raven's nest, and suddenly
Surpriz'd with vapours, or on rainy days
When I have angled up the lonely brooks
Mine eyes have glanced upon him, few steps off,
In size a giant, stalking through the fog,
His Sheep like Greenland Bears. . . . (VIII, 396 ff.)

These glimpses of a beautiful and free humanity came, he notes, not in an ideal pastoral world, for shepherd life in the Lake Country was bleak. Pure pastoral, Wordsworth here says, he had seen but once, at Goslar, in a valley which his fancy converts into a lake of islands.

Smooth life had Flock and Shepherd in old time,
Long Springs and tepid Winters on the Banks
Of delicate Galesus; and no less
Those scatter'd along Adria's myrtle Shores:
Smooth life the herdsman and his snow-white Herd
To Triumphs and to sacrificial Rites
Devoted, on the inviolable Stream
Of rich Clitumnus . . . .
                                        I myself, mature
In manhood then, have seen a pastoral Tract
Like one of these, where Fancy might run wild,
Though under skies less generous and serene;
Yet there, as for herself, had Nature fram'd
A Pleasure-ground, diffused a fair expanse
Of level Pasture, islanded with Groves
And bank'd with woody Risings; but the Plain
Endless; here opening widely out, and there
Shut up in lesser lakes or beds of lawn
And intricate recesses, creek or bay
Shelter'd within a shelter, where at large
The Shepherd strays, a rolling hut his home . . . .
There's not a Nook or Hold of that vast space,
Nor Strait where passage is, but it shall have
In turn its Visitant, telling there his hours
In unlaborious pleasure, with no task
More toilsome than to carve a beechen bowl
For Spring or Fountain, which the Traveller finds
When through the region he pursues at will
His devious course. (VIII, 311 ff.)

Water imagery persists in a measure in the social story for which these thoughts on shepherds have been a prelude. After leaving Cambridge, Wordsworth spent some months in London, and then late in 1791 went to France, taking up his residence at Orleans. And there by the Loire in this region of old castles he conversed on political and economic subjects with one of those splendid extra-academic men who meant most in his education, Michel Beaupuy.

> Along that very Loire, with Festivals
> Resounding at all hours, and innocent yet
> Of civil slaughter was our frequent walk
> Or in wide Forests of the neighbourhood,
> High woods and over-arch'd with open space
> On every side, and footing many a mile,
> In woven roots and moss smooth as the sea,
> A solemn region. (IX, 436 ff.)

At a later time Wordsworth was to find it agreeable to talk of rational liberty with Coleridge in the security of the Lake Country

> by our Rotha's Stream,
> Greta or Derwent, or some nameless Rill. . . . (IX, 397-8.)

But such philosophical dialogues were in no way so significant as these youthful conversations by the Loire with one who was about to participate in the very action of the French Revolution, to perish

> fighting in supreme command
> Upon the Borders of the unhappy Loire. . . . (IX, 429-30.)

Such conversations might well be compared with those dialogues Dion

> Held with Eudemus and Timonides,
> Surrounded by Adventurers in Arms,
> When those two Vessels with their daring Freight
> For the Sicilian Tyrant's overthrow
> Sail'd from Zacynthus, philosophic war
> Led by Philosophers. (IX, 417 ff.)

The political story told in *The Prelude* centres upon two political disappointments, the first in his own country when anti-revolutionary England struck at France in 1793. When this happened, Wordsworth tells us, his heart turned against his own country, and these disturbing unpatriotic feelings seem to have been most intense during the summer of 1793 when he was spending a month in the Isle of Wight, where he could see the English fleet massing for war against France.

> I saw them in their rest, a sojourner
> Through a whole month of calm and glassy days,
> In that delightful Island which protects
> Their place of convocation; there I heard
> Each evening, walking by the still sea-shore,
> A monitory sound that never fail'd,
> The sunset cannon. While the Orb went down
> In the tranquillity of Nature, came
> That voice, ill requiem! seldom heard by me

Without a spirit overcast, a deep
Imagination, thought of woes to come,
And sorrow for mankind, and pain of heart. (X, 296 ff.)

This seaside experience should be compared with another nine years later, in August, 1802, when Wordsworth, passing a month at Calais, felt suddenly such deep love for England. Wordsworth's disappointment in revolutionary France, the second political confession of *The Prelude*, followed quickly upon the disillusionment of 1793 in England. It is dramatized in an experience of the following year. The midsummer of 1794 found Wordsworth spending a month at Rampside by the sea in Cumberland, a month of calm and glassy days again, which were to be remembered in the "Elegiac Stanzas." One day Wordsworth made an excursion to the rural town of Cartmell where he saw the grave, marked with lines from Gray's "Elegy," of a young teacher at Hawkshead who had encouraged him in poetry. Returning to Rampside later this day Wordsworth was walking across the sands of Leven's estuary which were passable at low tide. Indeed, an old Romish chapel stood in these shallow waters where long ago masses had been said at hours suitable for those who came across the sands at ebb of morning tide. Moving across Leven Sands now with Wordsworth are

Coaches, Wains, and Travellers, horse and foot,
Wading, beneath the conduct of their Guide
In loose procession through the shallow Stream
Of inland water; the great Sea meanwhile
Was at safe distance, far retired. (X, 526 ff.)

Wordsworth paused awhile to watch this gay, cheerful scene, and as the travellers were passing him, he happened to inquire of one if any news were stirring. As casually the reply came back, that *Robespierre was dead*. At this news, heard in this exciting place, the poet's heart burst in joy. Later, with recovered calm Wordsworth continued his journey homewards,

Along that very Shore which I had skimm'd
In former times, when, spurring from the Vale
Of Nightshade, and St. Mary's mouldering Fane,
And the Stone Abbot, after circuit made
In wantonness of heart, a joyous Crew
Of School-boys, hastening to their distant home,
Along the margin of the moonlight Sea,
We beat with thundering hoofs the level Sand. (X, 560 ff.)

The Prelude offers little political hope in "this latter day, this heavy time of change for all mankind," but it holds forth the promise of beauty for the individual soul as that soul is formed by nature. It speaks not of social but personal joy. The culminating experience of this poem is surely the vision Wordsworth had on Mount Snowdon, when in an unusual moment he saw nature symbolizing that unifying imaginative faculty which man may apply with such profit to her own vast and complex imagery. Wordsworth and a friend, travelling now in Wales, were hoping to see the sunrise from Mount Snowdon. At "couching-time" they left Bethgelert's huts with that shepherd as their guide whose ancient right it was to take travellers to the top of the mountain.

> It was a Summer's night, a close warm night,
> Wan, dull and glaring, with a dripping mist
> Low-hung and thick that cover'd all the sky,
> Half threatening storm and rain; but on we went
> Uncheck'd, being full of heart and having faith
> In our tried Pilot. Little could we see
> Hemm'd round on every side with fog and damp. . . .
> (XIII, 10 ff.)

The party was moving on quietly with no one talking, Wordsworth walking ahead, when, after an hour's climbing through this threatening misty night, suddenly a light fell like a flash on the turf. And in this light they found themselves, away up this mountain's side, standing beside a "sea."

> I looked about, and lo!
> The Moon stood naked in the Heavens, at height
> Immense above my head, and on the shore
> I found myself of a huge sea of mist,
> Which, meek and silent, rested at my feet:
> A hundred hills their dusky backs upheaved
> All over this still Ocean, and beyond,
> Far, far beyond, the vapours shot themselves,
> In headlands, tongues, and promontory shapes,
> Into the Sea, the real Sea, that seem'd
> To dwindle, and give up its majesty,
> Usurp'd upon as far as sight could reach.
> Meanwhile, the Moon look'd down upon this shew
> In single glory, and we stood, the mist
> Touching our very feet; and from the shore
> At distance not the third part of a mile
> Was a blue chasm; a fracture in the vapour,
> A deep and gloomy breathing-place through which
> Mounted the roar of waters, torrents, streams
> Innumerable, roaring with one voice.
> The universal spectacle throughout
> Was shaped for admiration and delight,
> Grand in itself alone, but in that breach
> Through which the homeless voice of waters rose,
> That dark deep thoroughfare had Nature lodg'd
> The Soul, the Imagination of the whole. (XIII, 40 ff.)

II

The accumulation of water pictures we find in *The Prelude*, a poem coloured with blue and green and white, means surely that Wordsworth found peculiar significance in the element of water. So frequently an exciting water image is made climactic or final, we must suppose that he found in the many forms of water highest aesthetic beauty. More than this, he betrays a conscious appreciation of the symbolic significance of water, finding in this element a symbol for man's mind and its varied powers. Most simply, it is perception, memory, the streaming consciousness,

wakeful, even, as waters are
To the sky's motion. . . . (III, 135-6.)

But as the sea prolongs
Her agitation though the wind which first
Call'd up the surges from the peaceful deep
Be spent or intermitted, so my mind
Continued still to heave within herself.[2]

. . . whate'er
I saw, or heard, or felt, was but a stream
That flow'd into a kindred stream. . . . (VI, 672 ff.)

Who knows the individual hour in which
His habits were first sown, even as a seed,
Who that shall point, as with a wand, and say,
'This portion of the river of my mind
Came from yon fountain?' (II, 211 ff.)

Water provides the basic image Wordsworth has used in the following introspective passage descriptive of the strange overlapping of objects which association leaves in the memory.

As one who hangs down-bending from the side
Of a slow-moving Boat, upon the breast
Of a still water, solacing himself
With such discoveries as his eye can make,
Beneath him, in the bottom of the deeps,
Sees many beauteous sights, weeds, fishes, flowers,
Grots, pebbles, roots of trees, and fancies more;
Yet often is perplex'd, and cannot part
The shadow from the substance, rocks and sky,
Mountains and clouds, from that which is indeed
The region, and the things which there abide
In their true dwelling; now is cross'd by gleam
Of his own image, by a sunbeam now,
And motions that are sent he knows not whence,
Impediments that make his task more sweet;
—Such pleasant office have we long pursued
Incumbent o'er the surface of past time
With like success. . . . (IV, 247 ff.)

In any incidental reference to the mind's action, water seems to suggest itself promptly to Wordsworth as proper metaphor. More importantly, he appears to have associated this element with that highest power of mind which is the chief subject of *The Prelude*, namely the imagination:

Imagination, which, in truth,
Is but another name for absolute strength
And clearest insight, amplitude of mind,
And reason in her most exalted mood.
This faculty hath been the moving soul
Of our long labour: we have traced the stream
From darkness, and the very place of birth

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[2] A first revision of the 1805-6 MS. See *The Prelude*, 194.

In its blind cavern, whence is faintly heard
The sound of waters; follow'd it to light
And open day, accompanied its course
Among the ways of Nature, afterwards
Lost sight of it bewilder'd and engulph'd,
Then given it greeting, as it rose once more
With strength, reflecting in its solemn breast
The works of man and face of human life,
And lastly, from its progress have we drawn
The feeling of life endless, the great thought
By which we live, Infinity and God. (XIII, 167 ff.)

Again, in describing the imagination which brought mystic experience in that moment of "crossing the Alps," Wordsworth introduces characteristic imagery—imagination, always moving before him like an "unfather'd vapour," then surrounding him in its cloud—the *light* of sense going out—the soul harbouring for a moment in eternity—joy hiding him as overflowing waters hide the Nile (VI, 525). In his earliest revisings of *The Prelude*, Wordsworth included another variation of the water-imagination equation when he said that those "courts of mystery" of the Chartreuse should be spared within their setting

for humbler claim
Of that imaginative impulse sent
From these majestic floods—these shining cliffs. . . .[3]

The actual literal definition of the imagination developed in *The Prelude* suggests Coleridge's thought in so much as the emphasis is placed upon its unifying, integrating power that combines into one appearance all the elements and parts of experience, finding form and unity at the heart of scattered sensations, which by a "sympathy" lend themselves to such understanding. Nature herself may seem to give the hint for imaginative action when she organizes the many parts of a scene around a central image. In that scene of mist and sea which stood at Wordsworth's feet under the moonlight on Mount Snowdon, one thing was central, and that was (Coleridge's images seem present as well as his thought) the great blue chasm through which rose the voice of many waters. Here

had Nature lodg'd
The Soul, the Imagination of the whole. (XIII, 64-5.)

One function of such mind had Nature there
Exhibited by putting forth, and that
With circumstances most awful and sublime,
That domination which she oftentimes
Exerts upon the outward face of things,
So moulds them, and endues, abstracts, combines,
Or by abrupt and unhabitual influence
Doth make one object so impress itself
Upon all others, and pervade them so
That even the grossest minds must see and hear
And cannot chuse but feel. The Power which these

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[3] *Ibid.*, 196.

Acknowledge when thus moved, which Nature thus
Thrusts forth upon the senses, is the express
Resemblance, in the fulness of its strength
Made visible, a genuine Counterpart
And Brother of that glorious faculty
Which higher minds bear with them as their own. (XIII, 74 ff.)

The science of the natural world, as it finds unifying law, is a form of imagination. I think it is interesting to note that the image Wordsworth associated with the imagination enters those splendid late lines describing the Newton of the Trinity statue as seen by the undergraduate poet on moonlight nights at Cambridge,

The marble index of a mind for ever
Voyaging through strange seas of Thought, alone.[4]

But to be sure it is imagination as poetic, not scientific, understanding which Wordsworth is considering in *The Prelude*, the imagination illustrated in a London episode we may speak of. To the poet, London was an overwhelming and perplexing image. He tells in *The Prelude* of feeling, when he first entered London by stage-coach, a tremendous "weight"—an important word in Wordsworth's vocabulary. And as the city overwhelmed him with its size, it oppressed him too with a deep melancholy. In London, the poet tells us, his heart was full even to tears, but the imaginative faculty which alone is able to lift the dead weight of objects, for a long time slept. But imagination, trained by nature to interpret large forms, was able finally to contend with this vast image of London, was able to find a human meaning in it. Walking its streets in a mood which he recognized as very near to madness,

Amid the moving pageant, 'twas my chance
Abruptly to be smitten with the view
Of a blind Beggar, who, with upright face,
Stood propp'd against a Wall, upon his Chest
Wearing a written paper, to explain
The story of the Man, and who he was.
My mind did at this spectacle turn round
As with the might of waters, and it seem'd
To me that in this Label was a type,
Or emblem, of the utmost that we know,
Both of ourselves and of the universe;
And, on the shape of the unmoving man,
His fixèd face and sightless eyes, I look'd
As if admonish'd from another world. (VII, 609 ff.)

In London finally the poet saw the truth that

the face of every one
That passes by me is a mystery. (VII, 596-7.)

This was imagination: this was poetic understanding. Poetry is imagination, and accordingly the symbol appropriate to the one was equally applicable to the other, as we may see in references within *The Prelude* to the composition of the poem itself. False starts the poet compares to "proud spring-tide swellings," mistaken for "a regular sea" (I, 178). The principal account of the writing of this poem we find in the introduction to Book VII.

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[4] Quoted from the 1850 text (III, 62-3). These lines were added to the poem possibly as late as 1839. See *The Prelude*, 516.

> Five years are vanish'd since I first pour'd out
> Saluted by that animating breeze
> Which met me issuing from the City's Walls,
> A glad preamble to this Verse: I sang
> Aloud, in Dythyrambic fervour, deep
> But short-liv'd uproar, like a torrent sent
> Out of the bowels of a bursting cloud
> Down Scafell, or Blencathra's rugged sides,
> A waterspout from Heaven. But 'twas not long
> Ere the interrupted stream broke forth once more,
> And flow'd awhile in strength, then stopp'd for years;
> Not heard again until a little space
> Before last primrose-time.

When he begins Book IX with its provocative material on France and the Revolution, he writes:

> As oftentimes a River, it might seem,
> Yielding in part to old remembrances,
> Part sway'd by fear to tread an onward road
> That leads direct to the devouring sea
> Turns, and will measure back his course, far back,
> Towards the very regions which he cross'd
> In his first outset; so have we long time
> Made motions retrograde, in like pursuit
> Detain'd. But now we start afresh; I feel
> An impulse to precipitate my Verse.

Water metaphors, we note further, enter several references Wordsworth makes to himself as poet. He describes his soul as having been "a rock with torrents roaring," until Dorothy moderated his love for beauty with terror in it. Calvert—he speaks of another friend—with his generous legacy to the poet

> clear'd a passage for me, and the stream
> Flowed in the bent of nature. (XIII, 366-7.)

References to poetic creation frequently contain the prevailing symbol. The creative spirit coming to him with emancipation from the city he likens in the first lines of *The Prelude* to a tempest or storm, vexing its own creation. In a mildly humorous passage in Book IV, which reads more like Cowper than Wordsworth, he tells of composing verses as he walked along the public road in the company of a reformed terrier. And when

> Some fair enchanting image in my mind
> Rose up, full-form'd, like Venus from the sea
> Have I sprung forth towards him, and let loose
> My hand upon his back with stormy joy,
> Caressing him again, and yet again.
> And when, in the public roads at eventide
> I saunter'd, like a river murmuring

And talking to itself, at such a season
It was his custom to jog on before;
But, duly, whensoever he had met
A passenger approaching, would he turn
To give me timely notice. . . . (IV, 104 ff.)

We may well regret that the image of Venus rising from the foam, destined to appear in *The Prelude*, did not choose better immediate surroundings to rise in. In looking for such comparisons in the poem, we are surprised to find that the poet has made no associations of his own rhythms with stream and brook and water-fall—a likeness which all admirers of his own great power over the movement of sentences must feel.

General as well as personal references to poetry in *The Prelude* include the familiar and flexible symbol. In a single passage Wordsworth speaks of Homer as "the great Thunderer"; of biblical poetry as "the voice Which roars along the bed of Jewish Song"; of Milton as the poet whose "trumpet-tones" shook "our Shores in England" (V, 203 ff.). In Book V, 55 ff. of the poem Wordsworth records a strange dream which he ascribes to Coleridge but which, being not too strange, was actually his own experience. He was reading Cervantes in a rocky cave by the seaside when, falling asleep, he dreamed of an Arab riding in haste through a desert carrying a stone and a shell "of a surpassing brightness," which he was hurrying to hide before the coming of a flood.[5] The stone, the Arab told the dreamer, was Euclid's *Elements:* the shell, with "voices more than all the winds," "something of more worth," was poetry.

A less obvious association of poetry with sea and water is the frequent union Wordsworth makes of water and song or music, such as we have perhaps in the following picture of a wren singing in Furness Abbey,

Which one day sang so sweetly in the Nave
Of the old Church, that, though from recent showers
The earth was comfortless, and, touch'd by faint
Internal breezes, sobbings of the place,
And respirations, from the roofless walls
The shuddering ivy dripp'd large drops, yet still,
So sweetly 'mid the gloom the invisible Bird
Sang to itself, that there I could have made
My dwelling-place, and liv'd for ever there
To hear such music. (II, 126 ff.)

Another instance of such association may be found in the account of a schoolboy excursion to the rather fashionable White Lion Inn at Bowness by Windermere. An afternoon was spent here playing bowls on the green above the garden, with strawberries and cream for refreshment. Over and through the trees one saw from this green, gleams of water.

But ere the fall
Of night, when in our pinnace we return'd

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[5] This flood is, of course, a little hard on my hypothesis, and so in a way are the winds. And the shell of poetry may not be a sea shell, but a tortoise shell from which the lyre was made. See Gray's "Progress of Poesy," and note at the same time Gray's association of water and poetry.

> Over the dusky Lake, and to the beach
> Of some small Island steer'd our course with one,
> The Minstrel of our troop, and left him there,
> And row'd off gently, while he blew his flute
> Alone upon the rock; Oh! then the calm
> And dead still water lay upon my mind
> Even with a weight of pleasure, and the sky
> Never before so beautiful, sank down
> Into my heart, and held me like a dream. (II, 170 ff.)

The reader of such passages may think of the cuckoo-bird in the "Solitary Reaper," breaking the silence of the seas among the farthest Hebrides. The association of water and song in *The Prelude* makes us inevitably see that picture at the end of a famous Wordsworth sonnet:

> Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
> Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

This constant association of poetry and water brings inevitably to our minds a memorable Wordsworth sentence: "For all good poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings." If one will not be too literal, one may see finally an association of poetry and water in Wordsworth's reference in *The Prelude* to the story of the poet Comates, told by Theocritus. In the land of Sicily with its political ups and downs, the liberal-minded Comates was imprisoned in a chest by the ruling tyrant. But to the chest bees brought their honey and fed Comates

> Because the Goatherd, blessed Man! had lips
> Wet with the Muses' Nectar. (X, 1027-8.)

Wordsworth remembered this story of Comates as he thought of Coleridge in Sicily living amid the basest of mankind in a society that was politically fallen. What will support Coleridge in such a Sicily will be, Wordsworth supposes, its pastoral landscape. A visitant, not an exile, Coleridge will stand

> by pastoral Arethuse
> Or, if that fountain be in truth no more,
> Then near some other Spring, which by the name
> Thou gratulatest, willingly deceived. . . . (X, 1034 ff.)

III

There is no need for literal comment on the general appropriateness of Wordsworth's symbolism—for saying exactly what poetry and imagination have to do with seas and fountains, with brooks and lakes, with vapours and mists. It would indeed seem obvious that there are enough qualities in the element of water to support all the suggestion Wordsworth would have it bear when we remember that here is something which has the power to move and sound; to freshen and make float; to wash and to cleanse; the power to reflect; to distort, to sparkle magically; the power to be free; and finally, the power to create that rhythm, which, however it comes into life, can moderate, soothe, and give pleasure. There is only one aspect of the appropriateness of Wordsworth's symbol which I would speak of. Wordsworth was impressed (and this made him a modern poet) with the substantial character of the thought process. Thought, he felt, was very much a matter of images—inescapably so, as the very symbolism we have been discussing evidences. For him as for an Emily Dickinson, thoughts were almost things which one might bump into in one's mind. He speaks in *The Prelude* of being happy in the "loveliness of imagery and thought" (VI, 79), showing in a phrase the close connection that existed for him between thought and substantial image. He would not separate sensation from reflection, the sensuous from the intellectual. The relation between natural imagery and thought was, he supposed, especially close, natural objects becoming thoughts almost without transformation. But all thoughts are shapes, for which one may feel passions. The mind holds beauty in itself as well as truth. While remembering the precise meaning Wordsworth gives to the word "imagination," we may say further that his entire conception of human thought should be described as "imaginative."

Now I think that water symbolism is particularly satisfactory and right in the representation of the best spiritual exercise for a poet who, like Blake in his time and like Yeats after him, resisted Platonic abstraction in favour of a more substantial psychology. For water suggests with its own solid body element the substantial character of thought. It further suggests by its own continual nearness to other bodies which it surrounds and enfolds, that inseparable union by which thought and thing possess each other. It is the very right image for describing the life of what Wordsworth calls, not the "over soul," but the "under soul" (III, 540), a soul exalted by an "under-presence" (XIII, 71), a soul which feels deep "under-thirst" (VI, 489).

Light imagery, if we may continue to speak in a literal way, would by no means do so well, for light suggests the absence of a sensuous element, and it further seems to imply, as water does not, a distance from objects. Now while it is true that Wordsworth does on occasion speak of imagination and poetic feeling in terms of light, he never seems to "hail holy light," and in fact he seems to have some objection to bright empyrean Miltonic light. He liked the shade which groves interposed between the heart of man and the uneasy world. Hours of emotion for him seem to have been at early morning or at evening, hours which had darkness still on them. On occasion he would associate light with bright social interiors and literary twaddle. On more important occasions he could identify light with Godwinian rationalism. Godwin tried to deny the right of the mind's images to be persuasive. He wanted the shapes of truth stripped and exposed under a kind of bright police light. There was to be only,

> One guide, the light of circumstances, flash'd
> Upon an independent intellect. (X, 829-30.)

Wordsworth followed Godwin awhile,

> Dragging all passions, notions, shapes of faith,
> Like culprits to the bar, suspiciously
> Calling the mind to establish in plain day
> Her titles and her honours. . . . (X, 890 ff.)

It was Coleridge and Dorothy who, as it were, bailed him out of this jail of the soul and gave him back his poetic spirit. And as Wordsworth tells at this turning-point in *The Prelude* of the part Dorothy in particular played in restoring his soul, the water imagery to be sure surges back into the poem:

> . . . then it was
> That the belovèd Woman in whose sight
> Those days were pass'd, now speaking in a voice
> Of sudden admonition, like a brook
> That did but cross a lonely road, and now
> Seen, heard and felt, and caught at every turn,
> Companion never lost through many a league,
> Maintained for me a saving intercourse
> With my true self. . . . (X, 908 ff.)

THE GREATEST ENGLISH NOVELIST

(*On the Occasion of the Bicentenary of* Clarissa, *1748*)

A. E. CARTER

RICHARDSON is the greatest English novelist, and the least read. The first part of that statement may arouse some surprise, but few people will disagree with the second. To the common reader, as he wanders vaguely in the stacks in search of some likely volume with which to pass the week-end, the substantial tomes of Richardson are a terrifying apparition. *The Works of Samuel Richardson:* the expanse of gilded leather occupies half a shelf. Is it a collection of novels or an encyclopaedia? The common reader is disconcerted. He sees three titles only, and *Pamela,* he notes, runs to four volumes, *Clarissa* to eight, *Grandison* to six. If he pulls one out, he finds that it is written in the form of letters. And what letters! As long, many of them, as an average short story. The letter form is little favoured nowadays, even when the letters are short, even when there is only one volume of them. The common reader puts the book back with a shudder. And unless, at some later date, he comes across a passing reference to Richardson in a volume of literary history, that is his first and last encounter with the author of *Clarissa.*

Anyone who attempts to minimize Richardson's defects is on dangerous ground; they are much too obvious to be ignored. His constant moralizing is very tiresome, and his incredible prolixity swamps the design of all his books except *Clarissa,* and even there disaster is only just avoided. Nor are such shortcomings accidental. They were inherent in his conception of the novel. Richardson's first publication was a guide to letter-writing, *Familiar Letters on Important Occasions.* Besides its practical use, this book had a moral purpose. "The following letters," says Richardson in the Preface, "are published . . . *to mend the heart and improve the understanding.*"[1] He never went beyond this idea; he only elaborated it, first in *Pamela,* later in *Clarissa* and *Grandison.* To mend the heart and improve the understanding was the principal end he had in view; and this preoccupation led him into some of the most unpleasant errors that have ever plagued a major novelist. It would be difficult to imagine a more fundamentally false morality than the argument of *Pamela* and *Grandison.* Pamela's modesty and Sir Charles' greatness of soul are amongst the outstanding cheats of literature; and we can see the source of a whole school of bathos in Clarissa's defiance of Lovelace when she holds a knife to her bosom, or in Miss Byron's struggles with the wicked Sir Hargrave Pollexfen. In addition, Richardson's books contain an unpleasant sort of pruriency, the sort of pruriency which seems inseparable from an undue insistance on physical chastity. The worst examples are probably in *Pamela,* where the scenes of Mr. B.'s attempts and finally of Pamela's wedding night are as suggestive as anything else in eighteenth-century literature.[2]

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[1] The italics are Richardson's own. *Familiar Letters on Important Occasions* (London, 1928), xxvii.

Besides the light they shed on his moral preoccupations, the *Familiar Letters* give us an interesting glimpse of Richardson's technique. He begins his characters as types—the roué, the young woman out at service, the bawd, the incensed father—and develops them by means of situations, each situation supplying the materials for a letter. It was no accident that he found the seeds of his three novels in his catalogue of epistolary models. Each novel bears the traces of its common conception as a didactic letter: type characters, development by situations, and moral purpose; and all three books are filled with episodes which detach themselves from the plot and serve as excuses for a moral dissertation. What to the average novelist is a *scène à faire* or an exposition, is to Richardson an excuse for a letter. Has a young woman been deserted by her lover? She will write him a letter. Is another young woman persecuted by her parents to marry against her will? She will discuss the dilemma in a letter. Does a man disapprove of his friend's plan for a second marriage? He will write him a letter. These letters are very well composed; they proceed by all the rules of introduction, exposition, and conclusion, and end with the customary compliments. Even at the height of passion and anxiety, Richardson's characters remember their epistolary manners, and the general conclusions of their letters, like the conclusions of the novels themselves, are always well calculated to "mend the heart and improve the understanding." Sometimes this method is conspicuously unsuccessful. In *Clarissa*, the story is strong enough to carry its didactic burden. But in *Grandison*, the account of Harriet Byron's love for Sir Charles is little more than an excuse for digressions, many of which might have been included in the *Familiar Letters* under such titles as "Advice to a young gentleman on the pernicious practice of duelling," "How to treat your dead father's mistress" (how would Richardson have phrased that?), "Explanations due to a lady when your affections are engaged elsewhere," etc. Sir Charles, the type of the ideal gentleman, rapidly ceases to be a character, or, rather, never becomes one; and not all Richardson's dexterity in creating fresh situations can quicken him. Each situation only shows us the same thing—a monumental humbug paralysed under the weight of his virtues. The method, in short, breaks down completely. The initial type into whom the novelist is to breathe the spark of life remains an abstraction, whose superhuman fatuity is merely heightened by each new trial he undergoes.

Fortunately, this is not the case with all Richardson's characters. As Aldous Huxley once pointed out, it is futile to apply the adjective "greatest" in any sense at all. But if Richardson deserves it, it is because of his power as a psychologist. In this respect he has no rivals amongst English novelists and very few abroad. His prolixity conceals an almost incredible knowledge of the human mind. "Conceals" is not the right word. Rather, this prolixity is directly the result of his power as a psychologist. He saw so much when he examined his characters that he could not ignore it. Without being prolix, he would not have displayed completely his talents for analysis.

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[2] Mario Praz, in *The Romantic Agony* (London, 1933), chap. III, has pointed out the sexual cruelty which lies hidden in *Pamela* and especially in *Clarissa*, and which makes such books forerunners of most of the erotic romances of the eighteenth century, including the novels of the Marquis de Sade. Richardson's lingering descriptions of persecuted virgins (Pamela with Mr. B., Clarissa with Lovelace, Harriet Byron with Sir Hargrave) are suspect, to say the least.

As an illustration of this, compare the duel in *Clarissa* with the duel in Choderlos de Laclos's novel, *Les Liaisons dangereuses*—a parallel situation. Madame de Merteuil, to avenge herself on Valmont, betrays his double-dealing to Danceny. We have a short note from Danceny demanding satisfaction, and then an announcement of Valmont's death—in all, three pages. In *Clarissa* there are no less than seventeen pages from the time Lovelace sends his challenge to Colonel Morden until Belford hears of his friend's death.[3] *Les Liaisons* is certainly the more elegant of the two books, the clearer, the easier to read. But Richardson's leisurely method enables him to add the final touches to Lovelace's character. And this is why Richardson's letters, so guileless in appearance, conceal a consummate artistry. He builds up his great portraits by a countless number of minute touches. By the time he is through with a character, we have seen it in so many different lights that we know it thoroughly. The letter-form, in some ways so easy, presented difficulties: each letter required a new situation, or at least the development of an old one. And the problem of keeping a character consistent through these various situations was no small one. In attempting to solve it in *Grandison*, Richardson made his hero hopelessly wooden; and the difficulties in the case of Lovelace were even greater, since while Sir Charles is never tempted by vice, Lovelace definitely is by virtue. Yet the result is completely successful. As a portrait Lovelace is so good, and his creator shows such astonishing knowledge of his mind and the workings of his heart, that one wonders, reading his letters, just how much of Richardson is contained in this character. Did the priggish little printer envy secretly the unbridled licentiousness of the lords whose doings he could observe in the streets of eighteenth-century London? Did he admire, in spite of himself, their egoism, their tranquil self-assurance, their contempt for all law and all restraint? It is surprising that the psychiatrists have not looked into this problem. Lovelace, like Hamlet and Don Quixote and Don Juan, rises above his age and his creator: he is an unconscious, perhaps an unwilling, tribute that men of all ages pay to complete spiritual and moral emancipation. Like Cleopatra, he has infinite variety; we see him from all angles—at Harlowe Place, wandering amongst the shrubbery, at the inn with Clarissa on the road to London, at Mrs. Sinclair's (a double situation there, since he is one thing to Clarissa and another to the women below stairs), at the evening party with his friends, at Mrs. Moore's at Hampstead, at Lord M.'s, surrounded by censorious relatives, at Colonel

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[3] *Clarissa*, VIII, 260-77. Quotations throughout this article are taken from the Shakespeare Head Press edition of Richardson's novels (Oxford, 1930).

Ambrose's—and each situation brings out some new trait of that brilliant personality, which has all the unexpected diversity of life itself. We can understand why Richardson, like Milton after *Paradise Lost*, was a little appalled by the success of his Satan. *Grandison* is his *Paradise Regained*, an effort to redress the balance. And like *Paradise Regained*, it is a failure. There is no conflict, and consequently no interest.

Yet Lovelace is only the crowning achievement of Richardson's portrait gallery. Clarissa would rival him if the conclusion of her story, with its morbid insistence on death and suffering, did not obscure her in a white-nightgowned apotheosis. As a character, she probably explains why Richardson's greatest novel is little read today. A woman of eighteen who dies of a broken heart because she has been seduced, and spends her last days composing a volume of letters and post-mortem directions with her coffin for writing desk, is a rare bird indeed in twentieth-century fiction; so rare as to be incredible. And Richardson plainly considered that this lugubrious ending was a suitable crown to the other virtues of his heroine. We can hardly be blamed if we find Miss Harlowe too much of a good thing. Lovelace, in his vice, has hesitations, but Clarissa's virtue never wavers. Not that she is a mere plaster abstraction. Her resistance to her family, her independence of judgment, and her refusal to take any road but the one she herself knows to be right: all this is admirable, and for the first seven hundred thousand words we are ready to admire. And yet. . . . Have we grown so used to abandoned heroines that we cannot understand a chaste one? Whatever the reason, the modern reader of *Clarissa* will always consider that if Miss Harlowe so successfully resisted the attempts of "the vilest of men" it was because she was never really tempted. Richardson even goes to the trouble of explaining that such was the case. She had a certain regard for Lovelace, but it was never strong enough to make her prefer him to a single life.[4] What enraged Lovelace most was the knowledge that she had only put herself in his power because she could not help it, and that, had her family agreed to let her live unmarried, she would have been happy never to see him again. Clarissa's virtue is never in danger—from herself; Richardson has created her in such a way that it could not be.

It must be admitted that this is an unsatisfactory sort of character in the heroine of a novel. William Lyon Phelps considers that Clarissa is quite consistent and quite suitable as a realistic heroine, and that Lovelace is unbelievable, a hero of romance.[5] It would be possible to argue just the contrary. Something very like Lovelace certainly existed around 1750—indeed at any time after the Restoration. The novels and memoirs of the time are there to prove it. From what we know of Rochester, Saxe, Wharton, and the Maréchal de Richelieu, it is possible to accept Lovelace as a realistic portrait of a rake, as well as another manifestation of the eternal Don Juan. Clarissa, much more than he, is a character of romance. There is something almost legendary, almost epic about her; she is a Christian Lucretia, who trusts to God instead of to suicide to wipe out the stain of her rape. But even if we admit her possibility, even if we accept her as Richardson presents her, she is still, from the technical standpoint, unsatisfactory. Her virtue is too supreme to allow the novel, as a psychological study, to reach its full development. The possibilities of spiritual conflict are singularly reduced; the story becomes a kind of allegory, a struggle between two principles—of good, labelled Clarissa, and of evil, labelled Lovelace. Clarissa, as a character, suffers from the same defect as Sir Charles. She has too much rigid perfection. Both recall the heroes of Corneille's later plays. Richardson's method, in fact, resembles Corneille's in a number of ways. Like the tragic poet, he creates characters so perfect that whatever their trials, we know that they will be victorious. The only conflict possible is a conflict of situation. In *Clarissa*, the situation (thanks to the vulnerable position of eighteenth-century woman, always in danger of what was euphemistically called "ruin") is sufficiently dangerous to provide excitement. But in *Grandison* there is no conflict even of situation, because the hero is too strong to be overcome—by anything. Whether Sir Charles consents to face Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, or explains himself to Miss Byron, or withstands the Della Porretta family, or encounters a highwayman, makes little difference to us: we know that he will emerge with enhanced lustre. Our attention is limited to finding out what means he will use. But Clarissa, menaced, assailable, surrounded by enemies, her virtue in hourly jeopardy, is, despite her unbelievable perfections, sufficiently interesting to keep us reading. The criticism, however, remains: if she were less perfect, we would accept her more readily. It is not that we expect her to indulge in an intrigue with Lovelace; this would destroy her consistency completely. But her inhuman superiority to every sort of desire makes her too much like a marble *pietà*. She knows nothing of the passions that ravage Jane Eyre or even Pamela. The little serving wench, as a character, is more interesting than the young lady. She defends her virtue in spite of her passion for Mr. B. Clarissa's regard for Lovelace was always too lukewarm to be dangerous; she is more symbol than woman. "Who would have thought that there had been such a woman in the world?" writes Lovelace.[6] The reader often finds himself asking the same question.

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[4] "It was not intended that she should be *in Love*, but *in Liking* only, if that expression may be admitted. It is meant to be every-where inculcated in the Story, for *Example-sake*, that she never would have married Mr. Lovelace, because of his immoralities, had she been left to herself; and that her ruin was principally owing to the persecutions of her friends." *Ibid.*, VIII, 320.

[5] In his introduction to the Everyman edition of *Clarissa*, xi.

This taste for abstract perfection might, in more favourable circumstances, have been Richardson's ruin. One shudders to think of what novels he would have written had he lived a century later. It was his good fortune (although he certainly never realized it) to live in a plain-spoken age, before the reticences of Victorian prudery. None of his young ladies are prudes. The Richardsonian heroine, however sheltered, knows the world; her mind has been nourished on a tough and solid literature—

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[6] *Clarissa*, V, 357.

Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope. She knows her Bible, not as a Sunday duty, but as a commentary on human wickedness. Clarissa can not only quote a text, but utilize it; it was her knowledge of the Old Testament that made her "an observer of eyes" and led her to distrust Mrs. Sinclair. Pamela, Miss Byron, Miss Howe, Charlotte Grandison, and Clarissa herself speak out upon occasion in unmeasured language. Their words and expressions, their knowledge of the issues at stake in the battle of the sexes, are enlightened in the extreme.

These characters are presented with wonderful skill. Richardson's powers of characterization, besides his skill as a psychologist, place him in the very highest rank of novelists. Each one of his correspondents has a distinct style, appropriate to his or her personality. We can tell Clarissa's letters from Miss Howe's or Harriet Byron's, and Lovelace's from Belford's. Nor did Richardson always need two or three hundred thousand words to achieve his results. He was most at ease, doubtless, when he had unlimited space; but he can create a character for us in a few lines, and many of his minor personages are amongst his best. Clarissa's mother, Lord M., Mrs. Hodges, Elias Brand, Lord W.: some of these creatures only appear once or twice, yet all are distinct and alive. Richardson owes much to the letter form, which enables his people to speak out with an immediacy impossible to a more objective technique. Yet his virtuosity is such that he can play infinite variations on the method. His characters not only reveal themselves, they also reveal one another. We see Lovelace through Clarissa's and Miss Howe's eyes as well as through his own, and each glimpse adds to the vitality of his portrait. The same may be said of Clarissa herself. Nor are these Richardson's only resources. He is also an incomparable master of scene-painting. Many of his finest passages describe situations which, were the pronoun "I" removed, would read quite objectively. Magnificent examples of this are Pamela's interview with Lady Davers, Sir Charles's visit to Lord W.'s housekeeper, Harriet's account of the company at her uncle Selby's, and Miss Howe's description of the visit Lovelace pays to Colonel Ambrose. All these display great penetration of human behaviour, mixed often with a good deal of humour. For Richardson, all opinions to the contrary notwithstanding, was far from destitute of this quality. His method is not always analytic; he can use picturesque detail with wonderful effect. Sir Charles's interview with Sir Harry and Lady Beauchamp is a good example of this:

> You will allow me, Sir Harry, said I, to address myself in my own way to my Lady. . . .
>
> She is coming! She is coming! interrupted he. We are all in pieces: We were in the midst of a feud, when you arrived. If she is not civil to you—
>
> In swam the Lady; her complexion raised; displeasure in her looks to me, and indignation in her air to Sir Harry; as if they had not had their contention out, and she was ready to renew it.
>
> With as obliging an air as I could assume, I paid my compliments to her.

> She received them with great stiffness; swelling at Sir Harry: Who sidled to the door, in a moody and sullen manner; and then slipt out.[7]

Excellent, too, are Clarissa's disputes with her sister Arabella:

> My sister is but this moment gone from me: she came up, all in a flame, which obliged me abruptly to lay down my pen: she ran to me:
>
> O spirit! said she; tapping my neck a little *too* hard. And is it come to this at last!
>
> Do you beat me, Bella?
>
> Do you call this beating you? Only tapping your shoulder *thus*, said she; tapping again more gently. This is what we *expected* it would come to. You want to be independent; my father has lived too long for you!
>
> I was going to speak with vehemence; but she put her handkerchief before my mouth, very rudely. You have done enough with your pen, mean listener, as you are! But, *know*, that neither your independent scheme, nor any of your visiting ones, will be granted you. . . .
>
> Thus she ran on, almost foaming with passion, till, quite out of patience, I said, No more of your violence, Bella, had I known in what a way you designed to come up, you should not have found my chamber door open. . . . And let me tell you, that I won't go to-morrow, nor next day, nor next day to that—except I am dragged away by violence.
>
> What! not if your father or your mother command it—*girl?* said she; intending another word, by her pause and manner, before it came out.[8]

The characters of the two women are revealed with extreme skill. Arabella is a study of the long-standing envy which so often festers beneath the surface of family life. She recalls Balzac's Cousine Bette, and the comparison is not disadvantageous to Richardson. And scattered throughout his bulky volumes are countless observations of human conduct which bear eloquent witness to his insight. We read on, through a mass of print; and in our distraction we fail to note that the innumerable details presented to us are precisely those necessary to illuminate motives and character, or to paint a scene. Richardson's wordiness, at least when he is occupied with his personages and not with pointing a moral lesson, is seldom irrelevant. Few novelists have possessed his richness of invention, and few indeed have undertaken so much with such uniformly successful results. Aside from Sir Charles, not many of Richardson's characterizations are failures. Of how many novelists could this be said? Perhaps only of Tolstoy; and such a comparison is sufficient in itself to show the greatness of Richardson's genius.

English fiction has often been blamed for its taste in moral abstractions and its refusal to allow its characters to act out their stories without intervention by the author. There are outstanding examples of both these blemishes in Richardson. He considered himself a moralist first and a novelist afterwards; and without the moral preoccupation it is pretty certain that he would never have written a line. When, therefore, we take up one of his books, we have an initial struggle with its verbosity and a succeeding and even more difficult struggle with its moral tone. It is true, indeed, that much of our disapproval of the moral tone comes from our Romantic taste for absolutes. Romanticism has taught us that "beaucoup

[7] *Grandison*, III, 254.

[8] *Clarissa*, II, 46-7.

sera pardonné à qui a beaucoup aimé"; and we pronounce false a love capable of any calculation whatsoever. We all admire Anna Karenina and the Chevalier des Grieux without thinking for a moment what a damnable nuisance their conduct would be outside the covers of a novel. All for love and the world well lost is an established modern credo—at least in literature. Richardson's morality is strictly common-sense, like most eighteenth-century morality. The moral lesson of *Pamela* boils down to little more than that a girl should hold out for the wedding-bells. How feeble by comparison with the glorious destructiveness of a *grande passion!* Yet it must be confessed that this earthy code, which has its touch of cynicism, is more practical in the long run than its opposite—even in the twentieth century, as certain army songs of the late war were at pains to tell us. Richardson knew his world; it makes his novels rather unexciting at times; but rather than present a false picture of social conventions whose power he understood too well ever to ignore, he preferred to be unexciting.

A more serious defect, at least from the contemporary viewpoint, is his prolixity. It even worried *him* a little, and he has left us both a criticism of his method and its excuse: "The Nature of Familiar Letters," he says, "written, as it were, to the *Moment*, while the Heart is agitated by Hopes and Fears, on Events undecided, must plead an Excuse for the *Bulk* of a Collection of this Kind. Mere Facts and Characters might have been comprised in a much smaller Compass: But, would they have been equally interesting?"[9] Precisely. Richardson could only visualize his characters in the light of immediate action, talking, reasoning, suffering, and then, big with experience, flying to the writing table for delivery. No triviality is left undescribed and no moral stone unturned. The results are novels which run from five hundred thousand to a million words.[10] But suppose we imagine them cut down. Richardson was right: they would certainly be less interesting. And of one thing we may be sure: if Richardson *had* cut them down, he would certainly not have shortened the moral disquisitions. His books must be taken as he left them, infinitely slow analyses of the human heart. On this ground he is seldom, very seldom, at fault. Few novelists have possessed such a prodigious talent for characterization, none have more subtly understood the human mind, or expressed the knowledge with greater clarity. Surely such qualities as these demand the highest honours. If one had to choose an English novel to set against the masterpieces of world fiction—against *War and Peace*, *Eugénie Grandet*, *Madame Bovary*, *The Brothers Karamazov*—one could not hesitate long. Two choices only could be made. They would depend, doubtless, as all choices do, on personal taste. One would be *Tom Jones*, with its superb picture of its age, its inexhaustible lust for experience, its freedom, and its Gargantuan joy; and the other would be *Clarissa*.

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[9] *Grandison*, I, ix.

[10] The figures are, approximately, *Pamela*, 500,000; *Clarissa*, 1,000,000; *Grandison*, 800,000. Richardson's novels surpass nearly all others in length. *Madame Bovary* has a mere 150,000 words; *Tom Jones*, 180,000; *Anna Karenina*, 200,000; *La Chartreuse de Parme*, 210,000; *The Possessed*, 320,000.

LETTERS IN CANADA: 1947

PART II

VI. FRENCH-CANADIAN LETTERS

W. E. COLLIN

Father Richard Arès has published the third volume of his long work, *Notre Question nationale*. Here he deals with "patriotic and national positions." The last chapter is perhaps the most interesting, for the light it throws on recent schools of thought. In the twentieth century, says Father Arès, French Canadians have made an unprecedented effort to give themselves a coherent and logical "national" doctrine and formulate their ideal of survival. There are two groups of writers and orators: the first, whose champion was Bourassa, put Canada first; the second group bases its doctrine on the fact of the existence of a French-Canadian "nation." This "nationalism," Canon Groulx would say, antedates Confederation; it plunges its roots into the past. It is an expression of the will of the French-Canadian people to free themselves more and more from English tutelage and to expand a French-Canadian social and political order. And M. Minville after him will say: our contribution to the creation of a Canadian nation will be Catholic and French in spirit or none at all.

As usual, a good deal of the literature published this year is patently Catholic, some of it the direct result of the Marian Congress held last summer at Ottawa. It includes (to enumerate themes in books to be mentioned in this section and the next): histories of Catholic orders and missions, Catholic sociology, Catholic poetry; certain novels, even, are merely attempts to criticize life with the aid of Catholic theses. We are passing through a constellation of centenaries of religious orders in Quebec. The Brothers of the Christian Schools arrived in 1837; the Oblate Fathers in 1841; 1841 was the date of the founding of the Community of the Sisters of Jesus and Mary at Longueuil; 1846 saw the establishment of the Brothers of the Sacred Heart, and 1847 that of the Clerics of St. Viator at Joliette; in 1846 the Abbé Laflèche and Father Taché went west to found missions in Keewatin. The history of one of the latter, Ile à la Crosse, is told by Father Lesage, himself a missionary, in *Capitale d'une solitude*. It is a story of privations, long journeys on snow-shoes or dog-sleds, frozen hands and feet, drownings, fires, famine, loneliness, and disappointment. The school, we believe, has lately been taken over by the Board of Education. Some of these heroes of the faith left their mark on literary history. Mgr Taché is remembered for his *Vingt Années de missions*, and the Abbé Laflèche (sometimes called the Chrysostom of Canada) for his *Considérations* in which he expounded the doctrine of the providential mission of the French-Canadian people in America. The story of how Father Le Goff composed his grammar of the Montagnais language with the aid of an Indian squaw is one of the amusing incidents in the book. Another missionary, Father

Rossignol, translated the catechism into Cree and published a series of articles on the customs and beliefs of that tribe.

A century ago Bishop Bourget, faced with the problem of providing his diocese with Catholic schools and having neither money, nor teachers, nor text-books, invited religious congregations from France. Many came, took root, and produced generations of teachers. One of them, the Institute of St. Viator, settled at Joliette, a village named after the lumber magnate and benefactor, B. Joliette. These teaching brothers worked at Berthier, Chambly, and at Montreal where they founded a school for deaf-mutes. Then they established more distant missions at Baker City, Vancouver, and at Bourbonnais near Chicago. The story of the first fifty years of the Institute (1847-97), of the first Canadian superior, Father Champagneur, and of the labours of the brothers is told by one of them, Brother Antoine Bernard, in *Les Clercs de Saint-Viateur au Canada* and *Vie du Père Champagneur*. We have a wider view of Roman Catholic missionary effort in Father J.-E. Champagne's *Manuel d'action missionnaire*. The author casts a glance at Canadian missions, but the particular significance of the work lies elsewhere. Missionary effort, in the author's sense of the term, is the founding and establishing of particular churches among non-Catholics. He comments on Protestantism in Canada, Protestant prejudices, accusations, and objections, and outlines Catholic methods of combatting them. There are, he indicates, two agencies of written propaganda: the "Narbeth" service which supplies articles on current topics to be placed by "apostles" in non-Catholic newspapers, and the "Pro Deo" organization which furnishes special articles and pamphlets on after-war problems. "Let us be the *first* and the *best* writers on questions of the hour," is the author's exhortation. Oral propaganda includes street-preaching, forums, round table conferences, lectures, films, centres of information, and radio programmes such as "The Catholic Hour." Some notion of what "apostleship" means may be obtained from *La L.O.C. canadienne*, which is the manual of a particular movement, the Catholic Workers' League. In the first part the authors discuss the situation of the worker's family: wages, house, female labour, health, lack of education, etc. The other two parts are entitled "La mystique lociste" and "La technique lociste." In the specialized movements of Catholic action "*technique* is body, structure, method, organization; *mystique*, on the other hand, is soul, the living ideal which animates it, moves it, inflames it, sweeps it toward spiritual conquests."

The Semaine Sociale has been called an ambulatory institution of Catholic sociology. Its annual reports now number twenty-four. In her dissertation, *The Social Thought of French Canada as reflected in the Semaine Sociale*, Sister Marie Agnes of Rome Gaudreau observes certain principles in these reports. We shall cite some, in the author's own words: co-operation is Christian charity; the aim of the Catholic labour unions is to establish social peace and justice and to awaken a reverence for moral worth, in a word, to emphasize spiritual values; one characteristic of the Catholic syndicate is the presence of a chaplain at its meetings and the expression of his opinion in the various decisions; "colonization" should be a permanent and "national" institution; the Catholic majority concedes to the non-Catholic minority absolute authority over its school system; all down their history French Canadians have been thundering against secular schools; the French-Canadian *élite* is intent on keeping intact the elegant French speech of the clergy, the legal profession, and the journalist; the Semaine Sociale preceded *Divini redemptoris* in expounding the pernicious tenets of Communism; the disciples of the Semaine Sociale are convinced that their Catholic and French civilization is superior to that of their neighbours and that while more human it is also more divine.

The topic discussed at the twenty-fourth session of the Semaine Sociale, held at Rimouski, was rural life. We learn from the report that Quebec has become the least agricultural province in the country, a third of the population living in Montreal. Statesmen, churchmen, and professors, alarmed at the situation, preach the same lesson: if French Canadians wish to assure their separate existence they must stay on the land. If they leave the land they are ruined. In French Canada, we are informed, agriculture is a way of life rather than a means of life. The family kind of agriculture is what should be preserved; it is better than speculative or industrial farming. But it needs support, technical and scientific. Lands must be made available for "colonization."

A professor who has always focussed the attention of students on the economic aspect of Quebec nationalism is M. Montpetit. Thirty years ago he enunciated the principle: "The national question is largely an economic question." Here again Catholic doctrine is the basis of all his discussion. One of his disciples, Professor Firmin Létourneau, begins his *Cours d'économie politique* with a memory of M. Montpetit's first class in political economy and ends it with a summary of the three encyclicals which are the sources of Catholic economic doctrine.

Precise data on the history of the Confederation of the Catholic Workers of Canada, its doctrinal principles and its post-war programme, may be found in Dr. Jean-Pierre Després' book on the labour movement in Canada, *Le Mouvement ouvrier canadien.* The Catholic syndicalist movement dates back to 1901 and the famous strike of workers in the shoe industry. On that occasion the workers were advised by Mgr Bégin to revise their constitution in the light of the teaching of the encyclical *Rerum novarum.* In 1918 the movement was placed upon national and Catholic bases: a constitution to be approved by the diocesan authorities, the presence of a chaplain at meetings, active membership to be exclusively Catholic, study circles to be organized. Finally the unions were grouped into a central council with the founding of the Confederation of the Catholic Workers of Canada at Hull in 1921. Dr. Després at present occupies an important post in the International Labour Office at Geneva. In another work, *Le*

Canada et l'Organisation internationale du Travail, he studies the problems raised by Canada's participation in the International Labour Organization. "Canada, an international power, has economic and social responsibilities towards other nations as well as toward her own people." During the last war the International Labour Office was transferred from Geneva to Montreal, an event which left some impression on this country: the government profited by its technical collaboration; professional associations invited its representatives to their congresses; some universities invited its specialists to give lectures; its publications have a much larger circulation in Canada than formerly; its activities are better known to the public, and some provinces sent delegates to the 1945 session, held in Paris.

II

We turn now to works of prose fiction: short stories, fictional autobiographies, and novels. *Enthousiasme* is a collection of stories in Michelle Le Normand's usual wholesome, Daudetesque manner. *Contes canadiens*, by Hervé de Saint-Georges, are human stories, well written and gentle, although only one of them has a happy ending. Charles-E. Harpe, weighted as he is with racial prejudice, can still make his fiction artistically attractive. His *Le Jongleur aux étoiles* contains several poems, but in the main it is a collection of prose idylls. It smacks of the soil: French blood, Roman faith, family crafts, age-old traditions, and folk-songs. It is *paysannerie* comprehended in terms of popular celebrations. The special note is the association of Canadian folk-customs with those of Brittany. The procession of Acadian villagers headed by the priest who blesses homes, fields, and sea is a kind of Breton *pardon;* the pilgrimage to St. Anne de Beaupré is another pilgrimage to Lourdes. A woodcarver who carves madonnas to sell to tourists is in love with Marion who, for her wedding, demands a crown of twelve stars like the crown on Murillo's Virgin. So Robin carves and polishes twelve madonnas and gives them to twelve invalids in the village. The story of the refugee girl from Brittany brings the Breton folk element once more into close intimacy with the Canadian.

An interesting kind of fiction, partly because of its honourable history, is feigned autobiography. Paul de Martigny's *Les Mémoires d'un garnement* is an example. M. Martigny's style in his earlier books was that of an enthusiastic newspaper man. And although he has not lost his craving for excitement, the writing in this book is almost classical in its sobriety and simplicity. A small boy, a good-for-nothing little scamp, tells us about the scrapes he got into, about his father, a doctor whose powders were deadly, about Mélie and her cookies, about his boyish desire to go to sea in the three-masters that tied up in the harbour. There is a slightly satirical intention in the book, a wistful note in the picture of this fishing village with its village types—the clockmaker, the ship's chandler, the tailor, and old man Joly, celebrated for his sea boots—and there is, too, the humorous intention. But, underneath, there is a boy's disgust with commonplace village existence, camouflaged under the author's art of self-caricature, and a deep yearning to escape into a larger world, full of excitement, fantastic adventure, and fabulous wealth. That is the meaning of the best story in the book, told to the boy by a ship's master, of a wrecked Spanish galleon lying under the waters of the St. Lawrence.

Pierre Baillargeon's *Les Médisances de Claude Perrin* (1945) was an autobiography. We learn from the author's new work, *Commerce*, that Claude Perrin kept a bookshop on St. Denis Street, Montreal, where his friends, Louis Francœur, Roch Laragne, and others would come to enjoy his conversation; but there is much of M. Baillargeon in Claude Perrin. We have said that M. Baillargeon is a compound of moralist and aesthete. His aim is perfection. His literary effort consists in finding literary forms for his ideas of people and society and he finds these perfect forms in the moralists and memorialists of the seventeenth century. His ideal is Cardinal de Retz, whom he admires for his rare penetration into human psychology, his unusual ability to portray in a few simple phrases the leading characters of his day, and his disdain for his contemporaries, in which he showed himself superior to the age in which he lived. M. Baillargeon brings out the last consequences of the art of the classical memorialist of depicting persons by their main characteristics; he reduces a character to its simplest expression—"a simple character moves us"—and sees it in a statuesque pose, in a routine act. He is repelled by the complicated characters he finds in modern novels. But if his portrait is simple, it often has the simplicity of a pun—which he abuses. He poses a character in order to penetrate him with his ultra-refined wit. This author is a master of the aphorism, a most necessary art in a refined society.

M. Jean Simard is a young writer who has made a brilliant *début* with his Charlie McCarthy-like puppet, Félix. M. Simard is also a painter. His sketches are an integral part of his book. As Alain Grandbois has said, "he has studied the draughtsmanship of writing." In *Félix* the adult mind of an artist invests a boy's feelings with the brilliant forms of satirical art. A story of childhood and adolescence in Quebec, *Félix* is a satire on modern youth as well as a satire on the customs, routines, fetiches, and foibles that compose the gray atmosphere of conformism in the province. "One must exercise great precaution in climbing one's genealogical tree: for one never knows whether, on one of the branches, one may come upon a monkey or a man who has been hanged. . . . For Félix, it is quite clear: that he was a descendant of La Vérendrye, he never doubted. M. Pierre-Georges Roy, provincial archivist, assured him of it; besides, it flattered his vanity." "In a two-horse carriage Félix was taken to Church for the ceremony of baptism. His choice, at the age of three days, fell upon the Catholic religion." "At seven, after several weeks of high-pressure religious instruction, Félix was confirmed." He was a terrible child. With admirable patience, his mother made him recite his lessons. "It was a tragic spectacle: Félix fought against learning with the energy of despair. He had a horror of memorizing the catechism, the multiplication tables and spelling. Never in his life would he know the exact number of the theological virtues, Church commandments, or the deadly sins." One of his teachers was ugly beyond words. "His cassock had a greenish cast, covered with soup stains and dandruff. Because of his stammering and his wide-set teeth he bespattered as he spoke the boys who happened to be within range. His Greek lesson was a boring and interminable hour that Félix and his companions passed in sleep or despair." "For smoking forbidden cigarettes, for having been seen coming out of a cinema and, above all, for having transgressed the fixed bounds of idleness, Félix found himself ushered out of school in his native town." As for his love affair with Martine, it has been "marvellously analysed" in that chapter of *Le Rouge et le noir* dealing with the relations between Julien and Mlle de la Mole. "Félix is a romantic and believes he is disillusioned. He felt the need of analysing himself; like those who cannot pass a mirror without casting a complacent or disdainful glance at themselves." And that is perhaps the key to M. Simard's art, which is a mixture of Stendhal's analytic and cynical spirit, Voltaire's intellectual lucidity, and the ironical laughter of Anatole France. Schooled in the moralists, he belongs to the same category as M. Baillargeon, from whom he is distinguished by his laughter.

A more complex kind of autobiography is François Hertel's *Journal d'Anatole Laplante*. M. Hertel is an imp who has the power to split his personality and create two characters: Lepic and Laplante. Lepic, the romantic, fanciful part of him, he has dismissed to the other side of the world so that Laplante can seriously face the current problems. Laplante's journal, then, is a series of analyses of his conscience as he grows up into maturity, although he remarks, in his customary paradoxical style, "I was born about thirty." Hertel speaks of plunging into the interior of himself, free of the bonds of reasoning reason. His new-found respect for the subconscious—earlier he considered it vile—leads him to distinguish between incarnate thought and reflection (here he winks to Claudel, Brémond, and Newman), it leads him to consider mystical and poetic states, to speak of ecstasy in terms of the subconscious. His panegyric on incarnate thought closes with this sentence: "Let thought live then unified like a film, multiple as it is, woven of fugitive illations, developing itself in a vast sinusoid with its outcroppings of full consciousness but replunging itself unceasingly into its own ocean bosom, creating itself and reproducing itself *ad infinitum* out of its own substance in perpetual fusion." The human person is the geometric centre of thought. Because there are persons there are truths. Let a ray flash out of a person and a lighthouse is lighted which tries to illumine a corner of the world and that is what we call a thinker (here a wink at Baudelaire's lighthouses). The mystery of this world is a mystery of union. All persons ought to be united in God. The perfect union of man to man in God: that is heaven. With his ear always to the ground, Hertel must needs mention existentialism. The existential *par excellence*, he says, is God. "I feel that a philosophy of the existential ought first of all to take account of God." M. Hertel is not a philosopher in the strict sense, although he discourses on the three great philosophic themes: the ego, the world, and God. His personalist philosophy, with its mistrust of the reasoning faculty and its praise of the inner thinking life, could grip us if we felt it was a deep experience with him. The tantalizing aspect of this amusing author is that while he ruffles the surface of deep things, like a swallow creating exciting flashes of colour, he consistently refuses to plumb the depths.

In *Fausse monnaie* Ringuet has chosen to study a typical contemporary mode of deliverance from everyday reality: a week-end in the Laurentians. This tragic ironist knows that his young people are cogs in the mechanism of industrial life and escape is only a momentary illusion. Ringuet's realism is not the strong note here, although the last two chapters are impressive in their precise veracity. Nor are the elements he uses to portray the modernity of his characters anything but sketchy. The most subtle art he displays here is to be seen in his portraiture of the imaginative escape of his chief character, Suzanne. First of all, he represents it as an escape from one personality into another, a change from one self into another self, and he shows it as a progressive change taking place under the spell of the mountains. During the ascent from Montreal to the chalet and during the climb to the summit of the neighbouring mountain, Suzanne puts off her city self—the selfish, haughty Suzanne is left at the foot of the mountain like a superb elegant dress henceforth useless—and, at the top, in the magical world of nature, she puts on her childhood self and becomes a girl of free imagination and spontaneous emotions. She takes André to her lookout and shows him the mountain tops, which she had christened the Bear, the Cubs, the Beavers, the Pony, her menagerie, as she says. And André, too, the commonplace Don Juan, is magically metamorphosed. "A new certitude descended upon him. That which previously had given him pleasure and occupied his hours—nothing of that seemed worthy of him because nothing of it was worthy of her." They are children again, playing houses and menagerie. But the temporarily recaptured world of childhood is an illusion because something rings false in their souls. Selfish, proud Suzanne cannot give herself to André and André cannot take advantage of Suzanne's secret. So the inverse process begins. Eventually their souls are once again taken into the bosom of the city. Suzanne, André, and the rest of them become cogs again, as they are in reality. Master of the art of objective correlatives, Ringuet pictures night falling upon the mountains. It starts to rain. Suzanne complains of the cold. As they drive down to Montreal, the slippery wet pavement is a river of life, the night around them becomes blacker, the atmosphere more and more charged with apprehension, which reaches tragic culmination when the procession of cars is brought to a halt and the author draws a blanket over the body of a man killed in a collision. This stream of humanity is returning joyless to face a six-day working week with the prospect of a brief escape again at the end. Suzanne takes the wheel and drives in silence, she herself a silent cog in the mechanism. "In a few minutes she would be home among her records, her pictures, her trinkets . . . among all those things to which she belonged by her own free choice, because she had found them worthy of her; worthy of her taste, her beauty, her intelligence. Worthy of her perfection, in short, of which she was certain." Between her and André there is a chasm. He also has become himself again. We last hear of him making a date with one of the other girls, with Charlotte, who was to have been his companion on the excursion. One of Ringuet's group speaks in English; the others are bilingual. The French of his book is such that the Canadianisms are printed in italics.

Madame Guèvremont's new book, on the other hand, may appear to have a French-Canadian and "nationalist" rather than a universal significance: the survival of the race. But *Marie-Didace* is much more than a thesis novel. French-Canadian to its very roots, it is a beautiful and touching story of the mystery of humble destinies, interpreted in terms of family and parish, but also interfused with the greater mystery of nature. To feel this, however, you have to read the book. Let us turn to the emotional tensions in these simple hearts. Survenant has come and gone. He had turned the women's heads, especially Angéline's. All the misfortunes that have happened since are attributed to his intrusion into the parish and into their lives; a stranger must not intrude into the parish. The ghost of Survenant, as it were, moves mysteriously through the whole story. Old Didace has taken another wife, l'Acayenne, another intruder. She causes jealousy among the women because she appears to have some knowledge of Survenant. But she causes most concern to the son and his wife, Amable and Phonsine, who want to know how Didace has settled the estate with the lawyer. Didace is a patriarch, a seignior, and a great hunter. A symbol of the French-Canadian way of life, the one thing that concerns him is the survival of the Beauchemin race, whose portraits hang on the walls; his desire is to see a worthy son carry on the family name. But his son Amable is a weakling. When he learns that his daughter-in-law, Phonsine, is pregnant all his interest is in the young Beauchemin she is bearing. We see him mending the ancient cradle he had brought down from the attic. Marie-Didace is the last remaining hope of the Beauchemin family. Didace, l'Acayenne, Amable—they all die. There is no one to do the chores. All the parish come to help: the parish has precedence over the individual.

III

Turning to the poets, it is a pleasure to report two interesting discoveries: a mystic and a symbolist. Religious poets are in the ascendant and we shall speak of them first. M. Roger Brien has recently published two more long poems. One, in thirty parts, is entitled *Cythère*. In a vision he was transported to Cythera. What poet has not embarked for Cythera, the island of love? There, among the splendours of the island, he was received by the goddess in her palace. Returning to the world of men, it was revealed to him that humanity's voyage to love, which is the ruling principle of the universe, is directed by the Virgin to the shores of eternity. Love, beauty, music, all the perfections that Cythera represents to poets' eyes and ears, are to be found in Christ. So, by way of pagan thought, M. Brien brings us to God's love. *Chemin de Croix à trois* is another vision of a journey: a threesome journey to Calvary. The Virgin, Christ, and Man move along this road together and, at every station, address long discourses to each other. The form presents certain difficulties: for example, the problem of representing the relationship between the characters, or between the poet himself and his character Man. The poet's intention is to make us realize that we play a part in the timeless drama of Christ's passion; the Virgin's role being, as in *Cythère*, to direct us to God. The theology, no doubt, is sound, but the pity is that having listened to much eloquence we retain so little poetry.

The foreword to Rina Lasnier's *Le Chant de la montée* is brief but replete with certain familiar doctrines. Each of the holy women of the Old Testament had a "particular gift," none was perfect but each "anticipated" something of the perfection which belongs to the Immaculate alone. If this poem was intended to be a prophetic song, it is essentially a song of love, a maternity song. We are astounded by the audacity of Miss Lasnier's imagination; we are amazed at the luxuriance of her imagery, a luxuriance in which adjectives bow before the majesty of nouns, in which similes become anecdotes and each visible and audible thing is pregnant with suggestion, in which the fruits and herbs, the sands, stars, and sky of the Orient are functions of epithalamiums:

> Voici la bergerie de ses bras fraternels; reste-t-il une étoile impérissable pour prolonger la nuit?
>
> Mon Bien-Aimé a mis autour de moi les grands espaces de l'amour; je suis un sourire d'île bienheureuse perdue sur la face de la mer.
>
> Je chante au-dessus de son sommeil; je veille son sommeil comme l'ombre parfumée du baumier.
>
> Je ne dormirai jamais plus, comme un enfant qui endort avec lui son désir.
>
> Je ne chanterai jamais plus, sans troubler l'eau de ma voix du poids de mon cœur. . .
>
> L'amour consume plus que la mort; voici le feu de ma chevelure pour allumer l'aurore.
>
> Solennité des noces, plus solennelle que l'éclatement du jour au noyau du soleil. . .

Miss Lasnier is also the author of a liturgical pageant entitled *Notre Dame du Pain.* For the same occasion, the Marian Congress, Father Gustave Lamarche composed *Notre Dame de la Couronne.* In the minds of the authors these plays "attempt to place before the eyes of Christian people some of the simplest truths of our faith touching the role of Mary in the economy of the Redemption."

In Brother Maurice Désilets' *Fugues lyriques* religion and love and music are adroitly mingled in the very words *fugues*, *triolets*, *arielles*, *épithalame*, *prélude*, *sonatine*, *poème symphonique.* But in this poetry there is an exaltation and intense passion which lift it above the rest. For M. Désilets, man is adolescent; to end the torment of desire he will seek the Sirens' Well, listen to Pan's flute, consult the Celestial Dragon or the miracle worker; he will seek to assuage it in riches, in woman's beauty—but he only finds chimeras, illusions, until a divine light penetrates his heart. For if man is desire, God is love; and they complement each other ineffably. M. Désilets has subtle gifts of imagination and vision; he has a sacramental vision of nature; heaven is a feast served in sacred vessels among archangels, but the images and visions are coefficients of a core of experience which is mystical in its nature. M. Désilets occupies a unique place in our poetic history. To find an experience like his our minds go back to Mary of the Incarnation. Three movements compose the rhythm of his spiritual life: the painful-sweet stab of God's love (the parable of the Orient King with the golden dagger) which is the death of self and the gift of one's heart to God; the alternating movements of *tendance* and *lassitude:*

> Toujours ce bondissement de l'être en délire vers Lui; et la contraction horrible de la chair qui rit.
> Toujours les doigts tendus d'espoir, cherchant le Tout-Aimable, là tout au bout de notre lassitude, insaisissable!

and, lastly, the mystic marriage:

> L'immersion d'extase dans le Soleil et pour toujours!
>
> L'être entier sien à jamais sans nul partage ni retour!
> Nos cœurs rythmiquement unis à l'unique Cadence!
> Son regard plein sur nous et l'éternelle Confidence!
> Bouche à bouche, l'hyménée en amoureuse aspiration:
>
> Mon Dieu et moi, Un à jamais dans la giration! . . .

After using the old ballad measure and archaic word-forms to translate his vision of the world, M. Alphonse Piché has now laid hold on the elliptical language of the symbolists. The full-voiced alexandrine answers his serious mood and the sonnet form his need of perfection. In his new collection of poems, *Remous*, he uses symbolist technique to express his urban experience and the result is poetry of remarkable subtlety and power. The title suggests the dominant feeling of frustration, ennui, lack of vitality. The poems in the last section, all sonnets, are the high-water mark of his art.

We city-dwellers do not know the fields, the settled peace of the plains, the haughty mountains where our weary eyes find their splendour again and our souls depth. Under the images of rock, desert, snow, silence, solitude, absence, night, he pictures the banality, the emptiness and sterility of our lives, our soul's hunger and sorrow. "Sorrow with its black birds and extinguished stars settles in our souls." His principal symbol is the ship. He represents the city as a ship whose hull is made of concrete and it is sunk on the shore, it has no sails and we sailors look through the portholes and see our dreams of life go sailing past:

Sous ses multiples ponts, sa mâture sans toile,
Ma ville est un navire oublié dans un port;
Ses matelots oisifs lorgnent par les sabords
Des songes d'océan, passant chargés de voiles.

Sa coque de béton ignore l'inconnu,
L'immensité des mers, le mystère des îles;
Seule, agite ses flancs ténébreux et stériles,
L'éternelle rumeur des cargaisons sans but.

Ah! que vienne la nuit arracher les amarres!
Que descende le soir s'accouder à la barre!
Vaisseau sans horizon, O! ma ville! O! mon cœur!

Donne une onde à sa quille, un astre à sa dérive,
O! Rêve, à son compas, suscite quelque rive!
Qu'un ciel enfin nouveau recueille sa douleur!

The nostalgic poet, Dr. Georges Boucher, author of two volumes of verse, *Je me souviens* and *Sonnets de guerre*, has collected his work in a single volume entitled *Chants du nouveau monde*. Dr. Boucher, who left his native Quebec for the United States, is a medical man and one of the best French-American poets. He is known for a long poem entitled "L'Ode à Québec," in which he sings of the old city, pride of America, where nothing changes, where you still feel the magic of the golden age, when man's heart was young and all nature proclaimed the glory of God.

O Québec, ville unique,
Orgueil de l'Amérique,
Où l'on retrouve encor
Ce mélange magique
Des premiers temps, jours d'or
Où, fraîche créature,
L'homme avait plus d'azur
En son cœur jeune et pur,
Où toute la nature,
Plus près du Créateur,
Trahissait son auteur.

The Editions du Bien Public of Three Rivers have issued an edition of Clément Marchand's poems, *Les Soirs rouges*, which received the Prix David in 1939. M. Marchand is one of our best poets and this beautiful edition will be treasured by connoisseurs of poetry.

IV

Under the rubric of literary criticism we must classify M. Séraphin Marion's *Octave Crémazie*. The Abbé Casgrain's title ("Complete Works") was deceptive since his edition did not contain all of Crémazie's poetry. With the aid of poems published in *Le Foyer canadien* and the diary Crémazie kept during the siege of Paris, M. Marion attempts to portray the true physiognomy of the national bard. Crémazie, we learn, was anglophile in his youth and anglophobe in his maturity. He loved France, not socialist France but the "eternal" France, Catholic and Monarchist. Although his rancour led him to write: "I know perfectly well that my country has no need of my feeble efforts and it will never give me a cent to prevent me from dying in exile," and although he feared Canada's annexation to the United States, he "still believed in the immortality of French-Canadian nationality" and invited his compatriots to possess their land and thus extend their national patrimony. M. Marion has one desire: to picture Crémazie as a patriot. The poems he drags out of *Le Foyer canadien* are to this end. In fact most of the poems omitted by the Abbé Casgrain are, according to M. Marion, "precisely those which are impregnated with vibrant patriotism."

Salut, ô ma belle patrie!
Salut, ô bords du Saint-Laurent. . .

O Canada! douce patrie. . .

But, we fear, all M. Marion's labour of love is lost. He himself admits that as poetry these lines are not worthy to figure in an anthology, that a good number of them are wretched. In the name of pure patriotism we are asked to read bad verse. Crémazie will live by two or three well-known poems impregnated with love of country and a sense of death. We do not have to read his "wretched" poetry to appreciate his qualities. In a poet we look for poetry. "Patriotism is not enough."

Poésie au Canada is a work of the French scholar Jeanne Paul-Crouzet whose name is familiar to those who use the Abry, Audic, Crouzet illustrated history of French literature. After making a general survey of the field, Madame Crouzet fixes her attention upon a dozen or more poets from Crémazie to Alfred des Rochers. The object of her book is not to present a history or an anthology, but certain chosen poems explained from a literary point of view. Her studies all have the same form, each contains two parts: a discourse on the poet, and a poem followed by the author's explanation.

Father Robert Llewellyn has published the second volume of his series on La Fontaine, *L'Actualité du bonhomme*. In these fine editions the charm of this author's writing is enhanced by Jean Simard's witty drawings. Since coming to the University of Montreal in 1945—he came over when Stanislas was transferred here from Paris—Father Llewellyn has found time to publish these studies of the great fabulist's art, besides quite a number of religious manuals for young people. The fable is a peculiarly French form of art, although Boileau never troubled to list it, and Father Llewellyn believes that the value of La Fontaine's fables is that, under a French exterior, you can discover a generally human experience—as La Fontaine said, "a drama of a hundred acts, with the Universe for its stage." "I once met a lady"—this is how Father Llewellyn adapts La Fontaine to all times and to our times—"who asserted her superiority by raising her head and looking at us over her *lorgnette* and disdainfully offering two fingers to our respectful hand. . . . Remember the frog, Madame: he thought he only needed wind to make himself into an ox."

La France et nous is M. Robert Charbonneau's account of a quarrel which broke out last year between *La Nouvelle Relève* and *Les Lettres françaises* and which involved M. Charbonneau in altercations with Aragon, Cassou, and other writers in France and Canada. As the discussion warmed up M. Charbonneau said some hard things which had to be said; but the important thing is to see where he stands. M. Duhamel said French Canada is a French branch; M. Gilson said it is a separate trunk. M. Charbonneau sides with M. Gilson. In French Canada it was long believed that the best literature written in French came from Paris. For M. Charbonneau no such exclusivism exists. French-Canadian writers, he claims, enjoy perfect autonomy; they are free to take no account of French prejudices, and they have a right to cast their eyes towards any and every horizon and absorb spiritual nourishment wherever they may find it. In a recent study of M. Charbonneau's creative processes, Dr. M. B. Ellis[1] has interpreted this author's work as a confrontation of modern man and the Christian spiritual ideal. M. Charbonneau's interest in man's spiritual drama has awakened in him an awareness of the universality of culture. This is a new venture of thought which may be destined to bring forth important creations. His own spiritual pilgrimage, since his youthful infatuation with Mauriac, by way of Dostoievsky to Faulkner, Steinbeck, and other well-known American writers, is one of the most interesting literary phenomena of our time.

M. Marcel Raymond has been to France. For several weeks he enjoyed the hospitality of Gustave Cohen. As a botanist he visited laboratories and gardens, but his chief concern was to find men of the theatre, Cohen, Dullin, Marcel, Brochet, to see their work on the stage, their contributions to journals, everything that informed him of the progress of dramatic art. His special delight was a visit to Auxerre to see Marie Noël, the poetess-musician, and Henri Brochet, the dramatist. "Brochet told me what he had done since 1940. . . . He has taught drawing, given some lectures, written new pieces, one of which, by far Brochet's best work, is 'La Passion notre espérance,' the text of which he will give me when I leave. . . . Brochet has founded, at Auxerre, 'Les Compagnons de Roger Bontemps.' "

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[1] *Robert Charbonneau et la création romanesque: une étude de textes* (Ottawa-Montréal, Edns du Lévrier, 1948, 64 pp., 60c.).

After many distressing experiences caused by living conditions, failures of electric power, lack of shipping accommodation, M. Raymond finally got back. He is a disappointed man. The French, he tells us, do not know Canada. French politeness is a thing of the past. But in another sense he returned like a bee, loaded with nectar, which he will no doubt put into a book. This one is a joy to read.

Mgr Emile Chartier, lately vice-rector of the University of Montreal, taught Greek for fifty-two years. He is known for his many studies of the subject and an important work on the history of ideas in French Canada. He has now compiled an anthology of Greek poetry, *Poésie grecque*, which will be an indispensable help for university students. It covers all the periods of Greek literature from Homer and Hesiod to the Church Fathers, the Greek appearing on one page and a French translation opposite. *En avant!* is the second anthology of French-Canadian prose and verse that Mr. George A. Klinck has compiled. Like *Allons gai!* it is a topical anthology. But besides legends and folk-songs and descriptions of pioneer life it contains something new: a section—indeed half the book—entitled "Towards the Future." This little book will no doubt be welcomed by instructors in our high schools and colleges.

V

Two writers at least have turned their eyes upon the greater world outside Canada. In *Les Cinq Grands* M. Roger Duhamel has focussed his attention upon "the countries at the head of the caravan": Great Britain, the United States, Russia, China, France, and has furnished the reader with certain information "drawn from the best sources" and certain appreciations of those nations which dominate the contemporary world and upon whom rests the responsibility for tomorrow. Here are his conclusions: England and France must lead a western bloc to save the values of civilization; if war must come the United States will be found in the firing line from the start; many of the world's hopes are fixed there; in Stalin is incarnated the same peril for man's liberty as Hitler represented; China must be Christianized; French civilization coincides with humanity's ascension towards the supernatural. In this last truth the writer finds "the deep reason for his unconquerable hope." *Esquisse américaine* is a collection of radio talks by the geographer M. Raymond Tanghe. History, human geography, economics, and politics are mingled together and the treatment is necessarily sketchy. Yet M. Tanghe succeeds in giving us very interesting impressions of the grand spectacle of America's "manifest destiny" or "providential mission," as French Canadians would say. From its "deep roots" in the Reformation, through the Civil War, the age of gold, and the New Deal to its present situation in the world, the author shows us how a composite people have been welded together by a common ideal of happiness and prosperity.

M. Robert Rumilly continues with his masterpiece, *Histoire de la* *province de Québec:* two volumes in 1946, three in 1947, making twenty-one in all, which brings the story down to the middle of the First World War. He intends to stop at the year 1945, and to reach this point, he believes, will demand ten more years of labour. The subjects studied are the Keewatin schools, the first Congress of the French Language, French minorities in Ontario and the West, agricultural co-operatives, the First World War, recruiting in the province, the war front, a French-Canadian victory, the economic consequences of the war, the question of national service. In this history, M. Rumilly once told a reporter, "I have sought to apply the technique used by Jules Romains in his masterly work *Les Hommes de bonne volonté*. . . . I have tried to reconstruct the life of the people as a whole. That is why I have deciphered and studied a great number of documents, not only official papers but also family papers, letters, records of speeches and public demonstrations. If I have abundantly utilized old newspapers it is precisely to set forth the opinion of a section of the people regarding a given event." But, in his researches, he also came upon heroic figures of men and women, subjects of innumerable biographies. That explains how his volumes happen to bear such titles as: *Les Écoles de Keewatin*, *Le Règlement 17*, *"1914*," *Philippe Landry*, *Courcelette*.

One of the matchless characters M. Rumilly might have found was Wolfred Nelson, physician, patriot, mayor of Montreal, whose story has now been told by his grandson in *Wolfred Nelson et son temps*. Nelson's father, a Yorkshireman and, it appears, a cousin of the great admiral, taught school in the United States before settling in Montreal after the Revolution. Wolfred became a doctor. He took part in the rebellion of 1837, and he was deported to Bermuda. After the amnesty he returned to Canada where, despite his resolve to live quietly, he found himself involved in the politics of the day. He broke with Papineau whom he accused of deserting the popular cause and fleeing to the United States. The book is noteworthy for its dramatic descriptions of the "assemblées anticoercitives," the resistance of the patriots led by Nelson at St. Denis, and for the light it throws on the patriots' real sentiments. Nelson wanted to create a deep impression on the British government so that it might remedy the many abuses which exasperated the people. He lost all he possessed: house, distillery, immense granaries. "In all our history few examples exist of such personal sacrifice for the common good."

M. Camille Bertrand, historian, went a good distance into the past to find his character. *Monsieur de La Dauversière* is the story of a pious and obscure layman who "in his mature manhood carried out two grand ideas of his youth: to form a community of nursing sisters and to found a French city at Montreal." M. Bertrand reconstructs the early period of the colony and, for his younger readers, draws out a lesson of energy, tenacity, and devotion from the works of his strange, at times mystical, hero.

Iroquoisie, a substantial volume bearing the imprint of the Institut d'Histoire de l'Amérique Française, is the first volume of a new work by the historian-novelist Léo-Paul Desrosiers. Dissatisfied with the picture of Iroquois lands in the history books, M. Desrosiers proposes to descend to the minute details of the subject and present his own conclusions. "This immense region," he writes, "is only known by its high summits; no one has descended into the valleys and plains to describe the scene and the tragedy. To this microscopic and patient study the following volumes will be dedicated. To draw up a chronology of the facts of this war . . . collect the most important texts . . . report incidents which in the past have been neglected, passed over; present certain conclusions which differ appreciably from those set forth in the handbooks." It is a courageous task to re-examine the old texts: Cartier, Champlain, Sagard, the *Relations*, and recapitulate the old story of forest wars, furs, tobacco, whisky, torture, heroism. No doubt his novelist's eye will keep up M. Desrosiers' courage if it ever flags. But details, when it is a question of Indian torture, can be excruciating.

M. Gustave Lanctot likewise applies scientific method to the study of our early history and his conclusions are used to correct earlier and stubborn impressions. In 1944 he put forth a new hypothesis regarding Cartier's first voyage. Now, in *Jacques Cartier devant l'histoire*, he goes through the whole argument very carefully. It has been currently believed that Cartier came to this country on his "first voyage" in 1534 and that the principal aim of the French in establishing a colony here was, in Talon's words, "the propagation of the faith and the publication of the gospel." M. Lanctot is fairly convinced that Cartier had previously skirted the shores of Newfoundland while on an expedition with Verrazano and he is quite positive that the essential aim of Cartier's explorations was the discovery of gold and silver mines, and that the missionary idea, contrary to the exaggerations of pious biographers, exerted no influence on the plans of Francis I. M. Lanctot reproduces the document, first published by Biggar in 1930, in which mention is made of a grant of money to Cartier as he was starting out to discover certain islands rich in gold and other things. We note that M. Lanctot's researches have been used by M. C.-A. Julien in *Les Français en Amérique*, a work containing texts of the voyages of Gonneville, Verrazano, Cartier, and Roberval.

Most of the other publications are concerned with local history. M. P.-G. Roy deals with Fort Saint-Frédéric on Lake Champlain, its construction in 1735 by the military engineer De Léry, its commanding officers, and its destruction in 1759 to prevent its capture by the English. M. de Léry and his son drew up plans for most of the forts in the colony from 1711 to 1759. But when it came to executing plans, engineers had to bow before the caprices of court favourites. M. de Léry, son, was born in the colony and in the eyes of Montcalm "Canadians had neither talent nor merit." One of the officers of the fort was a certain Aubert de Gaspé, grandfather of the famous writer.

In the eleventh number of the *Cahiers des Dix* there is an article on the perfidious Hurons by M. A.-B. Champagne; and one on the early history of Three Rivers by M. L.-P. Desrosiers. A work of patient research entitled *Les Députés au premier parlement du Bas-Canada [1792-1796]* by two other members of this historical fraternity, Messrs. F.-J. Audet and E. Fabre Surveyer, is in course of publication. In this first volume the authors have collected biographical, anecdotal, and historical studies of twenty-three of the fifty-one members, French and English—men whose lot it was to defend Canadian rights against the ruling oligarchy and agitate for reforms which led to responsible government. Another *Trifluvien*, M. Hervé Biron, has written the history of the Church at Three Rivers from the days of the Jesuit father Jacques Buteux, through the controversial times of Mgr Laflèche to those of the present incumbent, Mgr Pelletier. With his publication entitled *Fossembault*, M. Damase Potvin lures us to Lake St. Joseph, a Laurentian summer resort in the environs of Quebec, which is celebrating its tenth anniversary. M. Potvin extols the lake, the fine sand, invigorating ozone, luxuriant nature, and the reposeful atmosphere, not forgetting the seigniors of old and two institutions which have contributed to the enviable reputation of the resort: the Valcartier military camp and the Duchesnay School of Forestry. M. Camille Pacreau is an authority on the Saguenay district. His *Tadoussac* is a descriptive history, illustrated with attractive photographs of the port at the entrance to the Saguenay, known to Basque fishermen before Cartier's time, centre of the fur trade in the early days of New France, now a favourite summer resort. Father M.-A. de Lauzon's *Cinquante Ans de vie paroissiale* is the usual type of parish monograph: the story of a church, its spiritual and temporal works, its priests and laymen, St. Charles being a parish of Limoilou, a section of Quebec named after Jacques Cartier's home in Normandy.

VI

A number of the biographies are lives of religious which envelop us in an odour of miracle and piety. First of all lives of the saints: St. Thomas Aquinas (by Jean Bousquet), St. Theresa of Lisieux, the Little Flower (by Michel de Ladurantaye), St. Louis-Marie de Montfort (by Jean Bombardier), and St. Jean de Britto (by Jules Emery), whose canonization took place this year. Then the Canadian religious, Sister Marie de St. Jean Berchmans, shepherdess of souls, born Marie Jetté (1851-1915) whose family has contributed much to the material and religious prosperity of many parishes and whose archives date back to 1627. *Le Frère André* (by H.-P. Bergeron) is the story of the venerated miracle-worker who founded the Mount Royal Oratory. *Trois Curés de Lévis* brings us again to the author of *Fort Saint-Frédéric*. M. Roy's books do not fit easily into any one category. He has written an amazing number of histories of families, innumerable works on Canadian history and Quebec history and, as provincial archivist, a score of reports and all manner of inventories. His genealogical sense and his passion for the "small things" of history give his works their distinctive and fascinating character. In these three sketches of three priests he knew as a boy in Lévis he touches a more personal chord: "The hours I spent putting on paper my humble recollections of Mgr Déziel, Mgr Gauvreau, and Mgr Gosselin seemed very short. All the time I had a feeling that I was living with my characters and when I put my pen down I felt that I was losing for a second time the priests I had known and loved in my youth." M. Ernest Laforce's *Bâtisseurs de pays* is made up of short sketches of priests and laymen. One of the laymen is Maurice Duplessis whose father, Judge Duplessis, as he was leaving the homestead for the hospital from which he never returned, spoke to the future premier "of the long line of Duplessis who had cleared, cultivated, and loved that farm watered by the sweat of so many workers." One note runs through all this book. Whether it is a question of Peace River, Quebec, or Acadia, it is a paean of pioneer effort, a call to French Canadians to keep the land French-Canadian, to possess it, to exploit its resources. M. Emile Falardeau's *Filiau-Dubois*, the fifth brochure in his series, *Artistes et artisans du Canada*, is also a tribute to pioneer effort. Filiau (1699-1772), called Dubois because he worked in wood, was the oldest boy of a numerous family. Without education, he was apprenticed to a carpenter and was employed in construction work in the city. One day he met a clockmaker who gave him the details of his trade, whereupon Jean-Baptiste set himself to study the mechanism of clocks and then began to make clocks of his own design. Clockmaking was a new craft in the district, tools were difficult to obtain, and the new clockmaker was obliged to make, if not invent, most of the tools he used. We are in a totally different climate when we peruse M. Louis Bourgoin's *Savants modernes*, a collection of extended radio talks on twenty-five scientists, a sort of history of modern science from Dalton to Einstein. It was no easy matter to communicate such highly technical information to the general public. But Professor Bourgoin, who is director of research at the Montreal École Polytechnique and author of text-books on industrial chemistry and an *Histoire des sciences et de leurs applications*, succeeds admirably well. He divides his subject into two parts: a biographical sketch and an exposition of the scientist's achievement, his contribution to scientific knowledge. He gives us an adequate account of the lives of these famous chemists, physicists, mathematicians, and doctors, and his skill in delineating their experiments, discoveries, and intuitions is amazing. "It is notorious," says M. Bourgoin, "how many fundamental scientific discoveries have been made under conditions and with means which were ridiculously poor. . . . What matters most for the acquisition of universal things is intelligence." *Mes Combats* is autobiography, the *apologia pro vita sua* of Father Charles Chiniquy, known as the "Canadian apostle of temperance." Father Chiniquy, 1809-99, a precursor of the temperance movement, spent his life here and abroad preaching the gospel and saving souls from alcoholism. His zeal was the unifying principle of his life which fell into two antagonistic parts for, after spending fifty years in the Church of Rome, he broke away and became a Presbyterian minister. Like the apostles, he suffered persecution: his presses were burned, his followers stoned, and the mob cried "Death to the apostate!" When he died, however, 10,000 people, Catholics and Protestants, made up the *cortège*. *Mes Combats* contains his two principal works.

VII

Of the books that remain two are works on music. The Abbé McCaughan defines the philosophy of music as "the certain and evident knowledge of music by its final causes, acquired by the powers of human reason alone." And this is what he studies in *La Philosophie de la musique*, the efficient, material, formal, and final causes of music by which we comprehend its nature, the laws of life of this great human mystery. Mlle Hélène Grenier's *La Musique symphonique* is, in the main, a collection of sketches of the lives and works of the great composers, from the precursors Monteverde, Lully, etc., to Beethoven. Mlle Grenier also studies the society in which orchestral music began and developed. Radio listeners fond of symphony programmes will find her book very useful.

War books continue to appear. *696 heures d'enfer* is a graphic account of an infantryman's experiences in Italy compiled from a diary kept by the author, Major J.-G. Poulin, during the assault of the 1st Canadian Infantry Corps against the Gothic Line in 1944. There is a tone of authenticity and deep seriousness in this record of dangerous assignments, hairbreadth escapes, physical and moral suffering, especially fear and dread. Another volume concerns the *Zam-Zam* incident. This neutral Egyptian vessel left New York in the spring of 1941 carrying two hundred passengers of all races and colours. Among them was a group of Canadian missionaries bound for Basutoland. The vessel was blown up by enemy action in the South Atlantic and the survivors taken to Europe. *La Perle au fond du gouffre*, by Eugène Nadeau, is the story of the sufferings of the missionaries, particularly in the concentration camps of Germany. Something of Canadian missionary enterprise in Africa may be learned from *30 jours en mer, 300 jours sur terre, 30 heures dans l'air*, an account of a trip to Basutoland and Nyasaland by Sister Saint-André-Corsini, Superior General of the Grey Sisters. In the year 1941 again another group of missionaries left Los Angeles for the Philippines. They had barely arrived when the Japanese bombarded Pearl Harbour and Davao. *Traqués dans la jungle* is Father Alfred Tremblay's story of their flight into the mountains and their terrifying experiences, until General MacArthur's arrival filled them with joy.

We have records of two trips to Latin America. *Le Mexique, pays de contrastes*, is a narrative, such as any plain man might write, of a trip to Mexico. What attracted M. Allaire's attention were the usual things: public buildings, hotels, markets, pyramids, bullfights, festivals, Mexican music, painting, newspapers, food. One of the striking "contrasts" he noticed was "the enormous difference in the living conditions between the social classes which go from one extreme to the other." From notes jotted down during a flight over the southern continent and certain discourses to the South Americans, Mgr Maurault has compiled a book entitled *Par voies et par chemins de l'air*. It is a question of alighting at a capital city, a hurried round of receptions at clubs and universities, then off to another. The author found what he was looking for: an age-old aura of Catholic piety. Of Arana, the national historian of Chili, he noted that "his work unfortunately is tainted with atheism." We learn that our reputation down there is magnificent. In the course of a few years we have raised ourselves to the rank of the first powers in the world. Certain thoughts on the relations between the two hemispheres are not without interest. There will be rivalry between the Anglo-Saxon and Latin blocs in the three Americas. French Canada can play the role of interpreter of Anglo-Saxon civilization to South America. While we can gain by studying their arts and crafts, architecture, and urbanism, they would do well to come here and learn the workings of our democratic system of government. Mgr Maurault suggests more frequent exchanges of professors and students; he urges Canadian students to enter the diplomatic service and he would have the Minister of External Affairs place French-speaking secretaries in all our embassies.

Petite Histoire de l'art moderne is a brief comprehensive manual, austere in its simplicity, by Mlle Irène Legendre, herself an artist, a pupil of Ozenfant. The author's sense of form leads her to interpret the history of modern art, dating from Cézanne and his famous formula, "everything in nature is modelled after the sphere, the cone, and the cylinder," as a renaissance of the classical spirit, transcending regionalism and reaching the ideal of art common to all the centuries, the universal. "Pupils ought to be subjected to a classical discipline." She will suffer no deformation of art by any system. After brief notes on modern *isms* originating in France, she looks to America, where she sees new life welling forth in the American and Mexican schools. In Canada there has been a remarkable development in which Pellan is the pioneer. "By painting the mighty trees of the West with so much love and passion, Emily Carr has transcended the regional and found her own style." "We have the best reasons," Miss Legendre adds, "for believing that before long our painters will contribute to the glory of Canada abroad."

While not published for sale, but only for limited distribution to friends of the school, the illustrated volume *Ateliers d'arts graphiques* published by the students and staff of the new School of Graphic Arts in Montreal deserves mention. It is, above all, an excellent example of printing design, and the illustrations, ranging from colour plates of work by such advanced artists as Paul-Émile Borduas and Robert LaPalme to drawings of such startling originality as "La Création du monde" by Albert Dumouchel give one a sense both of the ferment and of the experimental probing which is going on in French-Canadian art today.[2]

Modern art meets religion and politics in the writings of Father Couturier, an artist wholly identified with the modern spirit and painfully conscious of the Church's failures. We have tolerated social conditions which have no connection with the gospels. Catholics in the government have harmed the Church in the minds of the workers: they have gratified them with multiple charities, but kept them without hope in the semi-slavery of capitalist societies. Labour conquests have been achieved for the people by revolutionary parties. These are things the clergy forget easily but which the workers do not forget. The great scandal of the nineteenth century was that the Church lost the working classes, the philosophers, the poets, and the artists. "All of this was closed to us, closed in the sense that we did not understand anything about it. But as soon as we wished to understand, all was opened to us and we have made marvellous progress in all directions." What constitutes the grandeur of France's soul is its heritage of holiness, its intellectual courage, and its revolutionary liberty. Its artists are the signs of this liberty. Every twenty years a new generation of men arises, men of genius who call everything in question and renew all things. The value M. Couturier would most jealously guard is the liberty of the artist, for what is precious in him is the purity and singularity of his gifts. The perfection of such a spiritual climate exhausted France. These are some of the reflections we find in *Chroniques*. Tinged with sadness and disillusion, they are never without hope. One strain of sober wisdom runs through them all: if each of us pledged himself to love and respect truth and justice wherever they are found, to the left or to the right, in the Church or out, something very precious would be begun and the Kingdom of God on earth would come quickly.

As M. Couturier suggests, the Church is not sleeping any more. She has awakened to the reality of her great danger and she is thinking how to win the people and how to combat her enemy. Salvation is treated not so much on the individual as on the collective plane. One characteristic of religious thought in our time has been a renewal of contact with the essential sources: the Bible, the Church Fathers, and the Liturgy. The encyclical *Mystici corporis*, for example, restored the patristic texts in which the dogma is elaborated. The results have been various and interesting. In such discourses as we find in *Corps mystique et Action catholique* Catholic action is considered as central, as the Mystic Body exercising a particular twentieth-century form of missionary effort known by the name of Catholic Action. Christ is the Head of the Church. The Dominican father J.-D. Brosseau studies Christ's influence in the Church according to St. Thomas Aquinas, and the Benedictine Dom Gérard Mercier offers us a theological synthesis of the role of Christ in spiritual life as he finds it expressed in the Rule of St. Benedict, "read, meditated and lived in the sweet peace" of his monastery at Saint-Benoît-du-Lac.

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[2] **The preceding paragraph was contributed by Mr. Donald Buchanan.**

Several new reviews made their appearance this year or shortly before. *Liaison* is a co-operative effort, appearing ten times a year for the members of *Servir*, a co-operative syndicate. M. Victor Barbeau is the director. It publishes poems, short stories, and book reviews. Special features are translations from South-American writers and reviews of English-Canadian books, new films, and records. Two items especially interested us: Marcel Dugas' literary memories and Mlle Lasnier's speech in which she expressed her admiration of Mlle Routier's qualities and gifts, her spiritual and literary courage, her fidelity to her inspiration. *Vie française*, a monthly magazine, begun in 1946, is the organ of the Comité de la Survivance Française. It serves the various French groups in Canada and the United States and gives a large place to the documentary aspect of the national question. The special literary feature is a book review in which M. Maurice Lebel gives us his considered judgment of what he chooses to call the "book of the month." *La Revue d'histoire de l'Amérique française* is a much more ambitious venture. This review, a quarterly, is the organ of the Institut d'Histoire de l'Amérique Française, of which Canon Lionel Groulx is the president. Its aim is to assemble historical studies by specialists so as to measure the influence of France and the grandeur of the vestiges left by her in America. *Marie*, a bi-monthly edited by the poet Roger Brien, is the outcome of the Marian Congress, its object being to make Mary better known and loved. The photographs of the Congress, the numerous reproductions of religious paintings, the wealth of literary material it collects, all bearing on the cult of the Virgin Mary, make it an astounding production. In a feature entitled "Marie et la littérature" we are promised judgments on the "Marial works" of certain Canadian poets and an article on the French "Marial" dramatist, Henri Brochet. *Activités philosophiques*, published yearly, is the official organ of the Faculty of Philosophy of the University of Montreal. It is open to all the professors and friends of the faculty. An interesting article by Dean Forest is a history of the faculty from its beginnings in 1921. In 1920 there did not exist in French Canada any separate department of philosophy in the universities. Such a faculty at Laval was organized in 1926; at Ottawa in 1931. An Institute of Medieval Studies for French-speaking Canada was founded at Ottawa in 1930, on the suggestion of M. Etienne Gilson. Recently it was moved to Montreal and is now under the direction of Father Louis M. Régis, a brilliant medievalist. There is, in Dean Forest's writing, a suggestion of a change in outlook. When the faculty was first inaugurated, interest was centred on the sciences. But beyond the world of laws there is the world of causes; beyond the partial truths of science there are the eternal truths of God, the nature and origin of the world, the soul and its destiny. Philosophy then appears as the base and the crown of the university edifice.

CHECK-LIST OF TITLES

Albert, Le R. P., Son Excellence Monseigneur Louis-Joseph-Arthur Melanson, premier archevêque de Moncton, 1879-1941 (Campbellton, N.B., les Filles de Marie de l'Assomption, s.d., 72 pp., 25c.). **Albert (A.-G.),** Un mystère d'amour et de souffrance: la satisfaction pour le péché de l'homme selon saint Thomas d'Aquin (Ottawa-Montréal, Edns du Lévrier, 224 pp., $1.50). **Allaire (Maurice),** Le Mexique, pays de contrastes; vingt illustrations et deux cartes géographiques (Montréal, Edns Lumen, 200 pp., $1.50). **Arès (Richard),** Notre question nationale: tome III, Positions patriotiques et nationales (Montréal, Edns de l'Action nationale, 234 pp., $1.00). **L'Association Canado-Américaine,** Echo des noces d'or de l'Association Canado-Américaine (Manchester, N.H., l'Avenir National, 34 pp., 35c.). **Audet (Francis-J.)** et **Fabre Surveyer (Edouard),** Les députés au premier parlement du Bas-Canada [1792-1796]: études biographiques, anecdotiques et historiques; tome premier (Montréal, Edns des Dix, 1946, 318 pp., $2.00). **Baillargeon (Pierre),** Commerce (Montréal, Edns Variétés, 188 pp., $1.25). **Barrette (Victor),** Moi, Franco-Ontarien: mes droits, mes devoirs (Collection Franco-Ontarienne, no 2; Sudbury, Ont., Société historique du Nouvel-Ontario, Collège du Sacré-Cœur, 32 pp.). **Beaudon (Jacques),** Guide pour l'étude du Nouveau Testament: qui peut servir d'introduction, de dictionnaire et de concordance du Nouveau Testament (Montréal, l'Aurore, 160 pp.). **Belisle (Louis-Alexandre),** Organisation et financement des entreprises (La pratique des affaires; Québec, Belisle, 288 pp., $2.00). **Bergeron (Henri-Paul),** Le frère André, c.s.c. (Les grands serviteurs de Dieu; Montréal, Fides, 270 pp., $1.00). **Bernard (Antoine),** Les Clercs de Saint-Viateur au Canada: le premier demi-siècle 1847 à 1897 (Montréal, Clercs de Saint-Viateur, 650 pp., $3.00); Vie du père Champagneur, fondateur et premier supérieur de l'Institut de Saint-Viateur au Canada, 1807-1882 (Montréal, Clercs de Saint-Viateur, s.d., 158 pp., 60c.). **Bertrand (Camille),** Monsieur de La Dauversière: fondateur de Montréal et des Religieuses Hospitalières de S.-Joseph, 1597-1659 (Montréal, Frères des Ecoles chrétiennes, 280 pp., ill., $1.50). ***Besson (Maurice),** Champlain (Collection Les grands coloniaux; Paris, Edns de l'Encyclopédie de l'Empire français, 1946, 160 pp., 90c.). **Biron (Hervé),** Grandeurs et misères de l'Eglise trifluvienne (1615-1947) (Trois-Rivières, Edns Trifluviennes, 246 pp.). **Blanchet (Jacques),** Essai sur la reliure et les relieurs au XX^{e} siècle (Montréal, l'auteur, 122 pp., $1.50). **Boisseau (Lionel),** Lourdes nous parle (Montréal, Edns Lumen, 198 pp., $1.00). **Bombardier (Jean),** Saint Louis-Marie de Montfort: missionnaire en pays chrétien (Nicolet, P. Q., Edns Montfortaines, 144 pp.). **Bossé (Gérard),** Embellissons nos demeures (Québec, Bégin, 48 pp., ill., 25c.). **Boucher (Georges-A.),** Chants du nouveau monde: œuvre poétique (Brockton, Mass.; Montréal, Beauchemin, 1946, 142 pp., $1.50). **Bourgeois (Chs-E.),** Une richesse à sauver: l'enfant sans soutien; thèse présentée à l'Ecole des Sciences politiques de l'Université d'Ottawa (Trois-Rivières, l'Assistance à l'Enfant sans Soutien, 264 pp., $1.50). **Bourgoin (Louis),** Savants modernes: leur vie, leur œuvre; illustré de 25 portraits par Agnès Lefort (Montréal, Edns de l'Arbre, 370 pp., $2.50). **Bourque (Emmanuel),** Pour l'histoire de la messe (Québec, l'Université Laval, Faculté de Théologie, 1946, 250 pp.). **Bousquet (Jean),** Vie de saint Thomas d'Aquin: suivi d'un commentaire de sa Lettre à un étudiant (Ottawa-Montréal, Edns du Lévrier, 80 pp., 35c.). **Brien (Roger),** Chemin de Croix à trois (le Christ, la Vierge et l'homme): poème; lettre-préface de Son Excellence Mgr ALBINI LAFORTUNE (Nicolet, P.Q., Centre marial canadien, 124 pp., $1.00); Cythère: poèmes (Hull, Edns L'Eclair, 129, rue Champlain, 1946, 260 pp., $1.50). **Brosseau (J.-D.),** Influence du Christ dans l'Eglise d'après saint Thomas: extrait d'une étude sur l'encyclique *Mystici corporis* (Ottawa-Montréal, Edns du Lévrier, 112 pp., 75c.). **Cahiers des Dix,** numéro onze (Montréal, les Dix, 1946, 330 pp., $200). **Carette (Jean-M.),** Zirska, immigrante inconnue (Montréal, Edns Serge Brousseau, xviii, 336 pp., $2.00). **Champagne (Joseph-Etienne),** Manuel d'action missionnaire; avec préface de Son Em. le cardinal J.-M.-R. Villeneuve, O.M.I. (Ottawa, Scolasticat Saint-Joseph; Edns de l'Université d'Ottawa, 844 pp., $5.00). **Charbonneau (Robert),**

La France et nous: réponses à Jean Cassou, René Garneau, Louis Aragon, Stanislas Fumet, André Billy, Jérôme et Jean Tharaud, François Mauriac et autres (Montréal, Edns de l'Arbre, 80 pp., 50c.). **Chartier (Emile)** éd., Poésie grecque (Collection Humanitas; Montréal, Edns Lumen, 320 pp., $3.00). **Chiniquy (Charles),** Mes combats: autobiographie de Charles Chiniquy, apôtre de la tempérance du Canada (Montréal, l'Aurore Publishing Co., s.d., ii, 691 pp., $2.50). **Commission des Ecoles catholiques de Montréal,** L'école canadienne, 1846-1946 (Montréal, la Commission, 1946, 156 pp., ill.); Nos écoles laïques, 1846-1946: album souvenir: un siècle d'apostolat (Montréal, Edns de la Commission, 346 pp., ill.). **Corps mystique et Action catholique:** conférences prononcées au Grand Séminaire de Montréal lors des journées d'études sacerdotales de février 1946 (Bibliothèque d'Action catholique; Montréal, Fides, 148 pp., $1.00). **Côté (J.-B.),** Originaux et aventuriers: l'Ouest pittoresque (Ste-Anne de la Pocatière, P.Q., Fortin, 1946, 152 pp., $1.25). **Couturier (M.-A.),** Chroniques (Montréal, Edns de l'Arbre, 194 pp., $1.25). **Dallaire (Jean-Paul),** Deux écrivains chinois: Lao She et Ts'ao Yü (Montreal, Imprimerie Populaire, 1946, 22 pp., 25c.). ***Delavignette (R.)** et ***Julien (Ch.-A.)** éds, Les constructeurs de la France d'outre-mer (Les grandes professions françaises, Collection d'anthologies, dirigée par Ch. Braibant; Paris, Edns Corrêa, 1946, 525 pp.). **Delorme (Jean),** Carrières industrielles; préface de Edouard Montpetit (Montréal, Fides, 176 pp., $1.50). **Deschamps (Philippe),** La qualité du français chez certaines catégories d'élèves (Document no 1 de pédagogie et d'orientation; Québec, l'Université Laval, Ecole de Pédagogie et l'Institut d'Orientation, 38 pp., 25c.). **Désilets (Maurice),** Fugues lyriques; dessins exécutés par Armand Gingras (Montréal, Librairie des Clercs de Saint-Viateur, 222 pp., $1.50). **Desjardins (Georges),** Le dragon rouge: conférences sur le communisme (Saint-Boniface, Man., Edns de l'Association des Anciens Elèves du Collège de Saint-Boniface, 64 pp.). **Després (Jean-Pierre),** Le Canada et l'Organisation internationale du Travail; préface du T.R.P. Georges-Henri Lévesque, O.P. (Montréal, Fides, 274 pp., $2.50); Le mouvement ouvrier canadien; préface de M. Edouard Montpetit (Bibliothèque économique et sociale, no 3; Montréal, Fides, 206 pp., $1.50). **Desrosiers (Léo-Paul),** Iroquoisie: tome I (1534-1646) (Montréal, Etudes de l'Institut d'Histoire de l'Amérique française, 352 pp.). **Dubé (Rodolphe),** Journal d'Anatole Laplante (Montréal, Edns Serge Brousseau, 150 pp., $1.25). **Duhamel (Roger),** Les cinq grands (Montréal, Edns Fernand Pilon, 240 pp., $1.00). **Dupuis (Madeleine),** Une audacieuse aventure: impressions de voyage (Montréal, Edns Caritas, xii, 156 pp.). **Une éducatrice trifluvienne:** Marie-Louise Dostaler, Mère Marie de l'Eucharistie; préface de l'abbé Albert Tessier (Trois-Rivières, Edns du Bien Public, 120 pp., 80c.). **L'Eglise canadienne glorifie S. Antoine de Padoue,** le docteur evangelique; préface de Son Eminence le cardinal James McGuigan (Montréal, Edns Franciscaines, 64 pp., 25c.). **1897-1947,** programme souvenir des fêtes du cinquantenaire de la fondation de la paroisse Saint Thomas d'Aquin d'Hudson, les 30, 31 août et 1er septembre 1947 (s.l., 54 pp., ill., 50c.). **Emery (Jules),** Magicien du Christ: saint Jean de Britto (Montréal, Messager canadien, 84 pp.). **L'encyclopédie Grolier;** dix volumes (Montréal, la Société Grolier, édition de luxe $150). **L'ennemi international:** Franco et l'Espagne en pleine lumière (Saint-Anne de Beaupré, Librairie Alphonsienne, 48 pp.). **L'Ermite (Paul),** La T.S. Vierge Marie: ses grandeurs—son culte (petites contemplations mariales) (Ottawa-Montréal, Edns du Lévrier, 1946, 158 pp., $1.00). **Falardeau (Emile),** Artistes et artisans du Canada: cinquième série, Filiau-Dubois (Montréal, Ducharme, 1946, 80 pp., 75c.). **Filion (Gérard),** Positions: texte des articles dans lesquels le nouveau directeur du « Devoir », M. Gérard Filion, fait l'exposé de la politique que le journal suivra à l'avenir (Montréal, *Le Devoir*, 10c.). **Francheville (Geneviève de),** *see* Potvin (Berthe). **Gagnier (Jacques),** La plume au vent (Montréal, Studios Lany, 1946, 64 pp., ill., $1.00). **Gaudreau (Sister Marie Agnes of Rome),** The social thought of French Canada as reflected in the Semaine Sociale (Catholic University of America, School of Social Science, Studies in sociology, no. 18; Washington, D.C., Catholic University of America Press, 1946, xii, 266 pp., $3.00).

Gervais (Emile), L'admirable exemple des fondateurs: sermons, exemples, renseignements (Collection Textes, no 5; Montréal, Bureau de Propagande, 1961, rue Rachel est, 1946, 80 pp., 25c.). **Girard (René),** Les neuf symphonies de Beethoven; avec vingt dessins à la plume de Andrée de Groot, cent quatre-vingt-dix exemples musicaux dessinés à la main pour la plupart par Eudore Piché et une couverture de Jacques Gagnier (Montréal, Fides, 176 pp.). ***Giraud (Marcel),** Histoire du Canada (Que sais-je? Le point des connaissances actuelles; Paris, Presses Universitaires de France, 1946, 136 pp., 65c.). **Grandmont (Eloi de),** Le voyage d'Arlequin; illustré par Pellan (Cahiers de la file indienne; Montréal, Imprimerie Saint-Joseph, 1946, 38 pp., $1.00). **Grandpré (Jean-Paul de),** Frère Elzéar Laperle, clerc de Saint-Viateur, 1864-1945 (Joliette, P.Q., Clercs de Saint-Viateur, 1946, 74 pp.). **Grenier (Hélène),** La musique symphonique de Monteverde à Beethoven (Montréal, Edns Variétés, 216 pp., $1.25). **Grisé-Allard (Jeanne),** Mystères... mystères joyeux, mystères douloureux, mystères glorieux de la maternité (Montréal, l'auteur, 172 pp., $1.00). ***Guernier (Eugène),** Jacques Cartier et la pensée colonisatrice (Collection Les grands coloniaux; Paris, Edns de l'Encyclopédie de l'Empire français, 1946, 166 pp., 90c.). **Guèvremont (Germaine),** Marie-Didace: roman (Montréal, Edns Beauchemin, 286 pp., $1.00). **Guindon (H.-M.),** Virgo praedicanda: études de Mariologie (Nicolet, P. Q., Edns Montfortaines, 1946, 150 pp.). **Hamel (Raoul),** La vie liturgique: messe du dimanche (Saint-Benoît-du-Lac, P.Q., à l'Abbaye bénédictine, 1946, 392 pp., $2.00). **Harpe (C.-E.),** Le jongleur aux étoiles (Montmagny, P.Q., Edns Marquis, 1946, 190 pp.). **Hertel (François),** *see* Dubé (Rodolphe). **Jasmin (Damien),** Les Témoins de Jehovah: fauteurs de séditions, ennemis acharnés de la religion; préface de Monsieur Jean-Baptiste Desrosiers, p.S.-S. (Collection de l'Institut Pie XI, série II, no 1; Montréal, Edns Lumen, 192 pp., $1.00). ***Julien (Charles-André), *Herval (René)** et ***Beauchesne (Théodore)** éds, Les Français en Amérique pendant la première moitié du XVIe siècle: texte des voyages de Gonneville, Verrazano, J. Cartier et Roberval (Colonies et empires, deuxième série: Les classiques de la colonisation, no 1; Paris, Presses Universitaires de France, 1946, vi, 228 pp., $2.70). **Klinck (G. A.)** ed., En avant! a topical anthology of French Canadian prose and verse; foreword by Lorne Pierce (Toronto, Ryerson, x, 195 pp., 85c.). **Ladurantaye (Michel de),** Sainte Thérèse de Lisieux et l'histoire de son âme (Ottawa-Montréal, Edns du Lévrier, 158 pp., $1.00). **Lafleur-Hétu (Ruth),** Le conte de Jeanne Mance (Montréal, Imprimerie Populaire, 104 pp., $1.25); Le conte de la roseraie (Ottawa-Montréal, Edns du Lévrier, 1946, 108 pp., $1.25). **Laforce (Ernest),** Bâtisseurs de pays: religieux et laïques (Montréal, Edns Edouard Garand, 1946, 360 pp., $1.50). **Lamarche (Gustave),** Notre Dame de la Couronne; **Lasnier (Rina),** Notre Dame du Pain: grands jeux scéniques pour le Congrès marial d'Ottawa; en anglais et en français (Joliette, P.Q., Edns des Paraboliers du Roi, 96 pp.). **Lanctot (Gustave),** Jacques Cartier devant l'histoire; avec appendices et portraits (Montréal, Edns Lumen, 160 pp., 90c.). **Lasnier (Rina),** Le chant de la montée (Montréal, Beauchemin, 126 pp.); *see also* Lamarche (Gustave) et Lasnier (Rina). **Laurence (Jean-Marie),** Notre français sur le vif (Montréal, Centre de Psychologie et de Pédagogie, 1946, 304 pp., $1.50). **Lauzon (Marie-Antoine de),** St-Charles de Limoilou: cinquante ans de vie paroissiale, 1896-1946: les grands étapes, les œuvres, les hommes (Québec, Imprimerie Provinciale, 1946, 150 pp., $1.00). **Laviolette (Guy)** *pseud.*, La Belle Dame de Fatima: Norte-Dame du Rosaire; ill. par Odette Vincent (Québec, Edns de l'A.B., 1946, 32 pp., 25c.). **Leclerc (Félix),** Pieds nus dans l'aube (Montréal, Fides, 246 pp., $1.25). **Leclerc (Jacques),** La Bible, livre ouvert, livre sanctifiant (Collection Textes bibliques, no 2; Montréal, Fides, 40 pp., 15c.). **Lefebvre (Jean-Jacques),** Saint-Constant et Saint-Philippe de Laprairie, 1744-1946 (Hull, Edns L'Eclair, 44 pp., 50c.). ***Le Franc (Marie),** O Canada, terre de nos aïeux (Issy-les-Moulineaux, France, Edns de la « Fenêtre Ouverte »). **Legault (Rolland),** Le chien noir: légendes de chez nous, histoires de chez nous (Montréal, Edns Lumen, 1946, 158 pp., 75c.). **Legendre (Irène),** Petite histoire de l'art moderne; avec préface d'Amédée Ozenfant et seize hors-texte

(Québec, le « Soleil », 162 pp., $1.50). **Le Normand (Michelle)** *pseud.*, Enthousiasme: nouvelles (Montréal, Edns du Devoir, 224 pp., $1.25). **Lesage (Germain),** « Capitale d'une solitude »; préface de Son Excellence Monseigneur MARTIN LAJEUNESSE, O.M.I. (Bibliothèque Oblate, no II; Ottawa, Edns des Etudes Oblates, 1946, 192 pp.). **Lesage (J.-S.),** Mélanges: notes artistiques et propos littéraires (Québec, l'auteur; Imprimerie Ernest Tremblay, 1946, 232 pp., $1.25). **Létourneau (Firmin),** Cours d'économie politique; préface d'Edouard Montpetit (Gardenvale, P.Q., Harpell's Press Cooperative, xii, 395 pp., $2.00). **Levasseur (Georges-A.),** Catéchisme et catéchiste: petit essai pédagogique (Québec, Edns du Forum, 1946, 116 pp., $1.00); Destinés au malheur? . . . ou Est-ce le bon Dieu qui l'a voulu? . . . 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Aimé Carbonneau, Gaston Leury, Pierre Gauthier, Léo-Paul Turcotte (Montréal, Fides, 286 pp., $1.00). **Lys (Paul de)** *see* VIEN (MARIE-VALÉRIE-LILIANE). **McCaughan (Paul-Emile),** La philosophie de la musique: essai de synthèse (Montréal, Edns de Blé d'Or, 1946, 376 pp., $2.50). **Magnan (Jean-Chs),** Jeunesse agricole (Québec, Ministère de l'Agriculture, Service de l'Enseignement agricole, 1946, 112 pp.). **Maillet (Adrienne),** La vie tourmentée de Michelle Rôbal (Montréal, l'auteur; Imprimerie Populaire, 1946, 240 pp., $1.25). **Malo (Adrien),** Clartés d'Evangile sur nos sentiers (Montréal, Edns Franciscaines, 280 pp., $1.25). **Malo (Adrien-M.), Guillemette (André-M.), Lussier (Irénée)** et **Morin (Clément),** L'Heure Dominicale; préface de Monseigneur PAUL BERNIER (Montréal, Edns Lumen, 224 pp., $2.50). **Marchand (Clément),** Les soirs rouges: poèmes (Trois-Rivières, Edns du Bien Public, 184 pp.). **Marion (Séraphin),** Les lettres canadiennes d'autrefois: tome V, Octave Crémazie, précurseur du romantisme canadien-français (Hull, Edns L'Eclair; Ottawa, Edns de l'Université, 1946, 224 pp., $1.25). **Marquis (Georges-Emile),** Québec, hier et aujourd'hui; en français et en anglais (Québec, l'auteur, s.d., 88 pp., ill., 50c.). **Martigny (Paul de),** Les mémoires d'un garnement (Ottawa-Montréal, Edns du Lévrier, 208 pp., $1.25). **Masson (Marie-Vincent),** Un saint chez les papas (Ottawa-Montréal, Edns du Lévrier, 64 pp., 35c.). **Mauroult (Olivier),** Par voies et par chemins de l'air (les Amériques) (Montréal, Edns des Dix, 272 pp., $1.50). **Mercier (Gérard),** Vers le Père par le Christ: le rôle du Christ dans la vie spirituelle (Saint-Benoît-du-Lac, les Moines bénédictins, 1946, 204 pp., $1.00). **Message marial** (Montréal, Frères des Ecoles chrétiennes, 136 pp., 30c.). **Morin-Labrecque (Albertine),** La vie merveilleuse de Paderewsky (Montréal, Edns de l'Etoile, 1946, 184 pp., $1.25). **Nadeau (Eugène),** La perle au fond du gouffre: "Zam-Zam" et Barbelés (Montréal, Fides, 308 pp., $1.50). **Nelson (Wolfred),** Wolfred Nelson et son temps (Montréal, Edns du Flambeau, 1946, 222 pp., $1.50). **Pacreau (Camille),** Tadoussac; 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VII. NEW-CANADIAN LETTERS

Watson Kirkconnell

Two substantial volumes of Icelandic poetry are in the forefront of the New-Canadian contribution for 1947, *The Firefly* by Vigfús J. Guttormsson of Lundar, Manitoba and *The Sorting-Fold* by Páll S. Pálsson of Winnipeg, both veteran poets in the Icelandic-Canadian community. In the 135 poems in Mr. Guttormsson's new collection, there is little that is novel but much that commands respect for its prosodic competence. Many of the poems express warm religious faith, personal affection, and love of nature. There is a happy combination of poetic invention and harmony in his "Frog" (p. 81) and the same originality emerges, though less tunefully, in his "New Potatoes" (p. 102). Several dozen poems are brief epigrams of from four to eight lines, depending for their effect on verbal felicity and on wit.

While much of Mr. Pálsson's volume is taken up with excellent dedicatory verses to persons in the Icelandic community—which are inevitably of less interest to the general reader—there is enough non-dedicated poetry in the book to bear witness to his emotional quality and his ripening technique. There is force in the striding anapaests of his "Lava-walk" (pp. 18-20), yet he is equally effective in the gentle and and even poignant directness of his lyrics. Competent in still another fashion is the witty and satiric poem-sequence "John and Kate." The book ends with an impressive "Apologia."

Slighter in scope are two chap-books of German verse by the Mennonite poets, H. D. Friesen and Jacob H. Janzen. Mr. Friesen's collection of *Poems on Various Themes* comprises twenty-one hymns and religious lyrics, all marked by sincere devotion. In his brochure, *Things Old and New for Christmas and New Year's*, Dr. Janzen has gathered his Christmas and New Year's poetry from over a period of years and has added a number of Christmas dialogues suitable for presentation by children at Sunday-school concerts. Both men write in the evangelical tradition.

The only volume of fiction in the year's record is the German novel, *Uncle Nick*, by Peter J. Klassen, of Superb, Saskatchewan, embodying the character and experience of a Mennonite preacher in southern Russia from the turn of the century, on through the years of the First World War, the Bolshevik Revolution, the civil war, and several years under the Soviet régime, until finally he emigrates to Canada in 1925. The story opens with little Nicolai Peters in his Mennonite cradle in the Molotschna colony and ends with his arrival in Saskatchewan along with his wife and children. Its central theme is the unswerving fidelity of the Mennonite pastor to his faith and his readiness to sacrifice everything in the name of his Master. The style is simple and familiar, and a copious use of conversation helps to give actuality to a tale intended primarily for young readers.

Some of the most substantial work of the past year has lain in the field of autobiography. Here the most ambitious undertaking is the *Memoirs* of the most eminent of Ukrainian musicians and conductors in Canada, the late Professor Alexander Koshyts (1875-1944). The first large volume, just published, brings his life from his childhood as the son of an Orthodox priest, the Reverend Antonin Ihnatovich Koshyts, down to 1899, when, after six years of earlier training at an ecclesiastical seminary in Kiev, he had become a student at the Mohyla Academy and was director of the "Academic Choir." An autobiography of this sort will help to show how broad-based and authentic was the legacy of cultural training brought to Canada by such political *émigrés* as Professor Koshyts. Like many other important works, it is being published by the Ukrainian Cultural and Educational Centre in Winnipeg.

Much slighter in purpose is a German volume of travel reminiscences, *My Trip to Palestine*, in which the Reverend I. P. Friesen, of Rosthern, Saskatchewan, has set down for the pleasure of Mennonite youth organizations his recollections of a Mediterranean cruise in 1910, which included visits to Damascus, Jerusalem, and Cairo. Different again are the *Experiences* of Bishop Janzen of Waterloo, in which he sets down his mental and spiritual adventures during the Christmas season of 1946.

Two interesting volumes of memoirs in Yiddish are *Montreal of Yesterday* by I. Medres and *Journey of My Life* by H. Wolofsky. Mr. Medres gives a detailed picture of life in the Jewish community in Montreal, largely in the period prior to 1914. Typical chapter-headings are: "The Jewish Quarter," "Immigrant Problems," "Class Division," "The First Jewish Bookstore," "Mass Meetings," "Dreams of Zion," "Zionist Politics," "Zionist Radicalism," "An Historic Zionist Convention." The Zionist fervour that glows in these pages is even more intense in the work of Mr. Wolofsky, proprietor of the *Canadian Eagle*. Here the scope of the reminiscences reaches far beyond Montreal to include a boyhood in Russia and three visits to Palestine, in 1921, 1929, and 1933. The second of these visits coincided with the massacre of Jews at Hebron. Mr. Wolofsky concludes with a sketch of the stirring contemporary intellectual life of Montreal's Jewry, reinforced as it is by a number of eminent Jewish refugee scholars from Europe.

One of these latter is Dr. Symcha Petrushka, who came to Canada from Poland in 1939 and has already published in Montreal five volumes of a monumental edition of the Mishna, consisting of a critical Hebrew text, a Yiddish translation, and a voluminous commentary on the philology, history, and archaeology involved in the original work. The first volume was awarded the La Med Prize (New York) for the most important annual work in Jewish scholarship. In 1943, Dr. Petrushka also published in Yiddish a two-volume *Jewish People's Encyclopaedia*, not hitherto noted in these pages.

In Icelandic scholarship, pride of place goes to Professor Richard Beck who has published a number of important articles on Icelandic literature during the past two years, including an introduction to the collected works of Jóhann Magnús Bjarnason, a lengthy study of the poetry of Guttormur J. Guttormsson, a sketch of the poetry of Thorsteinn Gíslason, and a memorial tribute to the Icelandic-Canadian story-writer, the late Gudrún H. Finnsdóttir. As editor of the Thorgeirsson *Almanac*, he has placed on record, along with his contributors, a considerable mass of biographical and historical data concerning the Icelandic pioneers in Canada.

There are several other works of scholarship at various levels. The most elementary is E. Kiriak's illustrated Ukrainian reader, *Marusia*. A somewhat more advanced work is the Reverend A. Trukh's *Grammar of the Ukrainian Literary Language*, presented entirely in Ukrainian for young Ukrainian-Canadians. Both volumes should prove very useful. From the Basilian Fathers' Press at Mundare, Alberta, come two spirited pamphlets, Father Semchuk's biography (in Ukrainian) of the Metropolitan Michael Rahoza and Anna Arabska's *The Clash of Civilizations* (in English), stressing the fundamental conflict between Communism and Christianity. An expansion of the same theme, slanted in terms of the Ukraine's long struggle for political and spiritual freedom, is *Ukraine's Call to America*, by Honoré Ewach, of Winnipeg. More purely literary in interest is an English verse translation of the ancient (twelfth century) Kievan epic fragment, *Prince Ihor's Raid against the Polovtsi*, rendered by Paul Crath and Watson Kirkconnell from the Old Ukrainian. Still another item of Ukrainian interest is Brother Methodius's pamphlet on *Our Origin*, which begins and ends by emphasizing the primary and fundamental loyalty of the Ukrainian-Canadians to Canada but stresses also the importance of their having a proud knowledge of the traditions and achievements of their ancestors.

A much more pretentious volume, which adds persistent Communist propaganda to otherwise extensive research on the Ukrainians in Canada, is *Men in Sheepskin Coats*, by Vera Lysenko of Toronto. The bulk of the book is an excellent and readable account of the settlement of the Ukrainians in Canada and their advance in two generations to positions of affluence and distinction. There is also an admirable summary of the Ukrainian cultural legacy. Unfortunately, this appetizing dish is laced with political arsenic. To the author, the hero of the Ukrainian epic in Canada has been the Ukrainian Labour-Farmer Temple Association, which is now becoming the Ukrainian Canadian Association. She does not give the slightest hint that the U.L.F.T.A. at its twelfth convention pledged itself to the Communist programme, to training young Canadians in schools of sedition, and to "the mobilization of the working masses of this country for the revolutionary struggle" (*Reports and Resolutions*, *12th Convention U.L.F.T.A.*, p. 37). She introduces its leaders, John Navis, John Boychuk, Matthew Popovich, and Matthew Shatulsky, with great enthusiasm, but without mentioning that all four of them have been high-ranking officers of the Communist party of Canada and that two of them (Boychuk and Popovich) were sentenced in 1931 to five years in penitentiary "for being active in an organization whose primary objective was the forcible destruction of the Canadian state." Although there have been three Ukrainian members of the House of Commons and twenty-five members of the prairie legislatures, she mentions none of these except two Winnipeg politicians, one of them a Communist. Of all the impressive war effort of the Ukrainian-Canadians, she cites only that of the Communist minority—which began only after Russia entered the war and their U.L.F.T.A. leaders began to emerge from concentration camps. On pages 117-18, she breaks out into almost lyric joy over the idyll of progress in the Ukraine under the Bolsheviks, with never a whisper of forced labour, Soviet police, and the extermination of millions of Ukrainians by Soviet-sponsored famine and the liquidation of the kulaks. The great majority of the Ukrainian-Canadians, whose hearts are wrung by this vast tragedy of the Ukraine, she dismisses as "trying to put the clock back three hundred years" (p. 288), even though a revolutionary army in the Ukraine fought for independence against both Hitler and Stalin from 1941 on and is still fighting in Europe in 1948. Her account of the Ukrainian language press in Canada (pp. 228-30) gives praise only to the two Communist papers, *Ukrainian Life* and the *Ukrainian Word*, whose rhapsodies over everything done or said by Moscow, and attacks on everything Canadian, are conveniently left unmentioned. The fault in all this phase of the book may lie not with the author but with unscrupulous informants in the background.

A more accurate picture of the Ukrainian achievement in Canada, presented without literary pretensions of any sort, is the annual directory, *Ukrainians in Canada*, edited in Winnipeg by Mr. F. A. Macrouch. Here, classified according to occupation, are the names and addresses of nearly six thousand Ukrainian professional and business men in Canada. These include 63 physicians and surgeons, 460 school teachers, 10 school principals, 13 members of parliament or of legislatures, 11 agronomists, 28 writers, 47 barristers, 38 dentists, 25 druggists, 13 music teachers, 32 nurses, 51 contractors, 46 manufacturers, and 9 scientists and engineers. In less than fifty years, these New-Canadians have gone a long way towards integration into our national life.

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REVIEWS

EXISTENTIALISM*

Lawrence E. Lynch

It is quite generally known today that in the short space of three or four years existentialism has become one of the most widely publicized and discussed philosophical phenomena of the past several decades. Yet, strange as it may seem, the literature on the subject available to the English-speaking world is rather remarkable for its scarcity. Little, in fact, of an authentic nature has appeared, other than comparatively few articles in various *avant garde* periodicals. The result has been a general uncertainty as to the true nature of existentialism—an uncertainty that has unfortunately not deterred discussion of the subject. It has, indeed, served to cloak it in a veil of mysterious nebulosity that has actually inspired much conjecture, both learned and otherwise.

However, with the appearance of what is hoped will eventually become an extensive series of translations from French (and, we sincerely trust, from German), the situation as regards original material should be adequately remedied. As a result of the wide acclaim Jean-Paul Sartre has received and the deep interest his dramatic efforts have aroused in Canada and the United States, it is little wonder that he should immediately attract the attention of translators. The Philosophical Library of New York has begun the publication of his more serious philosophical works, and no doubt because of its brevity as a concise presentation of M. Sartre's thought the editors have chosen a translation of *L'Existentialisme est une humanisme* as the first of his works to appear. In English the work bears the simple title *Existentialism.* As originally edited (Collection Pensées, Les Éditions Nagel, Paris, 1946) this work was the text of a short lecture delivered in Paris in 1945 along with a report of the discussion that followed the lecture itself. In rendering the work into English, the translator, Mr. Bernard Frechtman, has attempted to maintain the literary atmosphere of the lecture itself and "has not tried to polish the crude surface of the discussion" (p. 7). His translation is generally quite satisfactory, although he might perhaps have rendered "l'homme qui s'engage et qui se rend compte qu'il est non seulement celui qu'il choisit d'être . . . *ne saurait échapper* au sentiment de sa totale et profonde responsabilité" (French edition, p. 28) more accurately than "the man who involves himself and realizes that he is not only the person he chooses to be . . . *can not help escape* the feeling of his total and deep responsibility" (p. 22). The translation does appear to miss the real meaning. This, however, is but a minor detail.

The whole work receives its general structure and tone from M. Sartre's avowed purpose of using it as a medium of defending existentialism against

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**Existentialism.* By Jean-Paul Sartre. Translated by Bernard Frechtman. New York: Philosophical Library [Toronto: McLeod]. 1947. Pp. 91. ($3.25) various charges that have been brought against it. In the interests of fair play he is careful to indicate (p. 15) that it is his own brand of existentialism, atheistic existentialism as opposed to the Christian existentialism of Karl Jaspers and Gabriel Marcel, that is at stake in the present work. Briefly stated, the charges M. Sartre is concerned with answering are these: that existentialism invites people to remain in a kind of desperate quietism; that it dwells only on human degradation; that it considers man as an isolated being; and that it denies the reality and seriousness of human undertakings.

Defence of his own position lends itself admirably to a general exposition of the main themes of what M. Sartre conceives existentialism to be. He defines it as, "a doctrine which makes human life possible and, in addition, declares that every truth and every action implies a human setting and a human subjectivity" (p. 12). He makes one plea that should be taken to heart most seriously by anyone who would be satisfied with dabbling in M. Sartre's novels to the exclusion of his more constructive work, namely, that existentialism is intended strictly for specialists and philosophers (p. 15). To such as these his definition has a meaning that will inevitably escape the layman—it is a doctrine that holds for the precedence of existence over essence or the necessity of beginning all speculation with subjectivity (p. 15).

"What is meant here by saying that existence precedes essence? It means that, first of all, man exists, turns up, appears on the scene, and, only afterwards, defines himself." (P. 18.) It is a constantly reiterated position of M. Sartre's that there is no such reality as human nature determining the course of human actions; those who would hold that there is this reality are cowards (p. 55). Such a view as this latter has only come into general acceptance as a result of the belief that God exists as an artisan forming things according to his knowledge, and that the natures of things are constituted in that knowledge. And inasmuch as M. Sartre is attempting "to draw all the consequences of a coherent atheistic position" (pp. 60-1) there is for him no God to conceive human nature. The only reality is human existence, human living. After his initial thrust into existence, man is only what he conceives and wills himself to be: in existing he is constantly choosing what he will be and thereby is always making mankind. Hence the term subjectivity standing side by side with the precedence of existence over essence. What is primary is the existing subject, and it is from the free actions of that subject that essence results. Man is a product of his own free actions, and what his world will be is dependent on what he wants it to be.

Stressing subjectivity as he does, it is little wonder that we read of M. Sartre proclaiming the Cartesian *cogito* as the only valid philosophical starting-point. "There can be no other truth to take off from than this: I think, therefore, I exist. There we have the absolute truth of consciousness becoming aware of itself . . . outside the Cartesian *cogito* all views are only probable, and a doctrine of probability which is not bound to truth dissolves into thin air" (p. 43). It is only by being aware of my existing that *what* I am emerges. We discover our individual natures and human nature itself in dwelling upon man's free actions, for it is in those actions that the human nature is made. "Man, with no support and no aid, is condemned every moment to invent man" (p. 28). It is precisely because man makes his own nature in freely choosing how he will act that M. Sartre claims the title "humanism" (p. 60) for his own thought. And for the same reason he calls it a philosophy of freedom and a philosophy of action: "The doctrine I am presenting is the very opposite of quietism, since it declares: 'There is no reality except in action' " (p. 37).

However, in traditional philosophical terminology "essence" has always been considered as referring in some way to intelligibility. We can only conclude, then, that existence of itself is unintelligible and needs to be made intelligible by man. It is apparently by the free acts of men that intelligibility is evolved out of the unintelligibility of existence. And just as it seems rather difficult to imagine what the primacy of the *cogito* means when it is not a thought about something, so is it extremely difficult to imagine what existence would be without the determination and intelligibility of essence. Apparently it is still *human* existence that is in question, and yet the "human" does not function as a specification. At least something of M. Sartre's difficulty in the matter becomes apparent in the realm of ethics: "The existentialist . . . thinks it very distressing that God does not exist, because all possibility of finding values in a heaven of ideas disappears along with Him" (p. 26). Like human nature, then, values must be freely created by man out of his own actions. "If God does not exist, we find no values or commands to turn to which legitimize our conduct. So in the bright realm of values, we have no excuse behind us, no justification before us. We are alone with no excuses." (P. 27.) In such a dilemma, M. Sartre once more turns to the *cogito* for his theme, but this time with a helping hand from Heidegger. "Through the *I think* we reach our own self in the presence of others, and the others are just as real to us as our own self. Thus, the man who becomes aware of himself through the *cogito* also perceives all others, and he perceives them as the condition of his own existence." (P. 44.) We realize, then, that in our existence we are intimately linked with all other men—so intimately linked, in fact, that in creating human nature by our actions we are thereby creating human nature for others. Hence our dreadful responsibility, the cause of our anguish. We must invent values as we choose, for "life has no meaning *a priori*" (p. 58), and yet in so doing we are setting down a nature and a value for others. And all this in a world where intelligibility and predictability are products of our own making. Is it any wonder that we should be in great anguish at our tremendous responsibility? "The existentialist says that man is anguish. What that means is this: the man who involves himself and realizes that he is not only the person he chooses to be, but also a lawmaker who is, at the same time, choosing all mankind as well as himself, cannot escape the feeling of his total and deep responsibility" (pp. 21-2). Forlorn in his lonely existence without God, without a nature and a set of values to which to cling, man must act though beset by heartless anguish.

Such is the heroism M. Sartre demands of man. Yet he is not content with an ethic patterned on Kant's dictum: "I am never to act otherwise than so that I could also will that my maxim should become a universal law." It is not enough that I should realize that in choosing a course of action (and I cannot fail to choose, M. Sartre tells us), I am creating a value for others. For such a procedure only results in abstract principles, and they are never capable of deciding action. M. Sartre appears to be seeking in ethics a guide to concrete, individual action. But surely that kind of moral guidance can only be found in the order of prudence—and prudence has traditionally required a certain intelligibility in human acts, a kind of knowledge of practical operations that goes hand in hand with habit and virtue. In things speculative, then, M. Sartre is looking for a knowledge of existence independently of essence, a knowledge that can hardly be communicated but merely lived and experienced. And in the order of ethics and values, he is searching for concrete guides to action that do not involve a predetermining knowledge or value. He would appear to come closest to a solution when he says: "If values are vague, and if they are always too broad for the concrete and specific case that we are considering, the only thing left for us is to trust our instincts" (p. 31). But it is a solution that M. Sartre himself knows will not work (p. 32), for how can we judge the value of instincts except by inventing a value, that is by choosing?

Thus, in the short space of sixty pages M. Sartre has succeeded rather well in giving the general outlines of his thought and replying to his critics. In his own defence he makes the plea of a philosophy of action as opposed to the quietism with which he is charged; a philosophy of human dignity as opposed to the accusation of dwelling on human degradation; a philosophy of human reality isolated from God, yes, but consolidated in the strength of each individual's presence to the rest of men and serious responsibility to them; a philosophy of freedom as the one important human undertaking. "When I declare that freedom in every concrete circumstance can have no other aim than to want itself, if man has become aware that in his forlornness he imposes values, he can no longer want but one thing, and that is freedom as the basis of all values" (pp. 53-4). As a general sketch of his thought, this small work performs its task quite satisfactorily, but like every outline it should only serve as an introduction to M. Sartre's mind. For in itself, *Existentialism* can hardly be satisfactorily interpreted, let alone duly appreciated, without constant reference to his greater work, *L'Être et néant*. It is to that work that one should turn for the fuller development of ideas merely hinted at in the work just analysed.

ANGEL SATYR[*]

W. ROBBINS

Why do I keep this voluminous journal? I can hardly tell. Partly because life appears to me such a curious and wonderful thing that it almost seems a pity that even such a humble and uneventful life as mine should pass altogether away without some such record as this, and partly too because I think the record may amuse and interest some who come after me.

The modest hope of this Anglican clergyman has been more than realized, mainly because the freshness and fulness of observation have matched the sincerity of motive. But the interest for the student of literature and social history rests on more solid grounds than those of amusement and charm. The Reverend Francis Kilvert has by his candour and simplicity given us an intimate autobiography from an age distinguished by its reticence; he has also furnished convincing evidence that the lives of ordinary men and women in the Victorian era are not to be deduced from the pages of Dickens, nor even from those of George Eliot. This reminder would be superfluous were it not that the fiction of the essential unreality of life in those days, fostered as it has been by caricature and "debunking" biography, dies hard. In this convenient one-volume edition of the three volumes issued in 1938, 1939, and 1940 (the complete diary, we are told, would run to nine volumes) Mr. Plomer has done both the diarist and the reader a service. Enough material remains to establish the nature and value of the diary, for all but the seeker after local or topical items of special interest. It is noteworthy that over half the present volume is given to the entries made up to September, 1872, when Kilvert left his second curacy in the Welsh village of Clyro to return to Langley Burrell, a judicious proportion for catching and holding the interest of the general reader.

In the case of any English diarist comparison with Pepys is inevitable, and in such a comparison Kilvert is bound to lose out. Here is no fire or plague, state business or threat of invasion, London theatre or meeting of the Royal Society. Instead there is domestic and parish chit-chat, detailed observation of what people eat and drink and wear, and accounts of parties and picnics where girls are "tickled and kissed, not against their will." Clearly comparison with one side of Pepys is invited, as we see by the second entry in the diary, where Kilvert tells us that he read Mark 6 to an elderly invalid, while there sat by the fire "a young mother with dark eyes and hair hanging loose, nursing her baby and displaying her charms liberally." But the uninhibited interest in people, and persons, is no more striking than the enthusiasm for the beauties of nature in Wales and in nearby English counties, principally Wiltshire and Herefordshire. The river Wye and the valleys and hills of the border region have most frequent reference, and the exactness and fulness of description make a comparison with Dorothy Wordsworth, rather than with Pepys, the inevitable one.

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[*] *Kilvert's Diary, 1870-1879: Selections from the Diary of the Rev. Francis Kilvert.* Chosen, edited and introduced by WILLIAM PLOMER. London, Eng.: Jonathan Cape [Toronto: Clarke, Irwin]. 1944, 1946. Pp. 350. ($2.75)

There are times, indeed, when one is tempted simply to call Kilvert a Wordsworthian, and to speculate on the degree to which the nineteenth-century awareness of nature is the result of reading Wordsworth's poems. Such a feeling is prompted by the frequent mention of the poet's name, the anecdotes about him, and the often expressed preference for the country over the city. Yet it would be as reasonable to attribute the wealth of exact visual and botanical detail to a reading of Tennyson. We cannot, in fact, go very far in the diary without realizing that the joy in the sights of the natural world, the observant eye, and the gift of description are those of Kilvert himself. He is fascinated by effects of light, and of colour contrast. He notes the "exquisite fret and filigree work of the white lace blossoms" of the bog bean flower, and finds something of the "severe beauty of sculpture" in the crossing and interlacing of limbs and branches, of "the loveliness of painting" in the "full pride and splendour and colour of foliage." He anticipates W. H. Davies in the absorbed attention to the elements combining to make a moment's beauty, in the feeling that such a perfect harmony may never come again. We believe him when we read, as his complete entry for October 7, 1874: "For some time I have been trying to find the right word for the shimmering glancing twinkling movement of the poplar leaves in the sun and wind. This afternoon I saw the word written on the poplar leaves. It was 'dazzle.' The dazzle of the poplars."

What is most striking in this Broad Church clergyman is the unconstrained naturalness of his feelings and expression, the range of the objects of his curiosity and admiration, of his love, in short. He delights in the primrose and in the "mountain streaked and striped and ribbed with snow"; he enjoys skating, dancing, and champagne as much as the quiet starlit night; he is himself rapturously in love with at least three different girls in succession, though deathless love for Daisy does not rob the record of this Sunday item: "At the school this morning I had a grateful word and glance and clasp of the hand from Gibbins in return for the book I gave her, *Stepping Heavenward.*" His passionate fondness for children is balanced by his active sympathy for the aged, the poor, the sick, and even the mad, all of whom he attends regularly with counsel and with little personal gifts. And the blend of sacred calling and natural impulse, of pagan pleasure and Christian gentleness, no doubt explains the demonstrative grief of all ages and groups among his parishioners at his departure from Clyro, and the joy at his occasional later visits.

This embracing and tolerant humanity distinguishes Kilvert's religious views as well as his attitude to daily living. There is no reflection here of theological controversy, of the ecclesiastical storms over *Essays and Reviews* and Bishop Colenso. There is little moralizing, and less scriptural quotation. The diarist gives details of his visit to the monastery of Father Ignatius (the Reverend J. L. Lyne), but concludes that the dress and occupations of the masons and the "hearty healthy girls washing at the Chapel House" are "much more sensible and really religious" than attempts to revive monasticism. He finds old Catholic associations more congenial in burial ceremonies than the "bald hideous accompaniments" of Puritanism, and having an hour to spare in Bath, visits the Roman Catholic cathedral to pray for "charity, unity, and brotherly love, and the union of Christendom." Yet attendance at a High Anglican service in Oxford draws the comment that it is theatrical and overdone, and "pure Mariolatry."

The simple, at times ingenuous, candour of many of the entries is one of the charms of this kindly pastor, this follower of a primrose *via media*, whose religious views outlined above would have won the approval of his contemporary Matthew Arnold, even as his spontaneous bucolic pleasures would have made him congenial company for Izaak Walton. He is pleased and touched by the clean house and modest behaviour of a girl who has been "living in sin" with a parishioner; he is naïvely dismayed by the wickedness of many people thought to be respectable and good. He feels that a railway porter who worked an extra shift to give a fellow a holiday is a better man than he, and he comes away from an Agricultural Meeting "furious at the patronising manner in which the labourers were preached at and the way in which the poor old people were kept standing during the whole meeting, while '*their betters*'(?) were comfortably seated in cushioned chairs." Folk-lore, legends, and superstitions are recounted, usually with parenthetical reservations, but always with fascinated interest. Perhaps most characteristic, when he tells of failing to put "birch and wittan" over the door on May Eve to keep out the old witch, is the irrepressible comment: "The young witches are welcome."

There is much by the way to interest and amuse in Kilvert's diary. There are the rustics who believe that he must cross water to go from Wales to Wiltshire; there is a detailed account of an evening's exhibition of mesmerism by Hume; there is a visit to the poet Barnes, who asserts his own real sympathy for country people against the lack of it in Tennyson (a judgment with which Kilvert agrees); there is mention of his own poems, which he "was not encouraged to publish," and of his views on art, as personal as his impressions of nature. But the main value and attraction is twofold. The diary offers, in spite of a few quaint euphemisms, a mirror reflecting in detail a "normal" and natural social behaviour pattern from an age so often considered synonymous with hypocrisy and prudery. It offers, at the same time, a full and delightful self-portrait by a man whom some readers might regard as the ideal pastoral clergyman, even if he is too much the average sensual man to be a saint. We find him almost crying with joy at the spectacle of a sunset in the Black Mountains, when his "first involuntary thought in the presence of these magnificent sights is to lift up the heart to God and humbly thank Him for having made the earth so beautiful." We find him on another occasion at the seashore, observing for meticulous record every curve and dimple of a naked girl reclining on the sand, who "seemed a Venus Anadyomene risen from the waves." Perhaps we can conclude with the sentence which is his entire entry for June 20, 1871: "An angel satyr walks these hills."

JAPAN, PAST AND FUTURE*

H. L. KEENLEYSIDE

Ever since the visit of the Black Ships of Commodore Perry, the problem of the Far East has been the problem of Japan. The Western world is still faced with the dilemmas released when the United States pried open the Pandora's box embossed with the rising sun.

Military victory has by no means solved the problem. That Japan will again play a leading role in oriental politics, and that the revival which will make this possible will not be long delayed, is obvious to anyone who studies current reports from Tokyo, including the official statements released from General MacArthur's headquarters. Whether that revival results from the strategic requirements of United States policy in world affairs, from the economic necessities of the western Pacific, from the character of Japanese society, or from a combination of these factors is something that can be established more clearly in retrospect than in forecast. That it will happen and that it will be a development of major importance in international affairs is both manifest and inevitable.

With the revival of Nippon will come a renewal of many of the social and economic difficulties that increasingly marked Japan's relationship with occidental countries during the inter-war years. Among these difficulties was the controversy aroused by the immigration policies of the exclusionist states. While it may be some time before Japan will be in a position to argue vigorously against such policies as those embodied in the United States Exclusion Act of 1924, the problem will eventually rise again.

When it does, the material brought together in Professor Lind's little book on Hawaii will be of significant interest. Here is a collection of first-hand source material on the behaviour of Japanese immigrants and their descendants in an alien land. As a professional sociologist, Dr. Lind examines with a rather sardonic eye the triumph of conviction over evidence, of prejudice over facts, in the popular beliefs that grew up about the action of the Japanese residents of Hawaii at the time of Pearl Harbor. Although everyone who was in a position to know affirmed and reaffirmed that the Japanese did not engage in sabotage on December 7, 1941, or on the days that followed, the wild stories that were then developed (of road blocks, enormous arrows cut in the sugar-cane to point the way to the Japanese

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***Hawaii's Japanese: An Experiment in Democracy*. By ANDREW W. LIND. Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University Press [Toronto: Saunders]. 1946. Pp. viii, 264. ($3.75)

The History of Japan. By KENNETH SCOTT LATOURETTE. New York: Macmillan Co. [Toronto: Macmillan Co. of Canada]. 1947. Pp. vi, 290. ($4.00)

A Short History of the Far East. By KENNETH SCOTT LATOURETTE. New York: Macmillan Co. [Toronto: Macmillan Co. of Canada]. 1947. Pp. xiv, 665. ($6.00) objectives, poisoning of food supplies, etc., etc.) were still being used on the mainland months, and in some cases years, later by supposedly responsible individuals and magazines.

In general Dr. Lind has presented a clear and illuminating picture of the Japanese element (40 per cent) in the complex society of the island melting-pot. On the whole it is an encouraging story of tolerance and interracial co-operation. While the peculiar position of Hawaii is unlikely to be duplicated in any other American territory, the experience of the islands should hearten those who hope to find a decent solution for the intrinsically much less difficult problems facing the persons of Japanese racial origin and their occidental neighbours in the continental United States, in Australia, and in Canada.

Dr. Latourette, the author of the other two books, is, of course, one of the outstanding American authorities on Japan and the Orient. His little *History of Japan* is based upon his earlier *Development of Japan* (1918), but it has been rewritten and brought up to date. While it suffers the inevitable over-simplification that must unavoidably result from the effort to compress the very complex history of an equally complex people into ten thousand words, it does provide an admirable summary which should appeal to many. It will be particularly useful to the ordinary reader who wants a short, clear, and objective story of the steps by which Japan reached the position of a world power and the reasons for its present debasement.

In his *A Short History of the Far East*, Professor Latourette outlines the history of Japan, China, India, Korea, Manchuria, Mongolia, Sinkiang, Tibet, Annam, Tongking, Siam, Malaya, Burma, Ceylon, Formosa, the Philippine Islands, and a number of smaller national, geographical, or racial units. The book is designed for the edification of the general reader and for use as a text-book in general or introductory college courses. It suffers from the inevitable difficulties which face the author who has to combine the chronological with the topical method. Dr. Latourette has endeavoured to minimize this difficulty by providing only a single break in the various chronologies—at the point where the impact of the West began to fracture the shell of oriental custom and isolation. Although the author makes no great effort to improve upon the conventional prose style used by American professors writing for first- or second-year students, his product is one of the better examples of its class. The material is well organized and plainly set forth. The persistent reader will be informed, if not inspired.

Two general comments should be added. Dr. Latourette writes (as he himself indicates in his preface) from the point of view of a citizen of the United States, and seldom, if ever, deviates from the traditional American view of past events. He tends to over-emphasize the importance of the role played by the United States in Far Eastern affairs, with a resulting minimization of the parts taken by Great Britain and Russia. Within this general limitation, the author has endeavoured to present an objective survey. His record of achievement is well above the average in its field.

The second point that should be made has to do with the substance of what Dr. Latourette thinks of as history. In his introductory remarks, he admits that "other phases of human activity and achievements may prove quite as significant as the political." Yet, in spite of frequent references to the economic, social, and intellectual aspects of the oriental story, Dr. Latourette's history is essentially "past politics." This he justifies on the ground that "because so much of public interest is focused on political events ... the larger proportion of the space is devoted to this side of the story." This explanation seems to approach dangerously close to the argument that because the average reader has a misconception of what constitutes history the historian should continue to propagate that misconception!

Perhaps sometime Dr. Latourette will write a history in which he will concentrate on what *he* thinks is important, instead of allowing his audience to direct him in his choice of material. When he does, he will write a better book.

SAVING THE HUMANITIES*

B. K. Sandwell

There has always been a difference of opinion in Canada between the purchasers of a university education and the purveyors of that article, as to what the article really was and what it was good for. The purchasers have universally regarded it as an investment, which must justify its cost by producing a sufficient increment of income for the recipient to amortize itself in the first twenty years of his subsequent life. (The fact that he might live longer than that was offset by the equally pertinent fact that he might die earlier.) The purveyors have consistently raised hands of horror at this concept, though at the same time insisting that the salaries of degreed persons ought to be sufficiently higher than those of non-degreed persons to allow the amortization to be performed. In other words they have maintained that a degree ought to earn interest but ought not to be purchased for that reason.

The real problem of higher education on this continent (fortunately for Canada it is a continental, not a national, problem) consists in the fact that the rate of production of degreed persons is beginning to exceed the market demand for them *at a price which will allow of amortization.* There is grave danger that a substantial number of them will henceforth be unable to earn any more than the average undegreed person of very moderate capacity. This might have any one, or two, or all three, of three very different consequences. It might diminish the demand for degrees. It might cause degrees to be sought for purely non-economic reasons. And it might cause a yet further shift in the *kind* of degrees purchased at universities, in the direction of a more saleable article, that is to say an education which will cause more people to be willing to pay a premium for the services of the educated person.

**The Humanities in Canada.* By Watson Kirkconnell and A. S. P. Woodhouse. Ottawa: Humanities Research Council of Canada. 1947. Pp. 287. ($2.00)

There will always be types of training, even if they produce only manual skill, for which society will be willing to pay such a premium, and most of them can if desired be spread over three or four years from the date of matriculation. Plumbing could easily be made a subject of such training. (Bricklaying is probably a bit more difficult.) Cosmetology and hotel management have already been made so by some American universities. Journalism is an accepted department almost everywhere. Acting (on the stage) is something that requires practice, and so does dancing, and why should not that practice be done at a university? Policing *ought* to be taught at a university; it is one of the most scientific tasks, or ought to be, of this scientific age, but that would involve our realizing that it is idiotic to pay a skilled policeman for holding up his hand at a street-corner to prevent motorists from running into one another, a job that could be done by any high-school girl with good eyesight.

This is the most likely direction for the degree-manufacturing industry to take, and it holds little cheer for the advocates of the humanities. Of all unsaleable things, in our contemporary society, a knowledge of the humanities, standing by itself, is about the most unsaleable. Once the demand for people to *teach* the humanities is satisfied, what else is it good for, economically speaking? It can be combined in small quantities, as if it were an alloy, with some of the special knowledges and skills which really have a market value, and it may stiffen them up a bit, but that does not need very much of it. Who is going to pay a cosmetologist for having a knowledge of Horace (who knew a bit about cosmetology himself), or a mortician for having a knowledge of John Donne? If only people could be induced to buy education for education's sake, for the pleasure they get out of it, as they buy radios and motor-cars, how different the situation would be! And how highly improbable that is!

The number of potential purchasers of a university education has already been vastly increased by the improvement in the economic position of large portions of the wage-earning classes, and it will be still further increased by the wide acceptance of the idea that the state should purchase a university education for every young person who can show a capacity to benefit by it. (These last it is true will have little or no personal investment to amortize, but they are not likely to regard themselves as any less entitled to income than those who have.) The pressure for a great increase in the supply of income-producing types of education will be overwhelmingly strong. The prospect of these types putting much accent on the humanities is dim.

The authors of *The Humanities in Canada* appear to have grasped this situation intuitively without having worked out its inescapable consequences. They are profoundly aware of the inadequate amount of humanistic knowledge at present imparted in Canadian universities, and they are deeply concerned that there should be a larger amount of money available in Canadian universities for humanistic research work. But the two things are much more closely linked than they have indicated. An increase of expenditure on humanistic research is the one effective and immediate way of increasing the market value of a humanistic education, or more correctly (since the actual market value is largely set by the export trade) of increasing the capacity of the Canadian market to absorb humanistically educated persons at the market rate. Nor is the effect limited to the money actually paid to the humanistic researchers; their mere presence in Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, or Quebec strengthens the intellectual *milieu*, encourages a taste for the humanities in other people, and induces in the community a greater respect, and even in due course a greater willingness to pay, for humanistic knowledge.

There is actually little recognition in the report of the fact that the laws of supply and demand, operating under competition, govern pretty effectually the kind of article offered by the state universities and the Protestant universities of Canada. This statement is much less true of the French Catholic universities, up to the point where the first degree is obtained (above that point there is competition between different specialist courses in the same university, and the same result is obtained as in the English-language schools, of a very moderate showing for the humanities); here the character of the curriculum offered is governed much more by tradition and by religious authority, and it produces, to quote the report, "a baccalaureate planned more deliberately in terms of the humanities than those of any of our Anglo-Canadian universities." (If the actual achievement falls short of the planning, the fault lies largely with the relative per capita poverty of the French-speaking population, especially as shown in inadequate pre-college education.) The French religious authorities can dictate the character of university education much more effectually than any English-speaking authority, and they use that power strongly in favour of the humanities. It is difficult to see how any similar force could be brought to bear, even if it were considered desirable, in the non-Catholic community. Its universities are under compulsion to deliver the sort of goods that the clients are willing to pay for, and these are the sort of goods that will increase earning power.

The principle of giving the student free choice between subjects, or even between groups of subjects if the groups are not large, obviously involves an abdication by the university of the function of defining the content of the education it imparts. This abdication is pretty complete, to judge from the report, in regard to the pass courses, which except at Toronto have students who "greatly outnumber those in honours courses." It is noted, for example, that at Toronto in the pass course "the humanities can be avoided, or on the contrary can be made to constitute almost the whole of the three years' work." The honours courses are naturally divided into those in which the humanities predominate and those from which they are more or less completely absent. In regard to the former there is little or no ground for criticism, except in the fact that they are taken almost entirely by students who rely on their standing to earn them a living either as specialist teachers or as members of a university staff or in some semi-educational occupation. It would have been interesting to have more information about the humanistic education imparted to those honour students who take non-humanistic specialties, but even within the Arts faculties the report leaves these severely alone, and its terms of reference exclude all the other faculties. All these courses imply, of course, a previous matriculation, usually senior or junior matriculation followed by a modicum of cultural work in the first year; but the report includes one pearl of wisdom when it observes that "it is very doubtful whether any subject if dropped at senior matriculation leaves a permanent deposit of much value in the mind of the student."

It seems apparent that whatever rescuing of the humanities may be needed and practicable in Canada will have to be done by the friends of the humanities themselves, and that the method should be primarily the provision of funds to increase the demand for the services of humanistically educated persons, with some concern for the facilities (libraries and the like) which they need for rendering those services. The report is a most valuable contribution to this end, but the Humanities Research Council of Canada for which it was prepared will have to take up the challenge which the report presents. It could well follow the recommendation that it should form a Humanities Association on a national basis, and if such an association were to join with the scientific associations in pushing for a National Library, and with it for "the greatest single need" in the Canadian library field, "a Union Catalogue of the holdings of all Canadian libraries," an immense step forward might be possible.

SHORTER NOTICES

Aesthetic Experience in Religion. By Geddes MacGregor. London, Eng.: Macmillan & Co. [Toronto: Macmillan Co. of Canada]. 1947. Pp. 264. ($3.75)

Dr. MacGregor's work raises the most important issues regarding the nature of aesthetic and of religious experience, and particularly the baffling problem of their relation. In origin all but indistinguishable, art and religion have now reached a point of severance where the small remaining fraction of the total still termed "religious art," seems to consist mainly of aesthetically contemptible pictures and statues, hymn-tunes which might have been expressly invented by the devil, and sentimental or lugubrious works of architecture; while for its part religion has repulsed the services of art till, in great areas of practice, it seems to manifest a supreme and deliberate unloveliness.

The relation is in fact curiously mixed of hostility and dependence, trust and mistrust, and in both directions. Why have great men like Plotinus and St. Augustine—without, as well as within, Christianity—alternated between approval and disapproval of art? Does God, as the Puritan believes, require the unadorned beauty of holiness in worship and reject in anger the spurious holiness of beauty; or is the most perfect offering that in which effective holiness is adorned in effective beauty? Is the rapture of great music already virtually a religious ecstasy, or is it a trumpery substitute, a state of exalted emotion which leaves the hearer's will as self-centred and godless as ever?

Dr. MacGregor trusts more than he mistrusts. He adopts Croce's theory of aesthetic experience (rather improbably combined, Croce would object, with the once-fashionable theory of "Empathy," and with elements of Thomist realism, plus an analysis of Catholic mysticism along lines provided by Maritain and Dom Cuthbert Butler); and regards beauty, the "expression of intuitions," as the basic, rudimentary, primitive awareness, not yet involving the distinction of real and unreal, presupposed by all the more elaborate developments of thinking and acting. Such aesthesis "when all is said and done, we feel sure, is the ground of religion." The author lays special emphasis upon the second-level aesthesis in Croce's theory where, having made the round from primitive intuition to conceptual thought, to "economic," and finally to moral activity, the spirit of man plunges again with all it has acquired *en route*, into the vivifying if dark waters of intuition, emerging transformed with a new set of problems, to start on a new round of the spiral; this second-level aesthesis he seems to equate with mystical experience, the religious flower, as the first is the aesthetic root, of life. Thus he can write: "God initiates what is to be ultimately mystical union with himself, by a definite commission to us to have aesthetic experience of a certain kind." And he regards the aesthetic "dimming out" of the higher activities of conception, economic interest, and morality as the counterpart of the mystic's "dark night," which is a dimming out of the lower forms of activity, particularly a rejection of aesthesis, i.e. of all imagery whatever.

Leaving out the metaphysical awkwardness of trying to reconcile Croce and St. Thomas—which, to say the least, seems to me insuperable—it should be remarked that the grounds of mistrust are more serious than Dr. MacGregor seems to see. Aesthetic experience, exalted as it widely is today to the supreme status of "the last enchantment of our kind," issues in a religion of art which is a dangerous rival to Christianity—in effect a relapse into a form of pagan worship at the temple of the Muses. "No sane artist" he says, "would claim qua artist that he produced works that were the lively oracles of God"—but this is precisely what artists, and artists as great as Dante and Milton, have claimed; further, and even more disconcertingly, the claims made by a Mallarmé seem to be essentially of the same order.

But if the thesis of root and flower must have the effect of encouraging the aesthete's confusion of religion with aesthetic rapture, its second and graver consequence is to suggest that religious experience is simply a higher form of aesthesis. It is a true (and profound) remark that "the extent to which we can use unpromising situations to our spiritual advantage depends on our . . . attainment in the mystical direction of our will, just as the extent to which we can see beauty in a frying-pan depends on the maturity of our aesthetic experience"; but when we have extracted its truth, we must reject it as a misleading analogy, because it suggests that religion is just a higher art. There is nothing more dangerous to talk about, the author admits, than mysticism, and he has run the danger at length, and not with impunity. In spite of all precautions, mystical states are presented as *induced* "by an extremely complex technique," that is, by us; in spite of all good mystics to the contrary, the purpose of these exercises is presented as the enjoyment of Divine "favours." It is a picture which might well lead the plain man to say, "Mysticism is indeed a merely aesthetic state, and I think I prefer Christianity." Surely the most half-hearted consideration of the *Imitatio Christi* reveals the model of a thoroughly active life, a life, that is, where all contemplation issues directly in action, rather than all action being absorbed and drawn up into contemplative enjoyment.

REID MACCALLUM

An Introduction to Linguistic Science. By EDGAR H. STURTEVANT. New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press [Toronto: Ryerson]. 1947. Pp. ix, 173. ($3.50)

The study of linguistics now embraces such a wide variety of methods that the publication of a new introduction to the science requires no justification, especially one written by a scholar so competent as Edgar H. Sturtevant, Professor of Linguistics, Emeritus, at Yale. From the application of many methodologies, two facts seem to emerge as the cardinal doctrines of language study: the structure of any language may be described in terms of an over-all patterning of relatively simple sub-patterns, and these sub-patterns are constantly exposed to the operation of repatterning. It is primarily with the latter long-established principle of historical change that Sturtevant's previous publications have been concerned, and his present work derives much of its freshness from his intimate acquaintance with special aspects of the subject such as the relation of Hittite to Indo-European. He does not ignore, however, the tentative findings of the more recent structural approach. Indeed, at times he dramatizes the findings most successfully, as, for instance, when in discussing syntax he writes: "There are, then, two ways in which sentences are produced; a considerable number of sentences and phrases are repeated from memory. . . . Other sentences are formed by analogic creation. As far as I know, these are the only ways in which men can speak." (P. 107.) Although his discussions (pp. 15-18; 52, n. 2; 94, n. 10) of the phoneme[1] and of the morpheme are perhaps less satisfactory, even here the specialist will appreciate the independence of Sturtevant's interpretation.

The reader will also be impressed by the wide scope of this work of less than two hundred pages. It illustrates, with a varying degree of completeness suited to the relative complexity of the topic, the nature both of the patterning and of the change revealed by phonology, morphology, syntax, and vocabulary. Sturtevant enlarges this survey of linguistic processes by a fruitful comparison between human speech and animal communication (in a chapter curiously entitled "The Origin of Language"—a topic upon which he happily wastes no bootless speculation); and he writes with expert knowledge on the development of writing.

It is perhaps regrettable that the author did not care to enlarge upon the application of linguistics to the problem of style, especially since incidental comments such as his interpretation of a line from Horace show him to be quite the match for Empson. A more important consideration also remains latent. Comparative analysis of the manner in which various languages function clearly suggests that each language, principally because it employs obligatory grammatical categories, has its own inevitable limitations. It is only capable, as Benjamin Lee Whorf has pointed out, of offering "a provisional analysis of reality" (*Technology Review*, XLIII, 272). Comment on this most puzzling and yet fundamental fact, even if beyond the strict confines of linguistics as a science, would have been very welcome.

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[1] Sturtevant could assist the novice if he consistently differentiated between phonemic and phonetic transcriptions by using the traditional enclosing signs // and [ ]. Which type of transcription is intended by *bottom* [batṃ] on p. 13? The phonetic value intended by the symbol [a] is nowhere defined, nor is the symbol listed in the preliminary table on p. ix. (As an even more minor objection, other symbols occurring only sporadically are not entered here either.)

Sturtevant's work, nevertheless, provides a useful and up-to-date introduction to the entire field of linguistics. The demand seems to be increasing for a general undergraduate course designed to remove linguistic naïveté and to prepare the student for the application of linguistics in the study not merely of specific languages but also of philosophy, psychology, and anthropology. The present book could be well recommended for such a course, and—much to its credit—it can at the same time be recommended to a popular audience.

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